

November 9, 1940

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

**What South America
Thinks of Us**

By W. B. Courtney



JOHN H HENDERSON
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You can judge a man by the
whiskey he serves...



...and you can judge a whiskey
by the man who serves it...



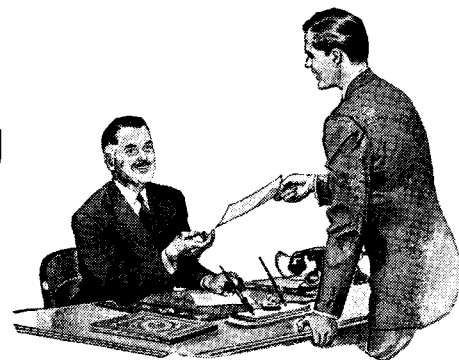
It pleases us that more and more men of discerning judgment are proclaiming Four Roses the finest whiskey ever bottled. Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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FOUR ROSES

IN BUSINESS AND SOCIALLY...

Well-groomed Hair gives you the Advantage!



USE **VITALIS** AND THE "60-Second Workout"



1 50 Seconds to Rub with Vitalis—Circulation speeds up—flow of natural oils is increased—helping hair and scalp to better health.



2 10 Seconds to Comb and Brush—Hair looks neat, well-groomed—with a rich, handsome lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Why more men use Vitalis than any other hair preparation of its kind!

THOUSANDS of men everywhere know that business success . . . social popularity . . . begin so often with well-groomed hair! Neat, good-looking hair serves instant notice of your ambition and self-respect. Yes—and it's surprisingly easy to have—when you use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout".

Simply massage Vitalis briskly on your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingle as circulation is aroused. Your scalp becomes flexible—freer. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oil, overcoming dryness.

Helps Prevent Excessive Falling Hair

And in addition Vitalis routs loose dandruff and helps prevent excessive falling hair. When you comb your hair, it stays neatly in place. There's a becoming lustre . . . but no "patent-leather" look. Follow the lead of thousands of successful men everywhere. Get a bottle of Vitalis today—at any drug store—and start the famous Vitalis "60-Second Workouts" at once!



NEW, HANDIER BOTTLE

You'll like the new, improved Vitalis bottle. The same generous quantity of genuine Vitalis. Handier to grip and use. Fits more easily into the average medicine cabinet.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

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NOVEMBER 9, 1940

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EL GILCHRIST

ANY WEEK

AFTER a great deal of effort we have managed to get Mr. E. Earl Ehrhardt of Hollywood, California, to do a bit of investigating for us. We knew it would be worth while. He has interviewed a Mr. Herman Detwyler of San Francisco, who tells him that "this guy Roosevelt is the traveling salesman and we're the farmer's daughter." Not satisfied with that, Mr. Ehrhardt called on Mrs. Beulah Bairnsway. "I've been telling my junior he was going to be President ever since he could talk," said Mrs. Bairnsway. "That was forty-one years ago. He's still talking but he ain't President. By the time Roosevelt gets out, Junior will be getting his Social Security though and won't need the work."

BUT we are forwarding Mrs. Harry J. Heardick's letter to the Honorable Martin Dies. From Lewiston, Maine, Mrs. Heardick writes that "by actual count, the Dies Committee has found that there are 786,422 people in this country doing their best to ruin the United States of America but I have yet to find that a single one of them has gone to jail for it. The slogan of the International Brotherhood of Subversive Influencers up this way is Get in Bad with Dies and Stay Out of Jail. The chief Dies Hard, IBSI, here tells me that the Down East Influencers are meeting next week to demand that Congress grant them pensions for awakening America to the danger everybody but the Influencers seem to be in."



RECENTLY we compared the goldfish and canned Willie we thrived on as a 1918 hero with the somewhat tenderer fare that the Boys of '41 will consume while learning the warrior's art. And all this aroused Mrs. Jean A. Hollander of Washington, D. C., to write us that it is now possible to buy canned crepes suzettes and that the perpetrators of this sensation are trying to sell their wares to the Army and Navy. We are not the first that Mrs. Hollander has spoken to about this. She discussed it with an Army sergeant—a grizzled old fellow who still believes that even pork and beans are sissy food. After Mrs. Hollander had explained crepes suzettes to him, he said, "Yeah? Well, who's going to wipe their little moufies off and rock them to beddybye after they have their frog pancakes?"

A FRIEND of ours—a writer—was sitting in the lobby of a New York hotel looking very much as if he had a couple of Hitlerites to face. The manager asked him what the trouble was. Our friend, who had been in from Hollywood for four or five days, complained that the food was bad, that the bar served very inferior liquor and that he wished he were back in Hollywood where such things didn't exist. The manager was at once relieved. "Oh, so that's it," he said. "I thought maybe it was something you wrote."

IF MR. J. J. RAMIREZ of Manila, Philippine Islands, is accurate, Jim Marshall's latest piece about the somewhat bewildering state of affairs that obtains in the Philippines has not helped matters much. "What really staggered our local readers," writes Mr. Ramirez, "were a couple of lines halfway through Mr. Marshall's treatise, to wit: 'What is going on now is a poker game with each side waiting for the other to bid.' Now I ask you, Collier's, to suppose you were sitting in a poker game and somebody bid two no trumps. What would you do?" Mr. Marshall admits his error. He says he should have said checker game.

WE'VE gone over our mail several times searching for a ray or two of sunshine. But you're not very helpful. Virtually every letter is sodden with tears and leaden with pessimism. Perhaps there'll be a change for the better after we've elected a President and thus learn the truth the hard way. But even Memphis, Tennessee, is in a welter of "dull and dreary days," according to Mr. Lillard McGee. This is indeed bad news, because heretofore Memphis has been gay by decree. Marse Ed Crump, the Memphis boss, told us once that if we couldn't be happy in Memphis, Memphis didn't want the likes of us. However, Mr. McGee reports a change. "We've nothing to look forward to," he writes, "but the Western Tennessee Nancy Hall Sweet Potato Jubilee. We've become so reformed that a guy can't shoot man nor dice. Our newspapers tell us that Mr. Willkie's going to win, but Mister Crump assures us that right will triumph and that it will be Mr. Roosevelt. We're pulling for Mister Crump's Mr. Roosevelt because it would be a terrible thing to have to walk clear to Chattanooga for our mail, that city, under Republican regimes, being the nearest point the Republicans ever were able to find a party member who could read writing and therefore be eligible for postmaster."

AND here's a suggestion that shouldn't be dismissed lightly. We've been mulling over something of the sort for months. In the interests of peace, Mr. T. T. Buckels of Norfolk, Virginia, would abolish the State Department. "All that our State Department gets us

is trouble," says Mr. Buckels. "It tells other countries what to do and they tell us where to go. At present our State Department is singing the Battle Cry of Dong Dang and making it easy for us to get into a war with Japan. Frankly, I don't want to fight Japan. I don't want to fight anybody. I'll bet you'll find several other people in this country who don't want to fight anybody. As far as I'm concerned you or anybody else can have Indo-China and I'd wish you luck. You'd need it. Yeah, and Singapore and the Philippines, too. I just got my city tax bill and I should be traveling seven thousand miles to tell a lot of Japs they've got to get off the Burma Road. Abolish the State Department and get rid of a lot of meddlers who ought to be wearing monocles."



MISS MARGARET JOSLYN of Chicago, Illinois, has sent us a survey of drinking habits, by occupations, and a great many of our somewhat fixed opinions are shattered. The survey was made by and in a famous "cure." The top honor for alcoholism is being fought for bitterly by architects, advertising men, salesmen, brokers, bankers and men engaged in management positions with salesmen the hardest drinkers. Miss Joslyn shocks us by reporting that farmers and cattlemen are second, being harder drinkers than skilled labor, clerks and merchants who share third place. Journalists are away down near the bottom, their sobriety growing more and more noticeable in spite of what the movies tell you. And maybe you'll be surprised, too, to know that actors are the least of our alcoholics. While 17,000 physicians were being treated for alcoholism only 505 bartenders were carried off to the souse traps. The better business is, the more drinking is indulged in. Two women out of every hundred female drinkers become chronics and eighty per cent of these unhappy ladies are married. Seventy-four per cent of them are housewives. The rest are stenographers, secretaries and professional women. The average age of the woman alcoholic is 40.3 years. Politicians are, appropriately enough, halfway down the lush list—sitting on the fence so to speak. We're glad too, to tell you the most common phrase in the book of the alcoholics:

"OKAY, just one more." W. D.

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TEN MILLION HEARTS STOOD STILL!

Hair-Raising Jumps! Terrific Impacts! Scorching Stops!

And not one Goodrich Silvertown Tire failed in 2,440 thrilling safety demonstrations at World's Fair!

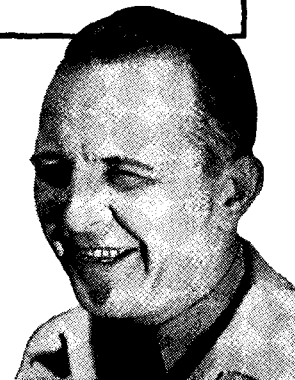
RUBBER was tortured until it screeched and smoked. It was gashed by spikes, wrenched by sudden stops and hit by the whole weight of falling cars ... as millions watched the thrilling spectacle of daredevil driving in the Goodrich Arena at the New York World's Fair.

With all its spine-chilling thrills for the crowds, it was deadly serious business for tires: the Life-Saver Tread literally stood cars on their noses in the quickest, safest stops ever seen on wet pavements and Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes were pierced by 3-inch spikes without losing air! The well-known Silvertown carcass

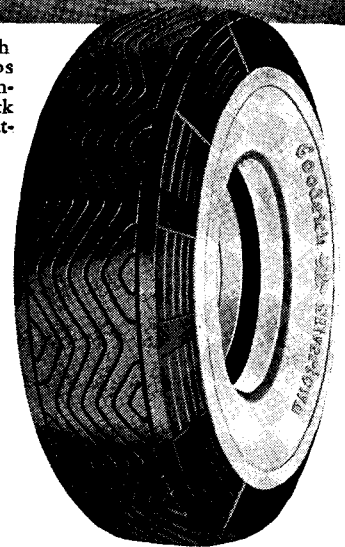
that has the heat-resisting construction pioneered in the famous Golden Ply showed that it not only gives you maximum blow-out protection but greater resistance to all other road hazards as well.

Thousands of times the lives of Jimmie Lynch's "Death Dodgers" were literally saved by these Goodrich Safety Silvertowns that didn't fail even once! Isn't this the kind of tire safety you're looking for? Get your life-saving Silvertowns now. And, remember, if it's not convenient to pay cash, you can take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich dealers.

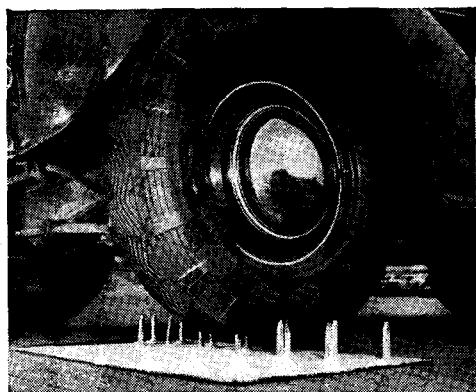
JIMMIE LYNCH, the man who makes a living laughing at danger says, "Only Goodrich Silvertowns could have survived the torture we gave tires. I depended on Silvertowns to bring my troupe safely through more than two thousand performances—and they did it without a single failure. For my job I know Silvertowns are the *safest things on wheels.*"



HERE THEY COME. Two Death Dodge cars leap from the ramps in one of the thrilling demonstrations where regular stock Silvertowns took terrific beatings without flinching.

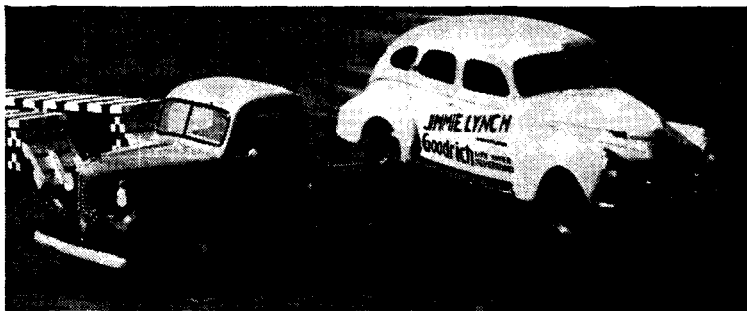


ALMOST RIDING THE RIMS—3,000 pounds of metal "heeled" way over and speeding along on only two tires! It takes the strongest sidewalls to stand that kind of abuse. In this fiendish feat that strained every ounce of cord and rubber, Silvertowns time and again showed the stamina that will give you greater safety on the road.



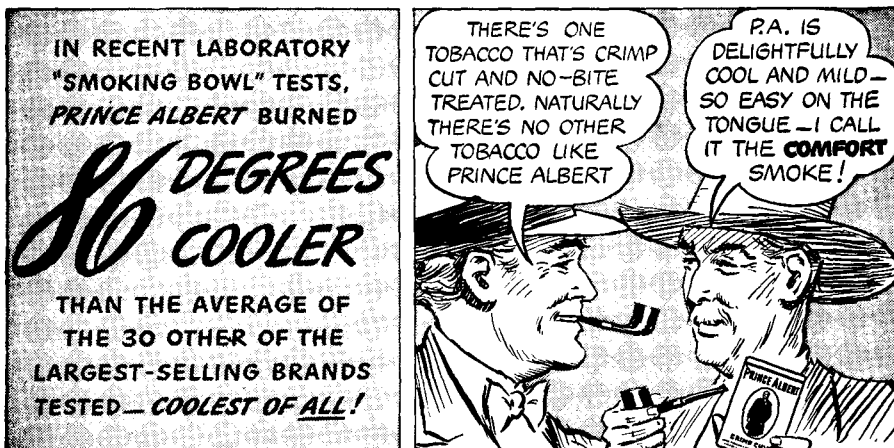
"DAGGER" BLOWS—through the tire—into the tube! A high-speed camera catches the action as rows of 3-inch steel spikes plunge into a Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tube at 40 miles an hour! The *self-healing* linings in these tubes sealed the holes—the tubes never blew out or went flat. Why not put this safety on your car?

LEAP-FROG OVER A TRUCK. Imagine the crushing blows Silvertowns had to take when they hit the pavement after this spectacular jump over a truck. These tires literally ate up punishment and came back for more.



Goodrich Safety Silvertowns

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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EXPLORE THE BIG RED TIN

—DISCOVER COOLER, Milder SMOKING!

FRESH, FRAGRANT, TASTY — THAT'S PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S CRIMP CUT AND NO-BITE TREATED TO LET THE GOODNESS COME THROUGH!

FROM FIRST LOAD TO LAST PRINCE ALBERT PACKS BETTER, DRAWS SMOOTHER, SMOKES COOLER... NO WONDER IT'S SO MUCH Milder.

BE AN EXPERT ROLLER, TOO. P.A. SHAPES UP EASIER, QUICKER — FIRM, SMOOTH. TASTES RICH WITHOUT HARSHNESS

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A simple way to determine whether a substance contains morphine is to inject it hypodermically into a mouse. If the narcotic is present, the tail of the rodent will rise in the form of the letter S.—By Joseph W. Scott, Baltimore, Maryland.

Despite the fact that all short-wave diathermy machines, used by physicians to give heat treatments through radio emanations, have their own frequency bands to prevent interference with other radio activity, certain types of these machines, when unequipped with protective devices and adequate shielding, have caused disturbances as far as two thousand miles.

During the past two years, the United States Coast Guard has been called upon to assist vessels in distress on an average of every 59 minutes throughout each day and night.—By Vivian Peay, Provo, Utah.

Zeta Aurige, a star about ten million times larger than the sun, consists of a substance as thin as the vacuum in an electric bulb.

When a prescription calls for a larger dose of a drug than that which is recommended in the U. S. Pharmacopoeia, the pharmacist is supposed to check with the physician or voluntarily reduce the dose to its proper size. If he does neither and fills the prescription as it is written, both he and the physician are held responsible for any ill effects that result from the mistake.

Mohammedan women in Tunisia and northern Libya indicate that they are married by letting their eyebrows grow together.—By Jane Rombotis, New Canaan, Connecticut.

The Tamarisk is the oddest of the several species of manna trees, whose manna or saccharine matter is taken from them for medicinal purposes through incisions. Most of the substance exuded by the Tamarisk comes through countless punctures made in it by an insect, the *Coccus manniparus*.

As their loose feathers prevent them from diving for food during their six weeks' molting period, penguins become so emaciated and buoyant that they have to swallow sufficient "ballast," consisting of pebbles, to enable them to reach the depth where they find their fish and crustaceans. As the birds regain weight, they gradually disgorge these small stones.—By Drake Albert, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The hobby of playing with toy trains now has more than 100,000 American men enthusiasts, who have invested at least \$10,000,000 in their equipment and support three hundred local clubs, three magazines and a national association, which holds annual conventions. One millionaire even has one of these miniature railroads installed in a Wall Street building, where it occupies two entire floors.

The Lohengrin Wedding March, also known as Here Comes the Bride, is not the music that is played, in the opera, as the bride walks to the altar of the church. It is sung as the bride and groom enter the bridal chamber of the castle several hours later. As this composition is sensuous, as well as secular, its use in church weddings is frowned upon by a considerable part of the Christian world.—By George Dingleoy, Youngstown, Ohio.

Several miles of Mason and Dixon's Line may still be seen near Cumberland, Maryland; a tea chest left from the Boston Tea Party is preserved in the Royal House in Medford, Massachusetts; the gold nugget that started the California gold rush is on exhibition in the U. S. National Museum in Washington; and the first cannon ball fired in the Civil War is in Court-house Square in Thomaston, Georgia.—By Mrs. A. M. Horner, Winter Park, Florida.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Powermatic Shifting

HIGHLIGHT OF GREAT NEW PLYMOUTH!



DRIVE THE NEW POWERMATIC WAY—delightful new car operation—vast reduction in driving effort—and, with Plymouth's new transmission, actual elimination of certain shifting motions in normal driving. It's a revelation!

This Long, Wide, Low-Swung 1941 Plymouth Brings You New Elegance and Beauty—Glamorous New Fashion-Tone Interior—New 4-Way Step-Up in Performance—19 Important Advancements!

IT'S A DREAM CAR come true . . . this big, 117-inch-wheelbase 1941 Plymouth! New glamour, luxury, power—all wrapped up in a brilliant, new low-priced automobile!

You'll get a wonderful feeling from Plymouth's new performance—stepped up 4 ways! Increased horsepower, increased torque, new transmission, new axle ratio.

You get a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine efficiency and long life... new Engine Bearings, 2 to 3 times longer-

lived...front coil springs, 6-inch tires, spring covers—on *all* models!

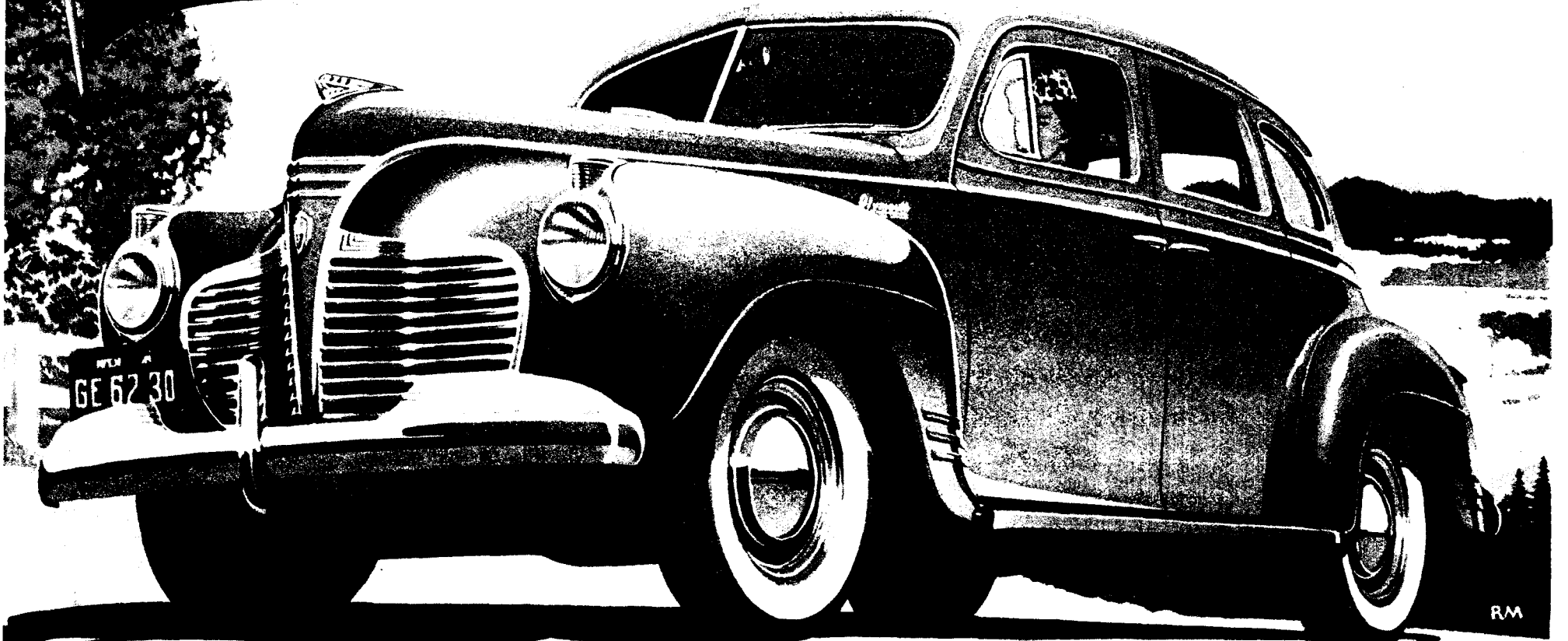
Still *more!* New safety rims on wheels to prevent "throwing" of the tire in case of blowout...new body sealing against dust, water, noise...a new counterbalanced trunk lid! In every way, Plymouth's the "One" for '41! Be sure to see your nearby Plymouth dealer today! PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

Tune in Major Bowes, C.B.S., Thursdays, 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.
See the New Low-Priced Plymouth Commercial Cars!



GLAMOROUS NEW FASHION-TONE INTERIOR—a miracle in color, fabric and appointments. You'll delight in the 2-Tone upholstery in the Special De Luxe models...in the luxury and marvelous *roominess* throughout! Six big people can ride all day without getting "rider's cramp"!

PLYMOUTH
THE "ONE" FOR '41



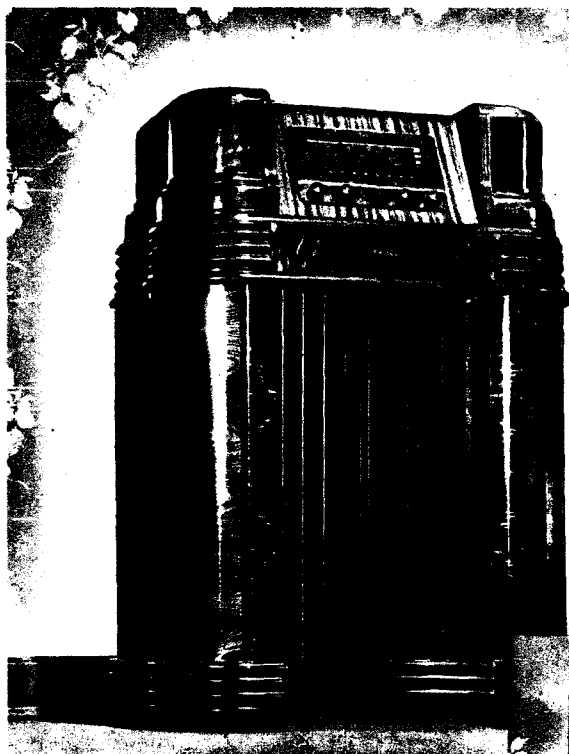
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These PHILCO Inventions

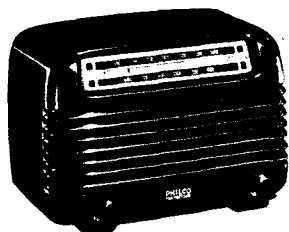
add new and greater joys to radio and recorded music

New Radio Circuit . . .

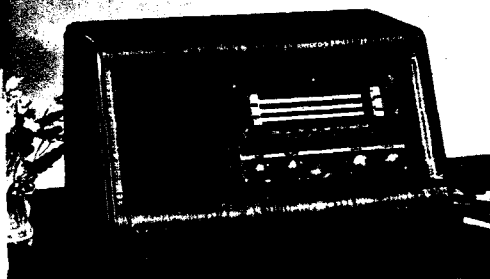
Reduces noise and interference by 5 to 1. Makes European reception 5 times stronger, clearer and easier to tune!



PHILCO 280X. One of a wide selection of radio console designs. Powerful 8-tube circuit, new kind of Overseas Wave-Band that brings in Europe 5 times stronger and clearer. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Large cabinet of highly figured walnut. No installation; just plug in and play. Yours for only \$6.95 down.



PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-2. AC-DC. Finest tone quality ever achieved in a compact radio. New 6-inch Oval Speaker. Beam Power output tube. Improved Built-In Loop Aerial. Illuminated Horizontal Dial. Smart, streamline plastic cabinet in rich walnut shade. Yours on small monthly payments.



PHILCO 255T. Radio's finest table model. Powerful 9-tube circuit. New kind of Overseas Wave-Band. Eight Electric Push Buttons. Lovely Inclined Panel walnut cabinet. Only \$5.95 down.

PHILCO TRANSITONE PT-87. The All Year, Indoor-Outdoor Portable, plays anywhere on house current or battery. Matchless performance for only \$19.95.

You need pay no big premium for reception in trains, planes, etc. For these rare uses, Philco Auxiliary Aerial costs only \$1.25!



Music on a Beam of Light!

No Needles to change
Records last ten times longer
New Purity of Tone



PHILCO 609P, PHOTO-ELECTRIC RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH NEW TILT-FRONT CABINET. No lid to raise, no need to remove decorations, no dark, unhandy compartments. To place records, simply tilt forward the grille! Plays any record on a Beam of Light. HOME RECORDING is optional equipment. Record family voices, radio programs; many fascinating uses. Automatic Record Changer for 12 records. American and Foreign reception. Electric Push-Button Tuning. Exquisite Hepplewhite cabinet in beautifully figured walnut. Yours for only \$15.95 down.

THE endless research in Philco laboratories that strives constantly to give new thrills and greater value to home entertainment, now brings you history-making inventions that add new delights to radio and recorded music.

In the Philco Photo-Electric Radio-Phonograph, a new principle of record reproduction eliminates the pointed, *scraping* needle. Instead, a rounded jewel that *never needs changing* floats gently over the record grooves and reflects the music from a tiny mirror to a photo-electric cell. Record wear and surface noise are reduced by 10 to 1. You enjoy the *full beauty* of your records. Hear this new kind of radio-phonograph and judge how Philco invention has made recorded music a new joy in your life!

In radio, as well, Philco engineers have discovered new ways to give you finer radio tone and performance for the price you pay. Think what you paid for your present radio. Then hear a 1941 Philco, its pure, clear, glorious tone, its thrilling reception from home and across the seas. Exclusive Philco inventions have brought you these greater radio thrills, this unequalled radio value. They are yours *only in a Philco!*

See and hear the 1941 Philco Radios, Radio-Phonographs and Auto Radios, from \$9.95 to \$395 . . . at your Philco Dealer.

Four and Twenty Blackbirds

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Hercule Poirot couldn't prevent the death, but he was alert enough to prove that it was murder

HERCULE POIROT was dining with his friend, Henry Bonnington, at the Gallant Endeavour in the King's Road, Chelsea.

Mr. Bonnington was fond of the Gallant Endeavour. He liked the leisurely atmosphere, he liked the food which was "plain" and "English" and "not a lot of made-up messes."

Molly, the sympathetic waitress, greeted him as an old friend. She prided herself on remembering her customers' likes and dislikes in the way of food.

"Good evening, sir," she said, as the two men took their seats at a corner table. "You're in luck today—turkey stuffed with chestnuts—that's your favorite, isn't it? And ever such a nice Stilton we've got! Will you have soup first or fish?"

The question of food and wine settled, Mr. Bonnington leaned back with a sigh and unfolded his napkin as Molly sped away.

"Good girl, that!" he said approvingly. "Was quite a beauty once—artists used to paint her. She knows about food, too—and that's a great deal more important. Women are very unsound on food as a rule. There's many a woman, if she goes out with a fellow she fancies, won't even notice what she eats. She'll just order the first thing she sees."

Hercule Poirot shook his head.

"C'est terrible."

"Men aren't like that, thank goodness!" said Mr. Bonnington complacently.

"Never?" There was a twinkle in Hercule Poirot's eye.

"Well, perhaps when they're very young," conceded Mr. Bonnington. "Young puppies! Young fellows nowadays are all the same—no guts—no stamina. I've no use for the young—and they," he added with strict impartiality, "have no use for me. Perhaps they're right! But to hear some of these young fellows talk you'd think no man had a right to be *alive* after sixty! From the way they go on, you'd wonder more of them didn't help their elderly relations out of the world."

"It is possible," said Hercule Poirot, "that they do."

"Nice mind you've got,



"As a young man Henry was by way of being an artist. An extremely bad artist"



Then a metamorphosis and back to Wimbledon. The perfect alibi

Poirot, I must say. All this police work saps your ideals."

Hercule Poirot smiled.

"Nevertheless," he said, "it would be interesting to make a table of accidental deaths over the age of sixty. I assure you it would raise some curious speculations in your mind. . . . But tell me, my friend, of your own affairs. How does the world go with you?"

"Mess!" said Mr. Bonnington. "That's what's the matter with the world nowadays. Too much mess. And too much fine language. The fine language helps to conceal the mess. Like a highly flavored sauce concealing the fact that the fish underneath it is none of the best! Give me an honest fillet of sole and no messy sauce over it."

It was given him at that moment by Molly and he grunted approval.

"You know just what I like, my girl," he said.

"Well, you come here pretty regular, don't you, sir? So I ought to know."

Hercule Poirot said: "Do people then always like the same things? Do not they like a change sometimes?"

"Not gentlemen, sir. Ladies like variety—gentlemen always like the same thing."

"What did I tell you?" grunted Bonnington. "Women are fundamentally unsound where food is concerned!"

He looked around the restaurant.

"The world's a funny place. See that odd-looking old fellow with a beard in the corner? Molly'll tell you he's always here Tuesday and Thursday nights. He has come here for close on ten years now—he's a kind of landmark in the place. Yet nobody here knows his name or where he lives or what his business is. It's odd when you come to think of it."

When the waitress brought the portions of turkey he said: "I see you've still got Old Father Time over there?"

"That's right, sir. Tuesdays and Thursdays, his days are. Not but what he came in here on a *Monday* last week!

It quite upset me! I felt I'd got my dates wrong and that it must be Tuesday without my knowing it! But he came in the next night as well—so the *Monday* was just a kind of extra, so to speak."

"An interesting deviation from habit," murmured Poirot. "I wonder what the reason was."

"Well, sir, if you ask me, I think he'd had some kind of upset or worry."

"Why did you think that? His manner?"

"No, sir—not his manner exactly. He was very quiet as he always is. Never says much except 'Good evening' when he comes and goes. No, it was his order."

"His order?"

"I dare say you gentlemen will laugh at me," Molly flushed. "But when a gentleman has been here for ten years, you get to know his likes and dislikes. He never could bear suet pudding or blackberries and I've never known him to take thick soup—but on that Monday night he ordered thick tomato soup, beefsteak and kidney pudding and blackberry tart! Seemed as though he just didn't notice *what* he ordered!"

"Do you know," said Hercule Poirot, "I find that extraordinarily interesting."

Molly looked gratified and departed.

"Well, Poirot," said Henry Bonnington with a chuckle. "Let's have a few deductions from you. All in your best manner."

"I would prefer to hear yours first."

"Want me to be Watson, eh? Well, old fellow went to a doctor and the doctor changed his diet."

"To thick tomato soup, steak and kidney pudding and blackberry tart? I cannot imagine any doctor doing that."

"Don't you believe it, old boy. Doctors will put you onto anything."

"That is the only solution that occurs to you?"

Henry Bonnington said: "Well, seriously, I suppose there's only one explanation possible. Our unknown friend was in the grip of some powerful mental emotion. He was so perturbed by it that he literally did not notice what he was ordering or eating."

He paused a minute, and then said: "You'll be telling me next that you know just *what* was on his mind. You'll say perhaps that he was making up his mind to commit a murder."

He laughed at his own suggestion.

Hercule Poirot did not laugh.

He has admitted that at that moment he was seriously worried. He claims that he ought then to have had some inkling of what was likely to occur.

His friends assure him that such an idea is quite fantastic.

IT WAS some three weeks later that Hercule Poirot and Bonnington met again—this time their meeting was in the subway.

They nodded to each other, swaying about, hanging onto adjacent straps. Then at Piccadilly Circus there was a general exodus and they found seats right at the forward end of the car—a peaceful spot since nobody passed in or out that way.

"By the way," said Mr. Bonnington. "Do you remember that old boy we noticed at the Gallant Endeavour? I shouldn't wonder if he'd hopped it to a better world. He's not been there for a whole week. Molly's quite upset about it."

Hercule Poirot sat up. His eyes flashed.

"Indeed?" he said. "Indeed?"

Bonnington said: "D'you remember I suggested he'd been to a doctor and been put on a diet? Diet's nonsense of course—but I shouldn't wonder if he had consulted a doctor about his health and what the doctor said gave him a bit of a jolt. That would account for him order-

ing things off the menu without noticing what he was doing. Quite likely the jolt he got hurried him out of the world sooner than he would have gone otherwise. Doctors ought to be careful what they tell a chap."

"They usually are," said Hercule Poirot.

"This is my station," said Mr. Bonnington. "Bye-bye. Don't suppose we shall ever know now who the old boy was—not even his name. Funny world!"

He hurried out of the carriage.

Hercule Poirot, sitting frowning, looked as though he did not think it was such a funny world.

He went home and gave certain instructions to his faithful valet, George.

HERCULE POIROT ran his finger down a list of names. It was a record of deaths within a certain area.

Poirot's finger stopped.

"Henry Gascoigne. 69. I might try him first."

Later in the day, Hercule Poirot was sitting in Dr. MacAndrew's surgery just off the King's Road. MacAndrew was a tall, red-haired Scotsman with an intelligent face.

"Gascoigne?" he said. "Yes, that's right. Eccentric old bird. Lived alone in one of those derelict old houses that are being cleared away in order to build a block of modern flats. I hadn't attended him before, but I'd seen him about and I knew who he was. It was the dairy people got the wind up first. The milk bottles began to pile up outside. In the end the people next door sent word to the police and they broke the door in and found him. He'd pitched down the stairs and broken his neck. Had on an old dressing gown with a ragged cord—might easily have tripped himself up with it."

"I see," said Hercule Poirot. "It was quite simple—an accident."

"That's right."

"Had he any relations?"

"There's a nephew. Used to come along and see his uncle about once a month. Ramsey, his name is, George Ramsey. He's a medico himself. Lives at Wimbledon."

"How long had Mr. Gascoigne been dead when you saw him?"

"Ah!" said Dr. MacAndrew. "This is where we get official. Not less than forty-eight hours and not more than seventy-two hours. He was found on the morning of the 6th. Actually, we got closer than that. He had a letter in the pocket of his dressing gown—written on the 3d—posted in Wimbledon that afternoon—would have been delivered somewhere around 9:20 P. M. That puts the time of death at after 9:20 on the evening of the 3d. That agrees with the contents of the stomach and the processes of digestion. He had had a meal about two hours before death. I examined him on the morning of the 6th and his condition was quite consistent with death having occurred about sixty hours previously—around about 10 P. M. on the 3d."

"It all seems very consistent. Tell me, when was he last seen alive?"

"He was seen in the King's Road about seven o'clock that same evening, Thursday the 3d, and he dined at the Gallant Endeavour restaurant at 7:30. It seems he always dined there on Thursdays."

"He had no other relations? Only this nephew?"

"There was a twin brother. The whole story is rather curious. They hadn't seen each other for years. As a young man Henry was by way of being an artist, you know. An extremely bad one." It seems the other brother, Anthony Gascoigne, married a very rich woman and gave up art—and the brothers quarreled over it. Hadn't seen each other

(Continued on page 52)

THE first movie in which Joan Carroll ever acted was *One Mile From Heaven*, produced in 1936—when Joan was four. The shooting went very well, and Joan thought she was on her way to becoming a competent actress, when the director, Alan Dwan, surprised her by announcing an unscheduled “crying” scene. “Now, here, Joan,” he explained briskly, “all you have to do is bawl.”

Joan giggled her bright little giggle, smiled her charmingly un-dimpled smile. “I feel fine,” she said.

“Look,” an assistant director inserted, “we got no time for you to feel fine. You feel rotten. Your whole family just was swallowed up by an earthquake. Your brother has the mumps. You ain’t got nothing to eat. Why ain’t you crying?”

“My brother Jimmy’s had mumps,” Joan said. “Of course, you could give him whooping cough—he’s never had that.”

Bill Robinson recited some of the saddest laments from *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*; Claire Trevor did a magnificent job with Juliet’s poison speech, and soon almost everybody on the set was crying—except Joan. Then they tried locking her in a dark closet for ten long minutes while the producer sat nervously computing the money the delay was costing him. When they opened the door, they found her roaring with laughter. “This is fun,” she shouted. “Lock me in the cave again!”

Finally one of Twentieth Century-Fox’s greater minds thought of giving Joan’s mother a chance, and the good lady—whose name is Mrs. Wright L. Felt—was shoved through the crowd with instructions to make her offspring miserable.

Joan hadn’t cried once since she passed out of the teething-ring, gas-colic stage of infancy, and her mother knew she had a problem on her hands. First she told a quaint tale in which both Mr. Felt’s legs had to be amputated—slowly. That just startled Joan into solicitude. “Aw, Mummy, don’t worry. Jimmy and I’ll take care of you and Daddy.”

Mrs. Felt concentrated, and then she said, “All they have to do to make Shirley Temple cry is say ‘boo!’”

Joan drew herself to her full height, thus towering over a near-by footstool. “Then say ‘boo’ to me,” she said.

Mrs. Felt booed, and the tears came. “It was beautiful,” says the proud mother. “We cried all day, with only time out for lunch.”

Since then Joan has wept with spirit and ease on or near such celebrated shoulders as those of Ginger Rogers, James Dunn, Ethel Merman, Arthur Treacher, Joel McCrea—and finds herself today the chief candidate to replace her old and retired rival, Miss Shirley Temple. At the moment, Joan is to be seen six nights a week and two matinees, playing the role in Broadway’s *Panama Hattie*, which was originally written for Shirley.

There are fifty inches of her now that she is eight, and sixty-three pounds—all full of giggles and gurgles and smiles. She hums little tunes to herself, signs autographs with delight, and cannot walk across a room without dancing—a bit of a pirouette, a waltz step, and/or a suggestion of a tap. The only thing she can think of that’s more fun than playing hopscotch is playing a part—or maybe studying.

She Does the Smoking for the Family

Joan loves her thin, young, quietly dignified mother more than anyone in the world, with the possible exceptions of her successful-engineer father and her star-scout brother, who is six years her senior—but there is one habit of which she wishes Mummy would break herself. Mrs. Felt is a confirmed non-smoker. “Mummy,” Joan says sternly and often, “I do wish you’d take up smoking. It would make you look so much more expensive.”

Mummy sticks to her nicotineless existence, so Joan has to do the smoking for the family. It’s in facsimile, of course, and when she asks for a cigarette she doesn’t expect to get one. Even her body-racking cigarette cough and arch comment, “I really must cut down on tobacco,” proceed only from a lively imagination—but how was Zanuck to know?

She was going-on-four and being interviewed by the great man, who was considering her for a long-term contract. The conversation was moving well when the producer, in an excess of paternalism, asked to be allowed to speak to Joan alone. Mrs. Felt left the room, closed the door behind her, and Joan beamed intimately at the discoverer of Ameche. Then she coughed her dry, hacking cough. “Goodness,” she said, “those cigarettes!”

Mr. Zanuck’s expression is unrecorded, but Joan reports that his voice was (Continued on page 74)



TIME OUT FOR PLAY

By Luther Davis
and John Cleveland

Joan Carroll has a Hollywood contract and an important part in a Broadway musical. But she’s still a merry child who finds it hard to cry, likes to play in Central Park, and even misses Father and Brother

What South America Thinks of Us

By W. B. Courtney

DRAWING BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Before we can sell our goods to South Americans, we must sell ourselves to them. National propaganda is as vital as national armies. That's why Germany, Italy and Great Britain have done such a smart sales job right in our own front yard while we, the richest nation on earth, spend not one official penny to inform the South Americans how good our products and ourselves are. It will pay us to do some advertising



Every important country in the world except the United States is cultivating South American good will by means of well-planned propaganda

OUR South American friend is very rich and very loquacious. It is commonly known that he has the ear, and that he is sometimes the unofficial voice, of his government.

Right now he was awfully mad. He told us bluntly:

"Look here, the only time we ever hear 'fifth column' mentioned is by someone from the United States. The only time we read the terrible things it's doing to us is when we look at your newspapers and magazines. I'll tell you something:

"The fifth column that is really doing most harm to the United States in South America is made up of carpet-baggers and smart-aleck tourists, and the regulations of your Immigration Department which make it difficult for even our upper classes to visit your country and keep any self-respect. It's made up of you journalists who come down here looking under tables and chairs for fifth columnists and trying to scare us into hating, suspecting and fearing our German and Italian citizens, most of whom are just as good South Americans as your Milwaukee and Cincinnati people are good North Americans. And it's made up of—guys like him!"

What had him sore enough to speak the truth as he sees it was a little incident we had just witnessed at the fine new airport in one of South America's—and the world's—greatest cities. A New York tycoon had just arrived on the States plane. The customs and immigration men of South America are the most patient, most courteous, I have met in years of traveling all over the world for Collier's. Various countries here have characteristic restrictions, many set up in imitation of those of the United States, but it is a rare official who won't do all in his power to help you around those restrictions.

Mr. Big-Shot Makes a Boner

This particular country has a rule for good local reasons unnecessary to justify here—against the importation of printed advertising matter, circulars, except through a rather tedious clearance program. The tycoon, who had several bales of circulars, was apoplectic. Of course, he didn't speak the language. One of the airport staff, a handsome, distinguished man, came to his aid, interpreted for him, and got the circulars through—an end the customs men wanted devoutly.

The businessman turned to his benefactor, assuming from his English that he was a fellow countryman. "Say," he said, "I'm sure glad you came along, brother. I was getting pretty mad at these dumb spigs. They give me a pain. They don't know their nose from a hole in the ground. In another minute I'd have taken a poke at them."

"Sir," the airport man said with one of the coldest smiles and bows it has ever been my embarrassed delight to watch, "I am what you call a spig."

It makes little difference which side wins the present war in Europe. At least, so far as the fortunes of the United States in South America are concerned. The backstage truth is that the country is now busily engaged in giving itself such a licking, in making itself so discredited and disliked in the great nether continent of the Western Hemisphere, that in our time we may not see the mischief repaired.

The United States, greatest advertising nation in the world, is failing to sell itself. South American friendship, cooperation and good will could be ours for the proper asking. But every day we give abundant proof that we do not know how to ask for it. We have asked, sometimes with our hats in our hands, occasionally with clubs; often baldly,

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The impious young devil! The disrespectful young hellion! A fine way to talk about his own father!

A Gentleman Has Character

By Jack Macmurragh

THE glower on his smooth old face lightened a bit when he unlocked the door of the flagman's shanty. Beside the tiny black stove a scuttle of coal stood precisely, a handful of kindling atop it. The floor was swept as clean as Molly's own kitchen. Now would a bar fly keep a shanty like that?

An ore train whistled for the crossing at the edge of town, and he took his STOP target in his one hand, and stepped out to the concrete where the sun came down hot and heavy.

He swung his target on a big freight truck that lurched clumsily at the head of a cloud of dust. Hut, you big green devil! Stop and wait for your betters, you illegitimate son of a boxcar!

The truck stopped with a whistle of air, and the dust caught up and climbed all over it.

The ore cars came pushing. Gervais the Duck was in the middle of the head car, riding her with limber knees, and gawking right and left at the crossing for something in skirts to wave at.

'Twasn't so long ago he'd been riding the head end himself. But he hadn't been looking for a girl to wave at. Though it might have been better if he had, at that, women being the unappreciative creatures they are.

Trouble with women, after a man's been married to one of them for thirty, forty years, she has no respect for his character, and darn' little for his feelings. Hah! He'd show her!

Gervais went by, bobbing and grinning and waving, and the clackety red cars behind him.

C'mon, ye big green devil, get out of there! He waved the truck across, and the accumulated shining traffic jumped by him down the white road.

The yard engine came up the main

line with a couple of gondolas for the weighing track.

Timmy Corcoran was riding the engine's bucket step. He put his heel down stiff-legged, took one step with the speed of the engine, and then turned on the ball of his foot. "Mornin', Mr. Malone. Hot day. And dusty."

Mister Malone! Note that, will you? Would a man like young Timmy Corcoran, with his swaggering shoulders and his cap at the back of his head, mister a booze fighter? He would not!

"The old man said to tell you that you won that bet. He'll give you the five dollars at Billy's Place tonight."

"Ah!" he said. "It's what he gets for believin' British propaganda."

HE COULD shut his eyes and feel the cool pleasantness at the end of the bar while the sun was slanting hot outside; and then the pleasure he'd have to lay the bill on the mahogany. Three fingers for my friends, Billy—he'd say—the deluded and the intelligent, both.

But he said, "Tell your father to leave it with Billy. I won't be goin' in there tonight."

Timmy's eyes spread. "You wanta close the joint up?"

"I won't be stoppin' in there tonight." No point in letting this young fellow know the difficulties a man has after the first few years of marriage.

"Not much you won't," Timmy said, and measured the gondolas as they came back up the weighing track. "Neither you nor the old man've missed that afterwork snort since prohibition. You wouldn't any more pass that place on your way home than I'd pass the gates of heaven with the angels beckoning."

Timmy lifted a foot into the first car's

stirrup, grabbed an iron, and let the car slide under him.

The impious young devil! The disrespectful young hellion! A fine way to talk about his own father! What he needed was three or four good tannings taken out of his hide. And Patrick Corcoran was just the man to do it. If it was help he needed, Danny Malone was there. And he'd tell him so this evening when he stopped in at . . .

But then he remembered—he wasn't stopping in.

The day went by in a swoop. It seemed as though he'd just closed his bucket after his midmorning snack, when he was in it again at noon. And then it was quitting time.

He walked through the yards to the dismantled boxcar that served as a switchman's shanty. It made a mile extra to walk each day, but where else was there the flagman that rated a locker in the switchman's shanty?

He changed into his decent black suit.

The sun was slanting low, but still hot. It'd be cool and quiet in Billy's, at the end of the bar, near the icebox.

He gave his shoulders a jerk and stepped out with that brisk walk of his.

I won't think about it, he said. Only her face when she sees me step in the door a good half-hour early. And I won't say a word. Why, Danny, how is it you're home so early? Didn't you stop in at Billy's? . . . Now, Molly, wha'd'ye know about that? I forgot all about. . . No, No! Where's the will power about forgetting? Better tell her right out, quiet and dignified: Ye made such a blather, I thought I'd better show. . . Ah, yes, that's it! Show her the kind of a man she married.

Anderson's Hardware was next to Billy's Place. He stood looking at the

shiny tools in the window, with one ear slanted next door. Ah, with a set of tools like that, a man with a little help could build himself a little bar downstairs where his friends. . . No, no, stop that, Danny!

He could hear the sounds coming through the slatted doorway. There was the smell of beer, and the good, sharp odor of whisky. Dang them Venetian blinds! In the old days a man could see over the curtains, or he couldn't, and that was the end of it; he didn't have to squeeze his eyes out trying to see through a crossways fence. There'd be Billy back there, and there'd be Patrick! . . . Easy, man, easy! Where's your will power?

But it wouldn't hurt a bit to go in and collect the money he had coming. . . GET OUTA HERE, DANNY MALONE!

He went. Hurrying. Kicking his legs out briskly. And there was a pull on him as though the devil had hold of the slack of his coat.

HE JUMPED off the curb, hurried across the street, skipped the gutter. If ye can make it to the corner, just to the traffic light, ye'll be safe. He hurried along the block, his eyes staring into the green, go-ahead eye of the light.

The light turned red, and he stopped on the curb. Then he relaxed. He grinned to himself. Ah, he said, that's will power! His right foot tapped out the first two bars of The Irish Washerwoman. That's will power for ye! B'gad, a man with will power like that deserves a drink.

And as the light turned green, he turned his back upon it, went back down the street to collect his just reward. Hurrying. Kicking his legs out briskly.



Screen Credit

By Hagar Wilde

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

How to write for pictures, or what happened to the story of a perfect love

"My name is Boggs," said Donald, as he took adequate revenge for the fact that Jenny had been exposed to the company of a low, unprincipled animal

THE reviews of Donald Boggs' book, *Day's End*, said that it was a masterpiece of simplicity. It could hardly have been anything else without being written by somebody else. There is very little to do evenings in Summitsville, Ohio, so naturally Donald wrote a book. During the day he sold refrigerators. At night he employed his time writing a story about a little twelve-year-old girl named Jenny and a horse. This story found its way to Hollywood and shortly afterward so did Donald. Mistakes and mice have one thing in common. They multiply rapidly.

Donald's agent, Eddie Samson, met him at the train, bundled him into a suite at the Hotel Ambassador, ordered a case of champagne which he charged to the office, presented Donald with his pick and shovel in the form of a studio pass and said, "They're expecting you for a conference at ten tomorrow morning in the director's office. His name is Dwight Wright."

After Eddie left, Donald, taken by a sudden fit of melancholy, moved the case of champagne to the window and sat on it, staring out. What he could see

of Hollywood, framed by his window, he didn't like.

However, he dutifully presented himself at the studio the following morning. At the reception desk sat a gentleman of fifty who had temporarily for thirteen years abandoned acting and applied himself to perfecting the technique of brushing people off.

He now used the perfected technique on Donald who said, "I wish to see a director by the name of . . . by the name of . . . I seem to have forgotten his names but they're very similar."

The receptionist regarded him without warmth. "Do you," he said, "or do you not know what you want?"

"I want to see a director," Donald said.

"What director?"

"That is what I don't know." Donald leaned appealingly on the desk. "Will you just call several people and ask if they want to see me?"

"No," the receptionist said firmly.

Donald used his firmest tone: "I wish to talk to the president of this organization."

"There is no telephone connection between here and a trout stream in Oregon," the receptionist said.

"Then give me the vice-president."

"The vice-president is not mine," the receptionist said, "and you have to have an appointment."

"How do I get an appointment?"

"Get a pass and go in and talk to his secretary."

"How do I get a pass?"

"From anybody inside the studio who knows you. You're wasting your time trying to get past me without one."

"Is it pink?" Donald said suddenly. He fished frantically in his pocket.

"Oh, go away," said the receptionist. Donald flourished a piece of paper

under his nose. "Is this a pass?" It was the paper Eddie the agent had given him.

"Why were you arguing?" The receptionist pressed an electric button and the imitation pearly gates clicked open. Inside, Donald accosted a guard who was watching a privet hedge. "Do you have a director in this organization with two names which are very similar?"

"If we have one," the guard said, "he'll be in the directors' building. It's there." Donald followed the pointing finger and wound up scanning a building directory. Dwight Wright, that was it. 302-303-304. He took the stairs two at a time, and panted into 302. To a nice-looking girl behind the desk he said, "I'm Donald Boggs. I'm sorry to be late for the conference. Shall I go right in or will you announce me?"

The girl waved generously toward the door marked 303. Donald entered. A gray-haired man with sharp, blue eyes set in a ruddy face halted in the middle of a sentence. There were three other men in the room. A tall, thin man wear-

(Continued on page 36)

SOMEWHERE in Iowa there is a farmer who has so much corn that he has to store it against next year. In Maine and Idaho there are farmers with plenty of potatoes on hand. In Minnesota there are wheat fields and farmers looking for a ready market.

Here in London there is a man who wants to get in touch with those farmers. He wants to buy their surplus products to feed the people of England. He knows that there is a possibility of a desperate food shortage in England.

The man is Lord Woolton, minister of food. He has plenty of money to buy this surplus food but because of the involved and ludicrous rules of money exchange he cannot buy a single ear of corn from America. America insists on dealing in dollars. England has dollars in America but they are going toward the buying of airplanes.

When two friendly businessmen make a deal, they don't insist upon cash payment. Today England and America are two friendly associates but they allow the rules of international finance to govern their relationship. Credit? That's all right for businessmen, not for nations. And because of this, people are likely to starve in England this winter.

The man who feeds England is not pessimistic. But he is a realist. He is unique in many ways. To begin with, he is the only member of the cabinet who is not a politician. He has never belonged to any political party nor run for any office. Yet his appointment was terrifically popular with all parties. Before we listen to him discuss the tremendously important question of food, suppose we get to know him.

He was born Fred Marquis. He graduated from Manchester University with the highest scholastic honors possible to attain. Then he went into social-welfare work, running the university settlement in the dock district of Liverpool. He had a few very odd ideas about workingmen. He believed that they had a right to decent food, decent lodging, decent pay, decent working conditions. In those days these were radical thoughts. The Lewis department stores are very powerful in the north of England. The head of these stores heard about young Marquis, listened to him and gave him a chance to work out his ideas in practice. His ideas worked and soon the head of the Lewis chain found himself consulting his young protégé on business as well as social-welfare problems.

The World's Most Exciting Job

When that other war came the government asked him to head the leather control board, and he did such a magnificent job that he was made Sir Frederick Marquis. He went back to civil life and it wasn't long before he was head of the Lewis stores. He became one of the country's most outstanding businessmen but he never neglected or turned his back on his original philosophy. There were never any strikes or labor troubles in the Lewis stores. Finally he was made a peer. He became Lord Woolton.

Usually when a man is made a peer in England he dies, he strangles in the deadly toils of self-complacency and self-satisfaction. Lord Woolton managed to survive his peerdom. He came to national public notice two years ago when he declared war on Hitler.

He said at that time, "I will scour every market in the world before I will do anything to contribute to the economic welfare of a country that is content to have as its head a man who deliberately, maliciously and cruelly persecutes one of the oldest races in the world."

The Lewis stores never bought a
(Continued on page 67)

If it hadn't been for Lord Woolton, London would be hungry today. He hoards food as a miser hoards gold and, as a result, the English are eating regularly and enjoying their precious tea despite warfare

By Quentin Reynolds

Lord Woolton, Great Britain's minister of food, whose forethought and ingenuity have safeguarded all of the people of England from starvation

HE FEEDS ENGLAND



Women of London, whose homes have been wrecked by German bombs, gather to prepare their own and neighbors' "green and potatoes" for dinner



Fisherman's Luck

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

Bull Cordova pays a thousand dollars for a lesson in seamanship and sea law. Meet Hanky Baine, teacher

A LITTLE fellow like Hanky is always getting into trouble. Not that Hanky was a runt. Nothing of the sort. Hanky Baine stood five feet five at least in his sea boots, as fine a troll-boat man as ever came nosing out Desdemona Channel in his twenty-five-footer when the Peacock Spit is foaming and the big Chinook and Silversides begin to run. But you put a fellow like Hanky alongside a bruiser like Bull Cordova, and he's bound to seem too small for a rough-and-tumble fight. Which, of course, he was. But that didn't stop Hanky.

It's all right to remark he could have stayed out of the big Bull's way. But that's easier said than done. Particularly when Cordova wanted the same thing Hanky did; the thing in this case being black-eyed Esther Grady. Hanky was as mild and sweet-natured a man as you'd ever want to know. That was written all over his homely, weather-tanned face, especially when he let loose his infectious, blue-eyed grin. But he had his self-esteem. Besides which, Hanky Baine had flame-red hair. Now you add that all together and it seems to come to trouble. Which is exactly what it did.

It was bad enough before Cordova won that piece of sweepstake money. When he worked with the sand-bar men, his idea of fun was to see how much red liquor he could hold and how many fishermen or lumberjacks he could goad into taking a whipping of a Saturday night. The Bull weighed better than fifteen stone and he stood about six feet two. So he did all right, roaring a bullying bellow of a laugh to think what a wonderful man he really was. And after

cost us I don't know how many trolls already. I guess Joe just couldn't stand it no more. So the two hundred bucks we borrowed for gear an' maybe a new engine if we could pick one up cheap goes for hospital bills instead. I got a couple bad connectin'-rod bearings, too. Poor Joe." Hanky sighed. "Seems like we're always gettin' trouble."

Jack Latouche growled in his throat, but Johnny Ritoni got pretty mad. "We oughta all get together," he said, "an' run Cordova clean off the river. That's what we oughta do!"

"No." Hanky shook his head. "Just wait. You can't never tell what the sea'll toss up. Some day the Bull's luck is just gonna run out."

HANKY pushed open the doors of old Clatsop Hall, standing there a minute looking over the noisy crowd for Essie. When he saw her across the way, his blue eyes lit up in a grin. She was showing some fancy new dance step off to a group of laughing friends. All by herself she went trucking away from them, her short black skirt swinging at her knees, hips and shoulders alive to a hearty rhythm. Then she spun suddenly around so Hanky could see her animated face. She came prancing back, head high, dark eyes flashing, short, blue-black hair dancing right along with her. Essie was a spitfire, all right, but she was certainly a very cute trick. She made something inside of Hanky Baine turn right over, just looking at her.

When he saw big Bull Cordova sway up and grab her in his arms, the grin went out of Hanky's eyes. She tried to push him off in a lighthearted way. But the Bull was feeling high. His little bloodshot eyes looked glinting, mean; his shock of hair a tousled mop; and he just laughed hoarsely as he whirled the protesting girl, paying no attention at all to her small fists battering his gorilla chest. All of a sudden Hanky remembered everything. A thread along the muscle of his jaw started rippling, his eyes getting narrower all the time. Jack Latouche saw it and knew what it meant.

"Hanky!" he warned. "Don't!" . . .

But Hanky didn't hear that. He didn't even see anything. Just a crimson haze with Bull Cordova's leer in the middle of it. That's when Hanky's red hair got the better of him, and all of a sudden he went for Cordova right through the crowd. He knew it was foolish; he just couldn't help it. He came in with fists flying. And for a while he did all right, too. While everyone held his breath, Hanky knew the excruciating joy of feeling his knuckles pounding the giant's flesh and hearing him grunt, because Hanky put his weight in that work. Till the Bull, still rasping that throaty laugh he had, broke through Hanky's battering fists and started using his elbows and thumbs. In close. It wasn't fair. That's what Hanky thought, just before he heard Bull Cordova's triumphant bel-low. It sounded right in his ear.

"Darned salmon cracker! Keep outa my road!"

The next thing Hanky knew he was flat on the sidewalk outside Clatsop Hall, the street lamplight square in his eyes. He was dazed and groggy. But all in one piece. Which was something to be thankful for after a fool stunt like that. The funny thing was he was sure he heard Essie's voice, shooing the crowd back in through the doors. So he tentatively opened one eye. It was Essie, all right.

"Hanky!" She was on her knees beside him, touching his cheek with one hand and stroking one of his wrists with the other. "You're all right? Oh, please, Hanky! Please!"

He sat up then. And she dropped gracefully back on her heels. It wasn't what she said. It was the anxious, tender sound of her voice and the way she sort

of tried to look away but couldn't. It made Hanky grin with bruised, swollen lips. "It was worth it, Essie," he said. "When that big gorilla starts pawing you, I just can't stand it no more. Gee! You know how I feel about you."

Essie tossed her shapely head. "I do not!" She was a pretty saucy girl, all right. "When you're with me you're always quiet as an abalone. How should I know how you feel?"

Hanky looked right straight in her eyes. He gulped. "I—I just go sort of dumb," he blurted, "whenever you're close to me."

"So," said Essie with her pert, uptilted nose and her merry, dancing eyes, "so I notice."

She stood up. So did Hanky Baine. With her pretty head cocked on one side, she kept looking at him, expectantly. So he gulped again. And after that he swallowed hard. His blue eyes got dreamy and faraway. "Essie," he managed at last, "I been wanting to ask you . . . for an awful long time if . . ."

"Yes, Hanky?"

Her voice was low and full of encouragement. But Hanky wasn't looking that way any more: his eyes were down on the toes of his shoes. All of a sudden he remembered Bull Cordova tearing his trolls to pieces outside; Joe in the hospital; debts on his head; and that new engine he needed bad for the Hanky B. A man ought to have things like that settled before asking a girl to marry him. Anyhow, that's what Hanky thought, kicking the sidewalk with his boot. "I guess," he growled thickly, "I guess it better wait till after the season's run. I—"

"Well, I never!" The familiar spitfire sound in her voice made him look up. Quickly. Her eyes were flashing. "Hanky Baine," she snapped, "I hate you!"

She spun around at once. He saw her short black skirt swing from side to side with the swaying rhythm of her walk. He saw the door open; heard the sudden blare of dance music. Then the yellow light from in there snapped abruptly off his face and he was all alone in the street outside of Clatsop Hall. Well, he thought bitterly, here he was in trouble again. Wasn't he a fool to imagine Essie could go for a guy like him? She was just having some sport, that's all. Bull Cordova was the man with all the luck. Poor Hanky. He didn't know much about women. And he certainly felt pretty low.

HE DIDN'T feel much better early the following morning, either, with the little Hanky B. punching her way outside against a long green swell from the south and west. By rights, he shouldn't have gone out at all with what signs were in the sky. But Hanky had too much trouble on his mind. Besides, he thought, you never can tell what the sea'll toss up. He ran four trolls, two astern and one each from the 'midship booms, because even a haul of steelhead to the fresh-market trade would help, his luck being what it was. So he kept wiping the spray from his face, nursing his engine grimly, watching the helm; and all by himself he stubbornly worked the fish-lines to the little capstan drum when he had to. It was rough going, and his luck didn't change. It still was bad.

Toward noon the signs of the making gale were plain. The seas got steeper and longer, a pale gray glint along their crests, dark shadow running in the troughs. Patches of fog started sweeping before the squalls, a cold drizzle blotting out the coast. A steam schooner, smoke pouring ahead of her, went scuttering to get over the bar in time, showing half her bottom with every roll. The booming of surf got louder, and Hanky knew the Peacock Spit would soon be foaming. So he hauled in his trolls,

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"No, you don't!" the Bull bellowed, shaking his clenched fist with sudden violence. "You don't make no salvage outa me!"

he had that stroke of luck and bought himself Ike Bulchy's big purse seiner, painting the name Lucky Bull on her bows, he was a holy terror along the Astoria salmon water front whenever he came north from the 'Frisco sardine shoals. He was mean all through, and he certainly needed smashing down. But his luck, sure enough, was flooding strong.

Now Hanky had a large and quiet patience. His jaw just got more grim each time one of the gill-net boys came in with his gear in tangled shreds, the only clue to the big, darkened purse seiner that deliberately cut across the lighted net buoys followed by derisive laughter in the night. Oh, they knew who it was, all right. But they didn't call in the harbor police. That wasn't their way of settling their troubles. It wasn't Hanky's

way, either. But the night of the dance in Clatsop Hall, it all just roiled up inside Hanky Baine and boiled right over.

He was coming up the street from the small-boat basin with Johnny Ritoni and Jack Latouche. Hanky should have been awful gay, going to meet Esther Grady for the dancing and the fun, a fifth year spawn of Chinook and Bluebacks expected to run outside and all. But he wasn't. He looked pretty bleak.

"Where's your boat partner, Hanky?" asked Jack Latouche. "Ain't Joe comin' to the dig?"

Hanky kept staring straight ahead. "No," he said. "He ain't. He's in the hospital."

"The Bull?"

Hanky nodded. "I told Joe not to. Bull Cordova's been cuttin' across our stern outside every chance he gets. He's



By Richard L. Neuberger

There'll be no more jobs winding electric clocks or sweeping out telephone booths for football stars at West Coast colleges. The Pacific Coast Conference spent \$40,000 to clean house. So, if you want to play for pay, go east, young man

I THINK it is a crying shame," said Mrs. Mary Petrovich of Alhambra, California, "that a boy can't do the things he wants to. My Johnny is a good boy and he has done nothing wrong. He likes to play football but foremost in his mind is getting an education."

What Mrs. Petrovich's Johnny had in mind was acquiring a degree in aeronautical engineering at the University of Southern California. Perhaps the fact that he was the nimblest triple-threat halfback who ever scored a touchdown for Alhambra High might help him get it. And now it appeared that while Johnny was perfectly welcome to attend Southern California to his heart's content, playing football there was going to be another matter altogether.

What had happened? A snooping busybody named Edwin N. Atherton, who was athletic commissioner of the Pacific Coast Conference, or something like that, had announced to the whole world that Johnny could never play football for Southern California "by reason of activities of representatives of that institution in violation of the conference rules."

Mamma Petrovich protested vigorously. It was a mean trick, that was what it was. Other residents of Alhambra, listening glumly, nodded in agreement. One of them proposed burning this Mr. Atherton in effigy. Another suggested a petition to the state legislature. Justice of the Peace Charley Christopher smote his fist in his hand and swore he would see genuine legal proof of all this gossip or know the reason why.

The University of Southern California, it seemed, had proselyted Mrs. Petrovich's agile son Johnny. "Proselyting" is a fancy word meaning that a celebrated football hero like Johnny Petrovich might have been persuaded to attend a particular college for some purpose other than learning about aeronautical engineering. Last year proselyting was as legal as a chocolate milk shake in the Pacific Coast Conference. This football season it is o-u-t!

Johnny was free to perform gridiron feats for another school in the conference—Oregon State or Stanford, for example—ruled Mr. Atherton, but he was barred forever from performing for Southern California, the college that had proselyted him. At the same time ineligibility tags were pinned on the lapels of nine other star prep-school athletes in the Far West, although none of them was quite as famous or as hard

to bring down on a football field as Johnny Petrovich.

For a while Atherton knew something he wouldn't tell. Then hubbub from football fans compelled him to disclose the precise nature of the proselyting that made Johnny Petrovich ineligible.

Mr. Atherton Talks Turkey

According to Atherton, the University of Southern California had promised to finance post-graduate study in aeronautical engineering for Johnny at California Institute of Technology. "Petrovich also was given to understand," the commissioner divulged, "that a sponsor would be appointed to furnish him such financial assistance as he might need in addition to his compensation from a regular campus job."

Despite the patriotic need right now for experts in aeronautical engineering, Atherton said the wherewithal for such study could not be part of an agreement to play football in the Pacific Coast Conference.

Atherton went on to reveal other secrets. Tharen Hodges, a strapping Alhambra High teammate of Johnny Petrovich, could not compete on the gridiron for U.C.L.A. because he was interviewed by U.C.L.A. scouts and entertained on another occasion "under circumstances which were in violation of the conference rules."

The rules, said the commissioner, did not permit colleges to wine and dine prospective touchdown producers. Five prep-school stars were forbidden ever to wear a University of California football uniform because they were entertained at fraternity houses during the 1940 Easter vacation. The case of Jack Armitage, another high-school gridiron hero, was more complicated. California was deprived of his line-busting efforts because an enthusiastic old grad intended to advance money which "did not have the aspects of a bona fide loan transaction." Armitage also was claimed to have received funds for special tutoring expenses while making up credits at the California extension school.

In revealing these gory details, Atherton declared that the colleges "were responsible for breaching the rules and not the boys themselves."

When George Hobbs, the high-school coach of Johnny Petrovich, read the commissioner's statement he sniffed scornfully. "Huh! Give me two weeks and I could unearth interpretations that would make any young prospective college football player ineligible!"

Bad News for the Coaches

But word spread along the coast like a forest fire that the new regulations were as full of teeth as a Stone Age tiger. Coaches also reached the conclusion that the commissioner had eyes in the back of his head. They longed for the good old days in the Far West when a halfback's salary was as much standard equipment as his helmet and shoulder pads, and no one begrudged a few greenbacks to a lad who could streak through a broken field to victory.

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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANSEL ADAMS

Ex-G-Man Edwin N. Atherton needed two million words to describe professionalism in Western college football. His startling report got him a job policing the Pacific Coast Conference

Traitor's Purse

By Margery Allingham
ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE

The Story Thus Far:

ALBERT CAMPION awakens in a hospital room in England to find that he can recall nothing of his past life. Convinced by a conversation he overhears that he has attacked and seriously injured a policeman, he slips out of the hospital and makes his getaway.

He is followed, and picked up, by an elderly man and a girl, both of whom seem to know him well. The girl's name, he soon learns, is Amanda; the man's is Anscombe.

A few minutes later—having dropped Anscombe at his home—Amanda and Campion reach the home of Lee Aubrey, who, it appears, is their host.

A letter is awaiting Campion. He reads it, and learns to his consternation that he has been entrusted with a secret mission of tremendous importance to the authorities of England! . . . Shortly before dinner, the police arrive. They announce that Anscombe has been murdered. They question Amanda and Campion. . . .

Late that night, Campion is summoned by Superintendent Hutch, an official with whom he has, obviously, been co-operating; and together the two men explore "the Nag"—an old fortress not far away. Hidden in the stronghold, they discover a spacious garage containing some three hundred lorries. Questioning Hutch cautiously, Campion learns that the Nag is used as a meeting place by a mysterious local group known as the "Town Masters." . . .

Suspecting that Hutch (who calls on him to discuss the Anscombe case) is preparing to arrest him, Campion knocks the superintendent unconscious, steals his car and drives away. Other bizarre adventures follow. They come to a climax when—knocked out during a fight with some policemen, and coming to in a cell—Campion recovers his memory!

He is, it appears, a member of the secret service. But, "lent" to Chief Constable Oates, of the C.I.D., he had been striving frantically to uncover a group of sinister conspirators who (according to Oates) are plotting to ruin England by flooding the country with almost perfect counterfeit notes. Then, attacked by thugs and beaten into insensibility, he had been taken to the hospital. . . . Hutch and Amanda arrive on the scene. Campion is released. Certain that the conspiracy centers around the Nag, and that he has no time to lose, he leaps into Amanda's car. And, together, they speed toward—what?

The roar of fire followed and the whole of the upper half of the cavern became a mass of flying paper

Conclusion

CAMPION looked at her out of the corner of his eye. She was sitting placidly beside him with her slender, brown hands folded in her lap. Her heart-shaped face was serene and her brown eyes clear and level. There was no telling what was going on in her mind. He must have taken her for granted for years now. The reflection sprang up in his head and shook him off his guard.

"That was remarkably bright of you," he said, and knew as soon as he had spoken that it was not so. Amanda always was bright. There was nothing remarkable about it. Amanda was God's own gift to anyone in a hole and always had been. He seemed to have become too used to it. However, she was entertained by the compliment.

"Praise is always welcome," she observed, grinning at him. "Nothing fulsome, of course. I say, it's pretty serious, isn't it?"

He nodded. "Not so hot. Time's short. That's the shop, isn't it, over there?"

"Yes. You wait. I'll get the message if there is one. Keep the bus running."

She was out before he reached the curb and he watched her disappear into the dark entrance between the empty newsboards. As he sat waiting the familiar chime of the fifteen-minute clock reached him from across the housetops. Fifteen minutes: Minute Fifteen. It was a ridiculous little coincidence but, once it had occurred to him, he could not get it out of his mind.

Fif-teen min-utes. Min-ute Fif-teen. Hur-ry hur-ry. Ding-dong. Ding-dong. Late. Late. Late. Late. Late.

He counted the strokes. Five of them. Too late.

He was too late.

The sudden and startling reflection came like another revelation. He felt as if he had just opened his eyes to find that he was staring down into a well. *He was not going to pull it off!* Hutch and his men could never get there in time. The secretly unthinkable was actually going to occur. They were going to lose. The police, including himself, were licked. The ultimate disaster was going to come off.

"I SAY, don't look so terrified. It's bad for morale," said Amanda seriously. She had come back without his seeing her and now settled down beside him. "This is where we travel faster than light," she announced. "Lugg did phone, ten minutes ago. It was a message for you, and the shopkeeper had the presence of mind to take it down verbatim. I'll read it to you while you concentrate on the road. He says: 'The hornets' nest is 'round the back of the hill on the old coast road. I expect you know that but they are. A railing over the entrance to the hill cave has been took down and I see several hundred jams inside.' Is 'jams' right?"

Campion nodded. "Rhyming-slang. Jam-jar equals car. Go on."

Amanda continued obligingly, the message gaining in piquancy from her clear, well-bred young voice:

"All our friends are there. There are strong signs of a move any minute now. Have hid myself in garden of empty house bottom of coast road right side of hill. If you want to catch them, which I take it is what you are after, you will have to put your skates on. I am about as good as a bucket of nothing here alone!"

Amanda folded the sheet.

"Of course he is, poor old tortoise," she said. "Coming from him, that's by way of being an SOS, isn't it?"

"I'm afraid so." Campion was taking the last of the town at speed. He had had some wild journeys on this road to Bridge, which was so anonymous and difficult without its signposts, but this evening, with the yellow sun streaming behind him and the dark, flying shapes overhead, it had an entirely new quality. For the first time in what seemed a lifetime he was in full possession of all his senses and the condition seemed to have its disadvantages.

For one thing he was acutely aware that Amanda was beside him. Her share in his recent nightmare was very vivid in his mind. He remembered, too, exactly how he had reacted to it. In his lonely and terrified ignorance she had emerged as a necessity, a life line, heaven-sent and indispensable. Now, with the recollection of a long and sophisticated bachelor life behind him, and the most gigantic disaster of all time looming just ahead, he was startled to find that she remained just that: static and unalterable, like the sun or the earth.

The recollection of her confidences concerning Lee Aubrey made him feel physically sick. He had been in love, he remembered, many times. This was not much like it. To say that he was in love with Amanda seemed futile and rather cheap. To lose her. . . . His mind shied at the idea and his body felt cold.

"Hurry," she said at his side. "Hurry and we'll do it."

He shook his head. "Sorry, old lady," he said heavily, "but to be honest I'm terribly afraid we're sunk."

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In exactly half an hour Professor Dolworthy's wallet was empty of cash

Manuscript Dice

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Prof. Dolworthy believed in the laws of chance until he met Iron Man and his two educated ivories

THE steamboat John D. Grace was all but raising the gangplank at the Baton Rouge landing when the funny-looking white man came aboard. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles and carried a leather brief case and a portable typewriter, and walked as though he had forgotten something important and couldn't remember what it was. In spite of the fact that a hot Louisiana sun was beating down, the man wore dark

woolens and a felt hat, a costume which automatically set him apart from the natives.

Sylvester, the mess-room flunky temporarily functioning as porter, trotted behind the white man, carrying miscellaneous traveling bags, books and papers.

Bugaboo Jones, standing by to heave the gangplank lift, watched the stranger come aboard. "Preacher, maybe?" he suggested to his friend, Iron Man.

Iron Man, poised to cast off the head-line, observed the oncoming passenger and shook his head. "He don't look holy enough to be a preacher," he told Bugaboo.

The white man ascended the companionway to the boiler deck. "He don't look holy, for true," Bugaboo admitted.

"But he look like somepin and de onliest thing I kin name out for him is a preacher."

The bell tapped, Iron Man freed the line. Bugaboo heaved on the hoisting rope, a signal tinkled in the engine room—and the big paddle wheel at the stern began to push the packet toward mid-stream of the muddy Mississippi.

Ordinarily, passengers on old Captain Cooley's steamboat cause little comment and less concern among the roustabouts. But when the boat was under way, and the immediate chores had been accomplished, such as stacking freight and tidying the main deck, Bugaboo recalled the odd-looking passenger.

Bugaboo was sprawled upon a pile of empty cottonseed sacks and Iron Man, sitting on deck leaning against Buga-

boo's bed, was breathing experimentally through his harmonica.

"Maybe," Bugaboo speculated, "de man is what you call a manuscrip' preacher. I seed a colored manuscrip' preacher, one time, down at de Sunlight Spiritual, and he didn't look holy, neither. But he tuck up de meanest collection ever been tuck up in dat church. Instid er groanin' and lookin' holy, and goin' on, dat manuscrip' preacher jest stood up and beat 'em over de haid wid big words. He preached for about two hours and didn't even sweat down his standin' collar, but ev'y time he'd look at dat piece er paper and come out wid a mouthful er fo'-dollar words, de ladies would jump up and th'ow dey pocket-books at him."

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It will be a frenzied, sleepless night for newsmen. They will end up red-eyed and soaked with coffee

They Work While You Vote

By J. D. Ratcliff

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROSE

65,000 Associated Press correspondents will swing into action on election day. The New York staff alone will be drinking 40 gallons of coffee while tabulators chatter, phones ring, Morse keys click and teletypes splatter in the co-operative bedlam of determining the winner, and accurately, too



ON Tuesday, November 5th, the poll clerk at Davis, West Virginia, will gather a handful of eating tobacco and take a few warm-up chews. Then he'll settle down to counting ballots to see how Messrs. Roosevelt and Willkie have done in the little mountain town, isolated in the cut-over timberlands of the high Alleghenies.

A few minutes after he completes his task the vote of Davis, West Virginia, will be lumped with other votes cast by shrimp fishermen in Louisiana, cowboys in Montana, and lumbermen in Maine. And totals will be known in the newspaper offices of San Francisco, Lima in Peru, and London. They will be heard in millions of homes via the radio. Quite a job, you will admit. And it is. This is the job done election night by the Associated Press. It will look easy when morning papers headline the names of the winners. But there will be a lot of work behind those headlines.

In the space of a dozen hours this co-operative news service will have tallied probably 50 million votes; using an army of 65,000 men to do the job. If the election is a landslide the facts will be known by midnight. Even if it is tight, conclusive figures will probably be known by breakfast time.

If it wasn't for the AP it would take weeks and possibly months to find out

who had won. George Washington didn't know until two months after election; and Rutherford B. Hayes wasn't sure until two days before his inauguration, on March 4, 1877. The official machinery can grind slowly, but AP can't. It must be fast—and sure. Besides telling us who is the next President, and the make-up of the new Congress, it handles 48 separate state stories that night. Politicians down in Independence, Kansas, want to know who has been elected in Cheyenne County up in the northwestern part of the state; and people in Amarillo, Texas, want to know how the voting is going 800 miles away in Brownsville.

America's Greatest News Story

The news service has to collect votes from islands off the Carolina coast, from Alaska, the backwoods counties of Arkansas (where it once had to charter a locomotive to bring in the returns), and from Cook County, Illinois, where there are two million votes to be counted. No news story gets the meticulous coverage given a national election. It must be complete to the last vote. And accurate.

The major domo of this vast show is Claude A. Jagger, baldish, rosy-cheeked AP financial editor. During the 1929

stock crash Jagger, then twenty-seven years old, wrote 8,000 words of running story in one sitting. After a siege like that a national election is a relatively simple matter.

Plans can be laid months in advance and if the planning job is good enough everything goes smoothly.

Jagger began setting up machinery to cover the November 5th election while most of us were on vacation last summer. By now every last detail is complete. All Jagger has to do on election night is sit back at his desk in the main newsroom at the AP bureau in Rockefeller Center, New York. And watch it roll. It's quite a spectacle.

Election day will start calmly enough. Probably a few minutes past midnight November 4th the dozen people of Millsfield, New Hampshire, will have voted, closed the polls and claimed the honor of being the first United States election district to report. Somerset, Vermont, will come along in the early morning and so will New Ashford, Massachusetts. Later in the day the shooting will begin in Kentucky where politics, like mountain dew, is taken straight. Slight points of controversy are grounds for homicide. Ten to twenty of these lethal affairs—par for the day—must be taken into account.

Roosevelt and Willkie will vote and

be photographed and interviewed at the polls. Their pictures will be sent on the 20,000-mile Wirephoto network. Congressmen will shed cultured pearls of wisdom as they disappear into voting booths, and governors will pose with their wives—decorated, for this occasion, with orchids. All this is a tepid prelude to the real business. The wires warm to their task at 5 P. M. Eastern Standard time, when polls begin to close. Then Jagger's army swings into action.

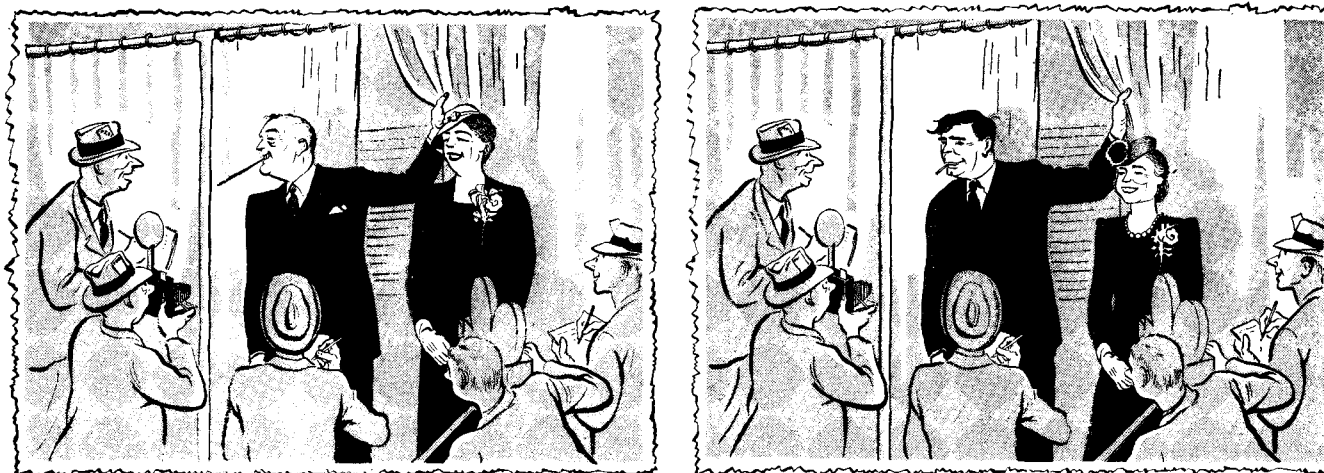
The Key Man

The lone correspondent tucked away in a remote Wisconsin county seat may think he is missing all the fun, but he is the real basis for AP election machinery, the hero of this piece. There is a man like him for each of the 3,070 U. S. counties and on them the whole show depends. In many cases they work for newspapers which are members of the AP; in others they are employed directly. In any case their job is the same: to collect the vote from every precinct in the county.

To get a better idea of how it works, let's take the correspondent in Aroostook County, Maine. Weeks before election he had lined up a man in every precinct in his county who would report

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Roosevelt and Willkie will vote and be photographed and interviewed at the polls. Their pictures will be sent on the 20,000-mile network



The Drifter

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN, following a long ride from Texas, Jim Keene reaches the frontier town of Prairie City, he learns that the cattlemen of that area are persecuting the homesteaders, in the hope of driving them away. Preparing to move on, he meets a girl—Aurora Brant, who, like her father before her, is a homesteader. Realizing that she is in need of protection, he decides to stay and see that she gets fair play.

Financed by Tim Sullivan, a kindly saloon owner, Aurora starts a little store. Whereupon, Grat DePard—who, as owner of the powerful Broken Bit outfit, is leading the cattlemen—informs the near-by homesteaders that they must not patronize her. Incensed when he learns of this, Keene makes every possible effort to inveigle DePard and Red John, his

foreman, into fighting a gun battle with him. But, conscious that the Texan knows how to use a gun, the two men refuse to fight him.

Portia Crews, daughter of the owner of Rafter T, tells Aurora that if Sheriff Ben Borders (a courageous man who is not afraid to enforce the law) is beaten in the coming election by Jesse Morspeare, one of DePard's henchmen, no homesteader will be safe. . . .

The election is held in Prairie City. While the votes are being cast Keene encounters Cleve Stewart, a ranchman who is in love with Aurora, and—following a heated altercation with him—gives him a drubbing with his fists. To his amazement, however, Stewart (who secretly dislikes DePard, and whose sympathies are with the homesteaders) insists on shaking hands with him; and from that moment on, the two men are friends. . . .

The votes are counted, and, to the delight of the homesteaders, Sheriff Borders is re-elected. Then, a few minutes later, Borders is shot to death by a killer named Naves—one of DePard's hired men. . . . Keene has a shack near Aurora's cabin. Returning to it, after the killing, he finds that two of his horses have been stolen. Certain that DePard's men have stolen them, he rides to the Broken Bit headquarters.

Surrounded by his men, DePard greets Keene, admits that he has the horses. Then, in the course of a short fight, he is captured and placed in a bunkhouse. . . . Discussing his plans with Red John and Morspeare, DePard says: "Tonight we're cutting every piece of homestead wire on the Silver Bow." And he delights his auditors by informing them that he is planning to hang Jim Keene!

VI

KEENE heard Broken Bit leave the yard in one long, running column. Dust drifted across the yard and softly sifted through the cracks of the bunkhouse wall. It was completely dark. He fished up a match to light the lamp on the table and then a new thought arrested him and he held the burning match in his hand, turning the thought around his head until the flame scorched his fingers. He dropped the match. Somebody moved over the yard slowly and opened the door.

Morspeare said: "Go get your supper."

Keene moved through the door, with Morspeare stepping backward and aside. The man was a massive beast in whose small, cloudy brain stray thoughts and impulses moved toward blind ends. The whole night had changed; something had happened and now Morspeare was watching him like a huge rhino uncertainly waiting for the impulse to drop his head and charge.

Keene sat down to the kitchen table. Hungry as he was he ate but little and took a long time at it, steadily searching his mind for the answer to Morspeare's presence. He heard nothing from the yard. It lay wholly silent, squeezed by the blackness of the surrounding hills.

Morspeare said: "Come on."

Keene moved into the yard again. Morspeare backed away and once more came to a stand in the shadows. Keene stopped. "I need a smoke, Jesse," he explained, and carefully reached for his tobacco.

He rolled up the cigarette, looking to either side of him and seeing no more Broken Bit men. He lighted the smoke. "I been in that damned bunkhouse all day. Let me walk around the corral."

Morspeare nursed his ponderous silence. Water dripped steadily into the corral trough. Wind, freshly risen from the east, ruffled the treetops. Morspeare said at last: "All right."

Keene passed the bunkhouse and got into the deeper shadows clinging to the corral. A horse laid its muzzle against the corral posts, emitted a trumpeting blast of wind and ran away. Keene moved to the right, limping on his left heel, keeping the circle of the corral's side near his left shoulder. Morspeare's boots heavily scuffed the earth behind him. Morspeare coughed.

Half around the corral, Keene picked up the blocky shadow of the barn at the edge of the yard and suddenly was convinced that he was alone with Morspeare—and the cook. Everybody else had gone. Continuing, he faced the house again, seeing only one pony before the porch. That would be Morspeare's.

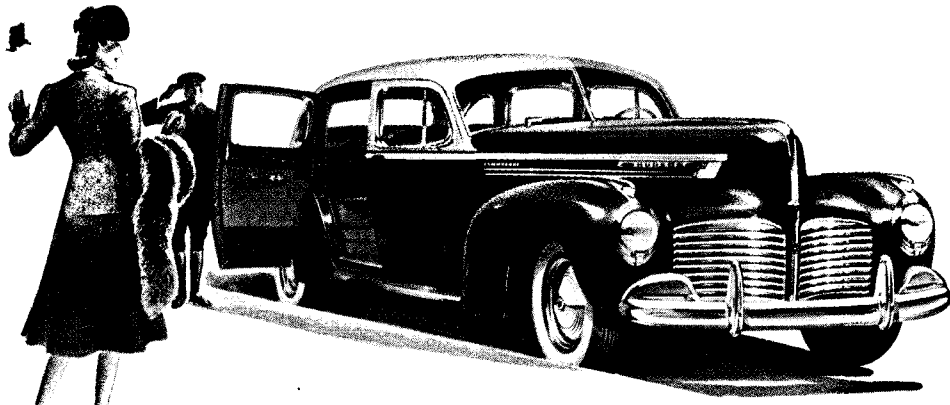
He had been moving slowly on but now he stopped, the sharpest of sensations tearing along his nerves. He was for that instant frozen in his tracks, not knowing why. The shock had come first; now the reason for the shock followed—Morspeare had quit moving. Morspeare was back in the shadows, still as a dead man. Keene had the cigarette in his

(Continued on page 55)

She seemed to be drawn completely into herself, listening to an inner voice, to an inner command



Imagine Style Like This in a Car Priced So Low



Symphonic Styling

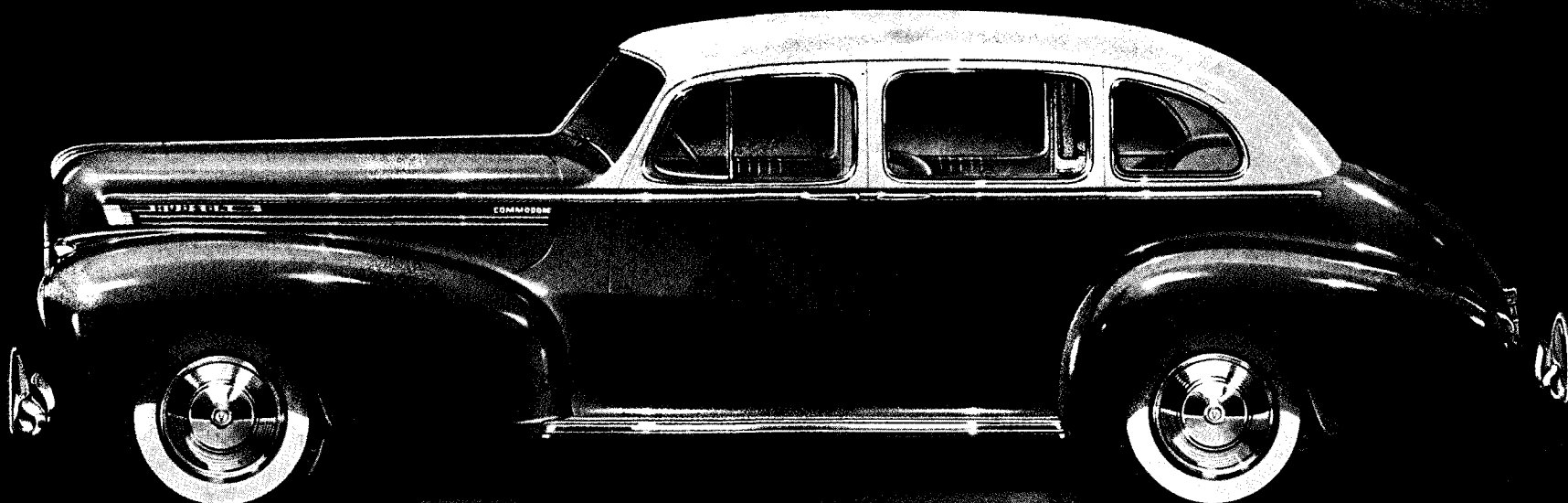
Brilliant new design . . . and, for the first time in low priced cars, a wide choice of interior color combinations that harmonize with exterior colors . . . **AT NO EXTRA COST.**

In automobiles up to now, *one* upholstery color has usually done duty with *every* exterior body color . . . and carpets, floor mats, instrument panels and other details have added further color confusion. Now, in Symphonic Styling, Hudson brings you for the first time the kind of color harmony throughout that you want and expect in other fine things you buy. *And at no extra cost.*

NEW 1941 HUDSON

Commodore Series

The Commodore Six . . . the Commodore Eight . . . the Commodore Custom
and (in the Lowest and Low Price Fields)
New Hudson Six and Super-Six



New 1941 Hudson Commodore Six Sedan, \$994*. (With or without new de luxe running boards—no extra cost. Airfoam Seat Cushions standard. White sidewall tires and wheel trim rings extra, two-tone exteriors standard on Commodore Custom models, small amount extra on all others.)

COME FOR A RIDE IN AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED FINE CAR!

Superlative styling, a wealth of luxury refinements and magnificent performance combine to make the distinguished new Hudson Commodore a car worthy of comparison with the finest built today. Yet its price is no higher than that you would expect to pay for an ordinary moderately priced automobile.

But Hudson's big new style idea . . . Symphonic Styling . . . is not a feature of Hudson Commodore models alone. Even in the new Hudson Six and Super-Six, in the *lowest* and *low* price fields, you have a wide choice of beautifully harmonizing interior-exterior tone combinations. A truly sensational forward step in cars priced so low!

The Leader Leads Again

To offer this complete color harmony in standard production for the first time in automobile history is an achievement worthy of Hudson's long-standing engineering leadership, which has contributed so many other important "firsts" to the motor car.

A wealth of other advancements add still further to the desirability of these brilliant new Hudsons . . . smoother riding, easier driving, improved Synchronized Silent Mesh Transmission, to mention but a few.

The Priceless Advantage . . . **SAFETY!**

But more important than luxury, beauty or anything else is *safety*. Suppose, for example, that the hydraulic brakes in your car suddenly failed (as they *can* in any car through leakage due to accident or service neglect). What would you do? In a Hudson, you just push farther *on the same foot pedal* . . . and *stop!* No other car has Patented Double-Safe Hydraulics, and they are but one of many unique features that make these Hudsons *America's safest cars*.

Drive a new Hudson, before you choose your 1941 car. See why so many buyers are *changing* to Hudson . . . the year's best investment in all-around value.

**AMERICA'S
SAFEST CAR**

Hudson Offers Fine Automobiles in Every
Popular Price Class . . . **AT NEW PRICES**
STARTING AMONG AMERICA'S LOWEST.
MORE CAR for LESS MONEY In Every
Popular Price Class.

New Hudson Commodore Prices

Start at \$935*

New Hudson Six Prices

Start at \$695*

*delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Optional equipment and accessories extra. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

*Luckies' finer tobaccos
mean less nicotine!*



Actual color photograph Frank Brown, tobacco warehouseman, shows a visitor some of the fine golden leaf that is "Gold American."

GIRL: Mr. Brown, what counts most in a cigarette?

MR. BROWN: Why—it's the tobacco, of course.

GIRL: So that's why you smoke Luckies?

MR. BROWN: Right! And most other independent tobacco experts do, too!

MEN like Frank Brown . . . who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco . . . know that Luckies get the finer leaf—and Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

The more you smoke, the more you want a cigarette of proven mildness. So remember: authoritative tests reveal that for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the 4 other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies scientifically analyze tobacco samples before buying. So our buyers

can select leaf that is ripe and mellow yet milder—low in nicotine content. For genuine mildness, why not smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Ask for Lucky Strike today!

★ **NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS**

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

- 9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
- 20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
- 15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
- 4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.



Copyright © 1940 The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

Traitor's Purse

Continued from page 19

"What?" She sat bolt upright in the seat beside him, her back stiff and her eyes scandalized. "But I say, Albert," she said, "you *must* pull it off. Every-one's relying on you. You can't fail and go on living."

Campion frowned and a faint color spread over his face.

"Oh, stow the heroics," he said unpardonably, because he was wretched. "Some things are impossible and for poor old Lugg and me to stop three hundred crook-driven lorries without police assistance is one of them. I can't even appeal to the local Bridge police because the chances are that as soon as they see me they'll pounce on me and stuff me in the jug again. It's all very well to be an optimist, my beautiful,

she said, catching his thought. "There's only three of them. They take it in turns and they've all seen us about with Aubrey."

It was like her not to ask any questions. As usual, her only concern was to further the project, whatever it might turn out to be.

Campion took hold of himself. Losing Amanda was going to be like losing an eye. A spiteful energy rose up in him and he trod hard on the accelerator. If he was to go down it might as well be scrapping.

He drove straight to the Institute and, leaving the car outside the gates, went in past the sentry on foot. It was a ticklish moment but it went by successfully, Amanda creating a heaven-sent diversion by attempting to turn the car in a space six inches wider than its length. He left her graciously accepting both advice and assistance.

Five minutes later he came back, walking very fast. He was a little white around the cheekbones and he carried himself very carefully, but the new recklessness was still there and when she relinquished the wheel to him he took it eagerly.

HE DROVE into the town with unusual caution and stopped at the top of the Pykle, the hill looming up over them dirty and gray in the evening light.

"You take the car," he said urgently. "Go and find old Lugg and tell him from me to get Hutch to block the coast road both ways as soon as he comes, at the same time avoiding the actual entrance to the hill. No single lorry must get out. When both barricades are up they can play Annie Laurie or something else appropriate on a police whistle, but not before. The one thing that really matters is that no lorry gets by."

"Right." She nodded and took the wheel again. "They probably won't get here in time," she said, catching his eye. "You've got a scheme in case of that, I take it?"

He grinned. His head was very sore and the prospects were about as bad as they could be.

"I've only got a lucky bean plus a profound and lovely faith in myself," he said.

She echoed his expression, her eyes as affectionately derisive as his own.

"Then I'll pray," she said cheerfully. "Goodby. See you at dinner or in the Elysian fields."

Campion hurried. Keeping one hand in his coat pocket, he swung down the narrow passage beside the little old-fashioned shop under the Nag where Hutch had taken him. He found the storeroom door standing wide and walked straight in, nodding briefly to the startled boy who stood weighing dried fruit in the back of the building. The fatal thing, he realized, would be to lose his way. One moment's hesitation and he would betray himself instantly.

He strode on, hoping devoutly for the best, and plunged down a dusty aisle lined with tea chests and bulging sacks of cereals. He heard the boy moving behind him, then a new step on the boards and a lot of whispering. He was going to be stopped. Now, at the eleventh hour, he was going to be held up, caught like a mouse in a trap!

There was a bundle of long, old-fashioned soft brooms hanging from a hook in the ceiling and he snatched one of them. The door leading into the Masters' domain was unlocked, as before, and when he went through it he took the broom with him and wedged it

Mrs. Glum and Mrs. Glad



1. **MRS. GLAD:** Good morning, Mrs. Glum! A lovely day, isn't it?

MRS. GLUM: Doesn't look so good to me. Wouldn't be surprised to see it rain.



2. **MRS. GLAD:** It's great to be alive on days like this! I feel simply grand.

MRS. GLUM: Not me, Mrs. Glad! I've got so many troubles! First it's this and then it's that. And now I have to take those old cathartics all the time. It's terrible!



3. **MRS. GLAD:** (at the grocer's--a few minutes later) Mrs. Glum, here's something I want you to try. Did you ever think of preventing constipation instead of trying to "cure" it after it happens? We all need a special kind of food called "bulk." You may not be getting all you should. If so, eat KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN regularly, drink plenty of water, and you'll go right to the cause of the trouble!



4. **LITTLE AGATHA GLUM:** (some time later) Mummy sent you these flowers, Mrs. Glad. She said you did her the nicest favor. And she feels like a million dollars. Oh yes!--and she said to tell you she's "Joined the Regulars"!

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN (and women)

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 11



Seven years after receiving third prize (seventy-five cents) in a poster contest, New England's Hilda Terry at seventeen migrated to New York where she learned that cartoons (see next page) were more fun than fashion illustrations. One day three years ago she asked Gregory d'Alessio (see page 50) what kind of drawing paper he used; now, as Mrs. d'Alessio, she uses ALL his drawing materials. Hobbies: Sewing rag dolls and writing children's stories illustrated by Hilda Terry.

but one doesn't want to be a dear little nut, does one?"

"Nonsense," said Amanda, unperturbed and without resentment. "All it means is that there are times when one has to do a miracle. This is one of those. You think one up."

Campion did not answer. The request seemed to him to be unreasonable. Time was certain to beat him. If he was honest with himself, he saw no way around it.

Unless . . .

An idea slid into his mind complete.

He sat gripping the wheel while the suggestion turned over and over in his head. It was wild and probably suicidal, but it did contain one very slender thread of hope.

"Are those gates where the sentry stands the only entrance to the Institute?" he inquired.

Amanda cocked an eye at him. "None of those sentries would ever stop us,"

"Say, Ma...Miss Martha's got herself a Man!"

1. Remember, Ma, you told me that for nine generations of cats Miss Martha's been setting her cap for old Harry Zepp? Well, guess what happened while you were off catching field mice!



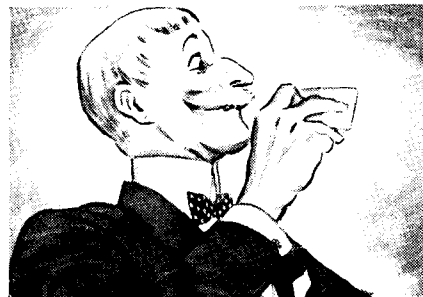
2. Yesterday, Miss Martha picked me up and said: "Cuddles, Mr. Zepp is coming to dinner at last!" I meowed like she'd given me a catnip mouse. Home cooking will soften up the old bachelor, I think to myself!



3. The dinner started off fine. But then Mr. Zepp just about hit the ceiling when she offered him coffee. "Can't drink the dad-blamed stuff!" says he. "I love it... but it keeps me as wide-awake as an owl!"



4. "La, Mr. Zepp!" says Miss Martha, all girlish. "This is Sanka Coffee. 97% of the caffeine's been taken out... so it can't keep you awake! All the flavor's left in," she says as he hesitates. "It's REAL coffee. Just try it."



5. "Why, it's delicious!" says he. "Yes," says she. "And the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine-effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden'."



6. The pay-off comes this morning when she gets flowers and a note from Mr. Zepp, saying that even after three cups of Sanka Coffee he slept like an old 'possum, and would she please go to the band concert with him next Saturday night!



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE... 97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"... laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia Network—see your local paper for time and station.

between the door panel and the angle of the opposite wainscot. It was not a very effective barrier but it would certainly hold the door against the most determined shoulder for a minute or two, and it seemed most unlikely that any longer period was going to matter very much.

Once inside in the dark a new difficulty presented itself. He had no torch. Everything in his pockets except his cigarettes had been taken from him at the police station.

He began to climb in the dark, praying against giddiness and keeping one hand tightly clasped over the thing in his coat pocket. He was desperate with exasperation at his own slowness. Every moment counted. Every minute that galloped by might be the one that made all the difference between success and failure. His journey across the council chamber turned out to be a crawl through hell. Once he cannoned into the table, the hard, wooden edge missing the burden in his pocket by inches, and all the time the seconds were racing by.

HE FOUND the farther door after what promised to be complete defeat, by observing a minute sliver of light showing just beneath it. He got it open, to discover that the corridor within was lit by a hurricane lantern standing at the entrance to the first of the Masters' storerooms. Although Campion was profoundly relieved to see it from one point of view, it presented another danger. He had no desire to run into anyone before he reached the Nag's Trough.

He went on, still with the same cautious haste which demanded every ounce of nervous discipline he possessed. There were lanterns in every vantage place and the damp stone had dried around them, indicating that they had been burning for some time. A great change had come over the Masters' storerooms. The packing cases were empty and the great caverns in confusion, as if an army had been at

work there. There was so much debris about, so many dark corners and unexplained machines, that he hardly dared move, convinced that at any moment a living figure must detach itself from the chaos and bar his way.

He pushed on, feeling like a hurrying snail with all the world depending on his speed. The iron ladders required very cautious negotiation in the half-dark and he had his precious coat pocket to take care of during the descent.

He came down into the last narrow passage without being seen. Here the fumes of gasoline were almost suffocating and the throb of engines made the very heart of the hill vibrate.

He edged on toward the right-angled bend which would bring him out onto the ledge overlooking the whole Trough. At least some of the trucks were still there, although by the sound they were on the point of moving.

He turned the right-angled bend cautiously and looked out into the Nag's Trough. It made an amazing picture. The only light in the high cavern came from the masked head lamps of the vehicles themselves, so that the lorries and vans looked like great, black-humped insects trembling on a lamp shade. There appeared to Campion's horrified eyes to be thousands of them, all loaded to capacity with bursting sacks.

He kept flat against the dark wall of rock and edged farther along, so that he could get a glimpse of the entrance around the protecting screen of the natural-rock partition.

When at last he was able to get an uninterrupted view his heart jolted violently. There was a sacking curtain hanging over the single exit to the coast road, and the foremost truck was stationary a good twenty feet away from it. If he could do anything he was still in time.

The whole place was alive with people but voices were kept down and the roar of engines predominated. It was a ghostly inferno of a scene. He knew



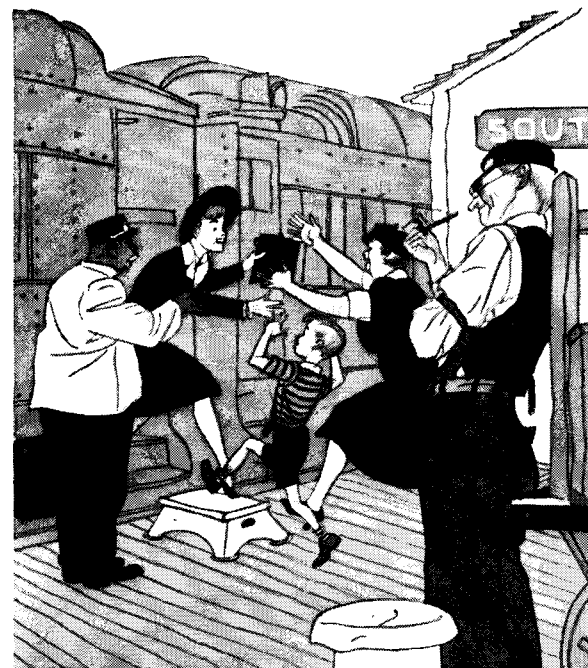
"If it weren't for George, Fred and Sumner, I don't know what I'd do for dates"

HILDA TERRY



I've got a one-room farm in Chicago

1. For six years now, I've had one of the niftiest one-room-and-kitchenette apartments a girl ever powdered her nose in. But every July, I get a large-sized yearn to get back to Mom's farm and fundamentals like shade trees and succotash. So I always scoot home for a few weeks.



2. But this year, my magazine job kept me tied in knots all summer—and it was late September before I got a big enough breather to go home. I was sure glad to be going, but because it was so late I did feel cheated about the fine, fresh-from-the-garden food I'd miss.



3. However, as I sat down to the first evening meal, any ideas I'd had about being swindled went poof. There, sitting in the middle of the table—drowned in a ton of butter—was a bowl of green and golden succotash that fairly screamed *fresh* at me.

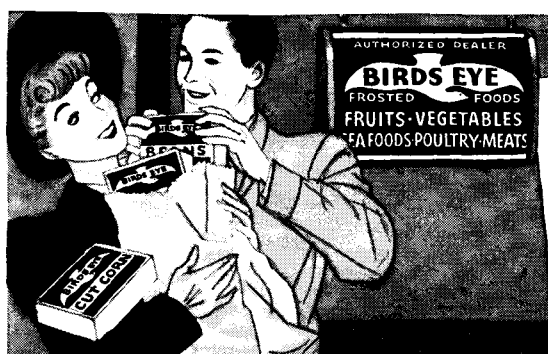


4. "I made it with one box of Birds Eye Quick-Frozen limas and one of corn," smiled Mom. "The reason it's so wonderful is that the Birds Eye folks pick those vegetables at their lushest peak, *immediately* whisk them into their Quick-Freezer, and *seal in* all the goodness.

5. "I also love the idea," Mom continued, "of Birds Eye Foods coming cleaned, ready to cook. If I lived in a city apartment, like you, I wouldn't think of using anything else. And, since you don't pay for any waste, *just for food*, I do believe Birds Eye things are cheaper."



6. From then on, Mom plied me with the Birds Eye works, from raspberries to spinach. I just purred and ate. And now, this little farmer's daughter is enjoying farm-fresh foods the year 'round. I always have Birds Eye in the icebox and I call my place the one-room farm."



7. Where can you buy these delicious foods? . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not yet have these grand foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only the *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be *sure* you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Serve a Birds Eye Dinner Tonight and Save Money!

Tender Green Asparagus Tips
Cooked Squash—for vegetable or pie
Really Garden-Fresh Peas
Broccoli—Tender, green shoots
Ocean-sweet Flounder Fillets

And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today! Guaranteed.

SERVE A REAL COUNTRY STYLE FRYER! Already dressed, drawn, cut in pan-sized pieces for frying! No waste to pay for!

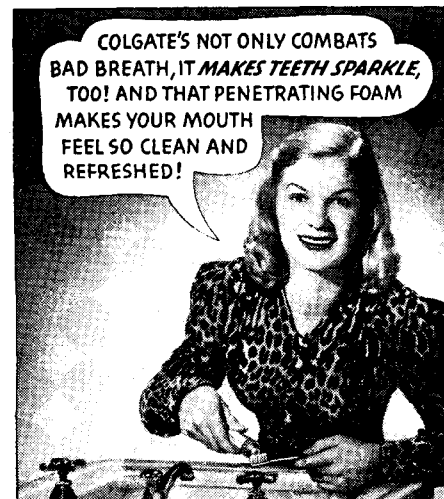
FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES

For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.



...BUT NO ONE KISSES KATIE!



LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY!
PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!



NOW--NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

the trucks and vans must all be loaded with financial dynamite, freight far more dangerous than ammunition. It was the counterfeit all right.

Campion strained his eyes through the gloom. Exhaust fumes were rising all around him and he was beginning to feel their effects. Was that Pyne in the far corner over by the sacking curtain? He thought it was. The man was calmly checking trucks over on a time sheet as if he had been running a freight yard.

The fumes were growing worse up in the roof. Campion felt himself swaying and he put out his arms to steady himself. Immediately, the wide beam of a powerful torch began to rake the ledge on which he stood.

Campion made up his mind. He had no idea what the effect of his solitary "lucky bean" might be. From the beginning it had only been a forlorn hope but now the time had come to take the risk.

AS THE torch beam came nearer he drew the little steel egg from his coat pocket and pulled out the pin. It had been really disgracefully easy to steal it from Butcher's workshop. That had simply been a question of walking in and lifting it from its rack in the cupboard. The whole proceeding could not have taken more than five minutes.

The phoenix egg nestled wickedly in the palm of his hand. The torch beam was within a yard of him. He threw up his arm and stood spread-eagled against the wall.

"I hope you're praying," he said grimly to Amanda wherever she might be, "because this is our first attempt at a miracle and it's got to come off."

The egg sailed through the air to the goal he had chosen for it, low down on the left-hand side of the entrance to the Trough. At the same moment the torch beam got him and he dropped forward on his face as a bullet spat at him.

The next moment the world pancaked. It was no ordinary explosion. Campion's immediate thought was that Butcher was another of these maniacs with a passion for understatement.

There was very little noise but it was as though some gigantic animal had placed its lips to the entrance to the Trough and had sucked in very sharply, only to blow out again immediately afterward. There was a rumble and the exit to the coast road disappeared under several tons of earth and limestone sliding down from the Nag. The

roar of fire followed as a score of petrol tanks exploded and the whole of the upper half of the cavern became a mass of flying paper.

Campion scrambled to his knees. Blood was trickling into his mouth and his body felt as if it had been through a clothes wringer, but he was alive and, as far as he knew, unwounded, save for the bullet graze across his face.

Below him, in the bowl of the Trough, there was a sea of blazing gasoline and paper and the fumes of smoldering sacks. Millions of envelopes covered the place like a fall of brown snow. Injured men swore and died under their lorries, while others fought one another in their attempts to clamber onto the ledge. But the ladders which were normally used for this purpose had been smashed to matchwood and the bare sides of the rock provided no foothold.

Campion gathered up a handful of the letters which were still fluttering down over him as the hot air winnowed them up from the bonfire below, and, using every ounce of strength left in his body, he crawled painfully toward the mouth of the passage.

Hutch and his handful of men found him at the foot of the first iron ladder as they came swarming in through the Masters' storerooms to investigate the explosion, which had shaken the town. The sergeant and the constables went on at once to do what they could for the temporary staff of Surveys Limited trapped in the horrors of the Trough, but the superintendent sat down by Campion on the stones and they looked at the envelopes together.

There is something unspeakably shocking about a very simple idea, which, as well as being elementary, is also diabolical.

Both Campion and Hutch were highly sophisticated members of a generation that has had to learn to steel itself against ever being astonished by anything unpleasant, but there was a streak of frank bewilderment in both their expressions as they glanced at each other across the handful of envelopes.

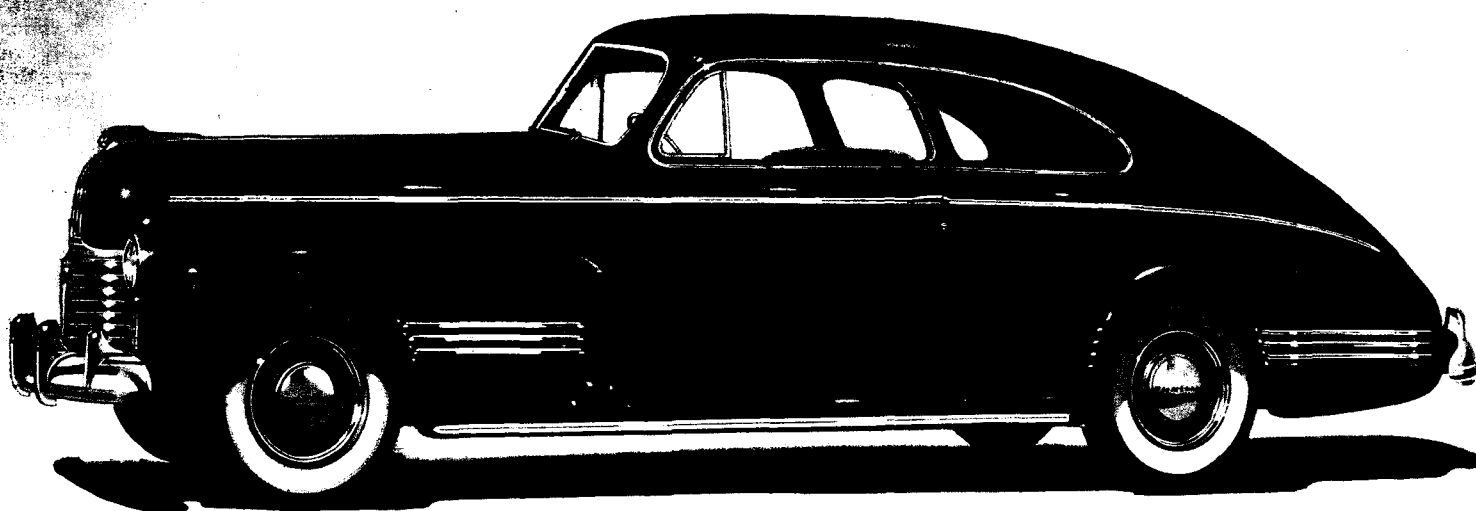
The plan by which false inflation was to have been induced overnight in the most civilized island in the world was an exquisitely simple one. Each of the envelopes was of the familiar government color and pattern. On His Majesty's Service was printed across the front of each in the standard ink and type, as was also the black frank mark, the familiar crown in the circle. Each envelope was, in fact, exactly the same



"Which one was it that was so witty in the newsreels?"

FRANK BEAVEN

A GENERAL MOTORS MASTERPIECE



Model Illustrated: Streamliner "Torpedo" Six Sedan Coupe \$923 (White sidewall tires optional at extra cost.)*

THE 1941 PONTIAC STREAMLINER TORPEDO

It's Pontiac again—Pontiac with its "Torpedo" contours moulded to striking new patterns of grace and symmetry. You'll find the new Pontiacs longer, lower, far more colorful than ever. You'll find new interior charm and luxury to match the outward beauty of these cars.

In performance, too, the 1941 Pontiacs give you the cream of all that's new. Two engines—a new, more powerful six and an eight with dual carburetion—are interchangeable in every model. (\$25 extra for an eight.) Both power plants are extremely smooth, quiet, and flexible at all speeds. And both maintain Pontiac's splendid reputation for operating economy.

It's doubtful if any car at any price will give you the restful comfort provided by Pontiac's perfected "Triple-Cushioned" Ride. In the roomier, safer bodies you seem literally to float along even on washboard roads. Add to this the driving ease resulting from new Tru-Arc Safety Steering and you'll say—

HERE'S WHAT'S NEW IN VALUE

PONTIAC
PRICES
BEGIN AT

\$828

FOR THE DE LUXE
"TORPEDO" SIX
BUSINESS COUPE

*Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.
General Motors Terms To Suit Your Purse.

[ONLY \$25 MORE FOR AN EIGHT IN ANY MODEL!]

as any of those others which were being circulated officially in millions on behalf of Minute Fifteen.

By the light of the superintendent's torch, Campion opened one of the packets. It was addressed to a Mr. P. Carter, 2 Lysander Cottages, Netherland Road, Bury-under Lyne, and it contained seven of the spurious and artificially dirtied bank notes, as well as a buff-colored printed slip, the text of which was masterly in its uncomplicated wickedness:

The Ministry of Labor,
Whitehall, London, S.W. SRG. 25039.

Dear Sir Madam:

The enclosed sum of £7 . . . s. 0 . . . d. 0 has been awarded to you on the War Bonus Claims Committee's recommendation.

This money is paid to you under the arrears of remuneration for Persons of Incomes Below Tax Level Board (O. in C. AQ 430028), as has been announced in the public press and elsewhere. *Note.* You will help your country if you do not hoard this money but translate it into goods immediately.

R. W. SMITH, Compt.

The second envelope was directed to a Mr. Wild, or Wilder, of 13 Pond Street, Manchester, 4. It contained a copy of the same slip and four of the counterfeit notes.

The third should have gone to a Mrs. Edith somebody of Handel Buildings, Lead Road, Northampton, and contained, besides the familiar slip, nine pounds in spurious notes.

The addresses explained the scheme to the two men and they shivered. It was very obvious. Someone had simply got hold of the registers belonging to the various social-service schemes functioning in the poorer districts of the industrial towns. These would contain among them the names of most of the permanently unemployed, those who had ever received help from state or local bodies, and all those thousand-and-one poorer folk whose names and addresses had ever been tabulated.

CAMPION held his breath. It all pointed directly to Pyne again. Lists of addresses of that kind would be just the thing in which Surveys Limited would have specialized. More than probably millions of addresses like these constituted the firm's main stock in trade. Many of them would be out of date, of course. The main bulk was bound to be damagingly correct.

The central idea lay revealed in all its destructiveness. Vast numbers of needy folk in all the poorer parts of the country were suddenly to be presented with a handful of money and instructions to spend it. The evil genius of the proposal lay in the fact that the windfall was to appear to come directly from the one authority from whom the recipients would accept money not only without question, but also with the dangerous assumption that it was in some inexplicable fashion their right to receive it.

As soon as Campion saw the scheme in its simple entirety he realized the overwhelming fact that in such circumstances the only thing any government could hope to do was to admit the notes as legal tender and accept the consequences, however terrible they might turn out to be. It would be quite impossible to get the money back.

The practical arrangements had been a miracle of efficiency. The money had been inserted in the envelopes by a machine. The trucks were obviously due to spread out all over the country, posting their "government mail" at main post offices all over the west of England. By synchronizing the plan with

the launching of Minute Fifteen at a time when the authorities were prepared for an enormous influx of official letters, the G.P.O. was to be neatly tricked into rendering vital assistance and insuring that the secret blow would fall at the same moment in every part of the land. The earlier, clumsier method of distributing the money must have been in the nature of a tryout to test the actual currency itself.

Campion wiped his face, which was still bleeding slightly. He felt sick with relief. Hutch leaned close to him and his eyes were questioning. Campion guessed what he was asking and as suddenly knew the answer also. The whole vivid procession had brought them directly to Pyne, and Pyne was not convincing. From first to last he had behaved like a businessman undertaking a delicate job for a client, and in that case who was his principal?

Who? Who was employing Pyne? Who was it who had carried this half-prepared plan of the Enemy's through to within an ace of success? Who had

anxious and constrained. Sir Henry Bull, who had just arrived from London and was now surrounded by most of his fellow Masters, was glancing at the documents over which Hutch's chief inspector and an M.I.5 man were presiding.

The cupboard beneath the high bookcases stood open. So did every drawer in the room, as the squad of trained men methodically packed and docketed the papers they were taking away.

Lee Aubrey himself stood on the hearthrug with a plain-clothes man on either side of him. He looked astonished and faintly irritated, but there was no trace of alarm in his big-boned face and he was certainly far less gauche than usual.

It was the importance of the man that made the scene unique in Campion's experience. There was a note almost of domestic tragedy about the situation. It was like the disowning of the eldest son, the disgrace in the regiment, the expulsion from the school.

The Masters of Bridge were angry

out his long arms in an awkward gesture.

"My dear, good people, this is all too absurd," he said, his deep, pleasant voice flexible and persuasive as ever. "I'm perfectly willing to reserve my defense as you all advise so magnificently, but there's no point in making a mystery of the thing where none exists. It's quite clear what I've been doing. For heaven's sake see that those fellows at my desk handle the green folders with care because they contain the one vital scheme of government for this benighted country at the present time. I had to be unorthodox in my methods of forcing the government to take it up, I admit that, but it was a case of necessity."

"Aubrey, do you realize what you're saying?" Sir Henry's face was as white as his hair.

"Yes, Bull, of course I do." The principal of the Bridge Institute was at his most gently superior. "A great deal of the blame is yours. You made a very dangerous mistake last year when you failed to understand the importance of the financial scheme I put up to you then. All these Social Credit fellows, and Keynes and the rest, they have glimmerings of the idea, but they're none of them sufficiently drastic or far-reaching. My plan would have put the economic life of the country on an entirely new basis. Since I could not get the government to see reason by argument I realized I had to put them in a position to smash their existing economy and create a chaos in which they would automatically turn to the one man who could save them. That's perfectly clear. There's nothing difficult to understand about that."

HE WAS leaning against the mantelpiece now, lecturing academically from what he clearly felt to be an infinite height of intellectual superiority.

"Poor Campion here, who probably believes he's done his duty," he continued, "in reality he has betrayed his country and probably civilization by his interference. I had the whole little ingenuity completely in hand. It wasn't out of control. I knew Feiberg quite well. I met him in Frankfurt years ago. Quite an interesting mind. Extraordinarily meticulous over detail. I knew he was a Nazi agent when he turned up here, and, in fact, I think I probably suggested to him that the storerooms in the Nag would be an excellent place for his counterfeit. I may have mentioned too that the Masters were taking their money from the Rhenish vineyards in wine instead of cash and pointed out that such a shipment would give him a perfect opportunity to get his stuff into the country without query. I certainly put him on to Ancombe. I knew that man would be reasonable if properly approached."

"There's nothing to get excited about in that. I allowed it to happen because I knew it was perfectly safe. Last August I knew we had nothing to fear, because no foreign power on earth could have got the plan into operation once we were at war. I knew it was coming and Feiberg did not. He did not believe we would fight so soon. I saw that the money arrived, and when war came I arranged for Feiberg to be interned."

"That left me with a weapon in my own hand if I needed it. I did not use it until I really was convinced that there was no other way. Then I saw something had to be done, to be done quickly, and my plan was the only solution. So I found the man Pyne, who chose his own assistants, and through him I arranged to engineer the greatest crash in history, so that in picking up the pieces I could restore a decent order at last. You're following me, of course?"

They were. The whole room was



"Does this answer your question of two years ago as to what difference does it make to us what Hitler does over there?"

JOHN A. RUGE

discovered the presence of the counterfeit and had then, either with or without direct contact with the enemy country, put the whole diabolical scheme into existence? That was the question.

The answer seemed to be contained in another. Who had the facilities for acquiring and accommodating a large army of local volunteer labor to address "government envelopes?" Who would have had access to sufficient petrol, real or synthetic, to propel so many lorries?

Sir Henry Bull's description of Lee Aubrey came back very vividly to Campion.

"He's a curious product, part genius, part crank. One moment he's doing untold service and the next he's trying to advance a harebrained scheme for running the country."

CAMPION leaned against the wall in Lee Aubrey's gracious, comfortable study.

The room was very quiet. The two constables on the door stood stiffly. The distinguished company, with Oates himself in the middle looking like a gray corpse that had begun to fidget, was

and horrified but also deeply hurt and ashamed. Even the police were not triumphant.

"The evidence against that fellow Pyne, who was killed, is of course perfectly conclusive," said Oates to Sir Henry. He spoke softly but included in his glance the thin, scandalized man who was Aubrey's solicitor and had only just arrived.

Sir Henry nodded grimly without speaking.

"I think there is no doubt that he must have been the moving spirit," the solicitor was venturing timidly when Aubrey interrupted from the hearthrug.

"My dear chap, don't be an ass," he said. "I employed Pyne because, not only was he obviously the right man for the job, but because he had the right kind of organization at his finger tips. He was doing his work very efficiently until he was stopped."

"Take care." Oates turned on the man sharply, his haggard face unusually grim. In the background a detective sergeant had begun to scribble in his notebook unobtrusively.

Aubrey's color darkened and he threw

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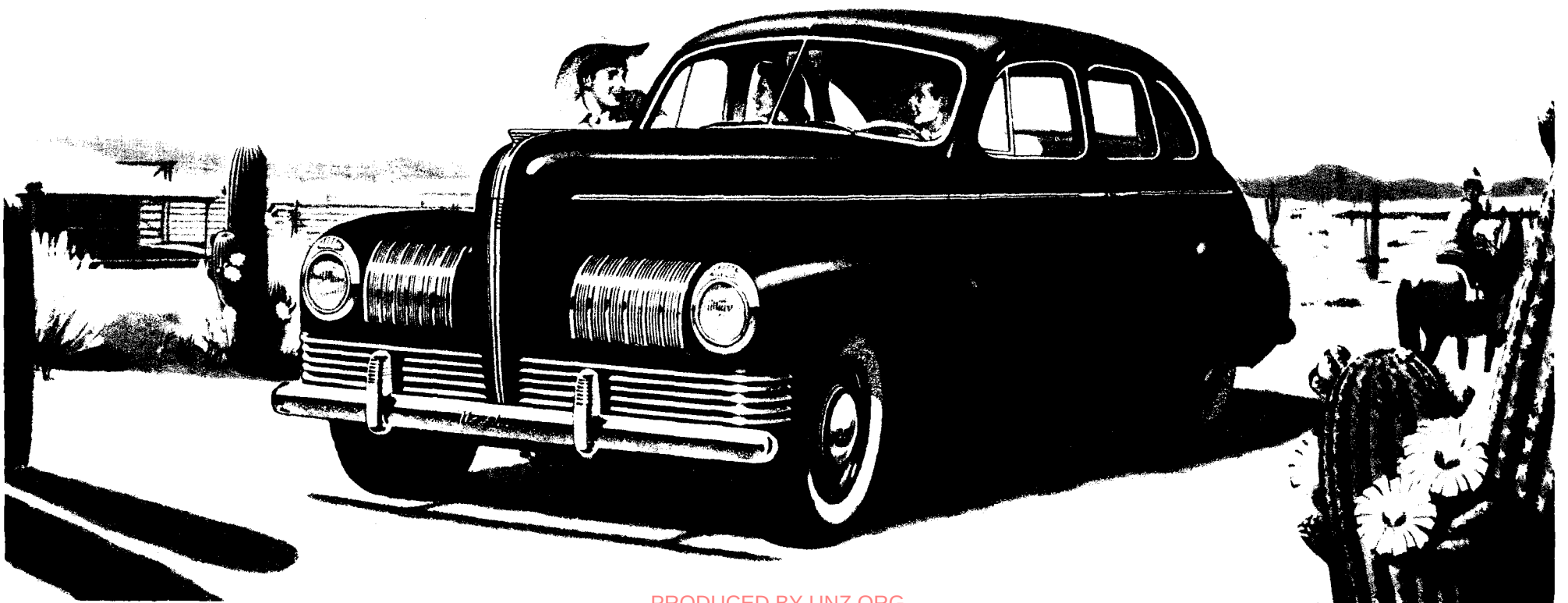
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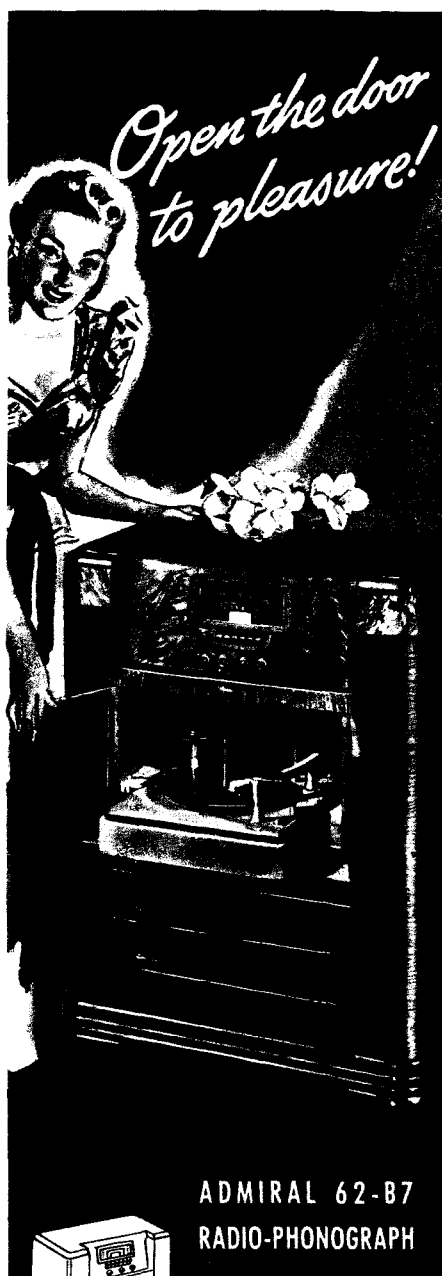
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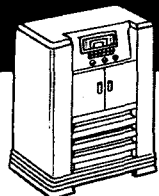
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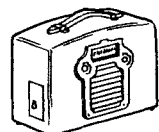
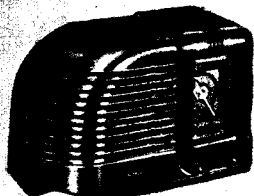
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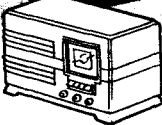
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hanging on his words with sick fascination. Oates leaned forward in his chair. He looked a very sick man and was out strictly against doctor's orders.

"You had the envelopes addressed at the Institute by voluntary labor?" he said. "That enormous undertaking was organized by a woman, wasn't it?"

"Mrs. Ericson?" A flicker of kindly regret passed over Aubrey's face. "Yes, she did all that for me and did it very well. She hadn't the faintest idea why I needed them, of course. She's an example of what I mean by choosing the right people for the right job. It's a gift and an art. My whole scheme of government is based, virtually speaking, on just that main essential."

Sir Henry passed a stubby hand through his hair. His lips were gray. He looked very tired.

"You have not explained the part you were to play in this new government of yours," he said.

AUBREY turned on him. He seemed taller and leaner than ever but there was a fire in his pale eyes.

"I should have to have exactly the same power in the country as I have here at the Bridge Institute, of course," he said. "That surely is obvious. When there is so much of passionate importance to be done quickly and ruthlessly then the man in charge must assume full responsibility."

He had, then, been fully prepared to destroy the whole structure of the empire's economic life in order to get into command!

Campion pulled himself away from the wall and edged his way out. He felt physically ill. The house was alive with police. He pushed through them, and went out of the front door. It was another clear, bright night with visibility nearly as good as day. The constable on duty on the door saluted him with such spontaneous deference that he knew he was already a nine days' wonder in the west country police force. He strode on across the grass, drawing the clean night air deep into his lungs and enjoying the moist wind on his skin.

Presently Amanda joined him. She materialized at his side as he passed under the shadow of the house and they walked on for some time without speaking. Campion had been thinking of her steadily for some hours. Ever since the answer to Hutch's unspoken question had come to him so decisively in the Masters' storerooms, her reaction to the affair had haunted him. The present situation was irretrievable as well as being so miserably awkward that, had she been anybody else in the world, the only possible thing to have done would have been to hurry back to one's job immediately and concentrate on other things with one's eyes, ears and heart shut.

Since she was Amanda, however, and not just an ordinary woman with whom one happened to be in love, that was not possible. She did not seem anxious to talk but there was no constraint in her manner. She had taken his arm, as usual, and seemed content to wander and speculate much as he was doing.

They walked on for so long that his thoughts had time to settle and crystallize and become almost impersonal.

"I tell you one thing," he said suddenly. "Even if he hadn't turned out to be this particular kind of lunatic you would never have married him."

"No," she agreed frankly. "No, I wouldn't."

He looked down at her and caught her grinning to herself. It was an unexpected reaction and he wondered if the light was playing tricks.

"Are you laughing?" he demanded. "Only at me," said Amanda with typi-

cal if devastating honesty. "Go on."

He looked ahead of them at the great silhouettes that the trees made against the moonlit sky. There was something on Campion's mind and he intended to say it, not because it might comfort her—if she was human and female it would probably infuriate her—but because she was Amanda and her education was important. She ought to know it and it might help some day.

"In spite of his brilliance and his staggering conceit, which throws his whole vision out of focus, that chap is a type," he began abruptly. "Did you ever notice that woman Mrs. Ericson?" He thought he heard Amanda catch her breath. Then she chuckled. There was no other word for that murmur of mingled amusement and relief.

"Of course I did," she said. "I'm terrifically relieved you saw it too. I mean if you're trying to explain that Lee has a habit of making extravagant passes at people and conveying that he's hopelessly in love with them, so that they'll respond and he'll have the flattering experience of declining their affections with sweet, sympathetic understanding, I know about it. I don't think he works it out like that, of course, but it just keeps happening to him and one side of his mind finds it a delightful surprise to him every time while the other side attends to the machinery for making it come off. I was the complete mug. I was awfully surprised."

Campion's hand tightened over hers. He cherished no illusions about Amanda being hard, but she had an unbreakable backbone.

Her reaction was superb. "I was awfully surprised." How like her. Not "I was wounded." Not "I was furious." Not "I was wretchedly degraded." Just "I was awfully surprised."

"When did all this happen?" he inquired.

"Just before I brought old Miss Ancombe to see you at that pub. I was going to tell you, because I was rather full of it, and—oh, you know how one is—rather sore and embarrassed. But it didn't seem to be quite the time for intimate revelations. You were a bit peculiar yourself, if you remember."

Peculiar! He did remember. He remembered her face, too, hurt and bewildered as the idiotic couplet hung un-

finished between them. Another thought occurred to him and he turned to her in consternation.

"You had to come back here. I sent you back."

"Yes, I know," she said, "but it had to be done. Besides, it rubbed the whole thing in until I really did understand it. He enjoyed it so. I did get the whole thing clear and I was here when they phoned from Coachingford Police Station so it was worth while."

Campion put an arm around her and held the small circle of her shoulder bone. For the first time in his life he felt completely adult. His hesitancy, his qualms, his intellectual doubts seemed suddenly the stuff of childhood.

"Let's get married early tomorrow," he said. "I've only got thirty-six hours' leave. A message came through tonight, I ought to have this bump on my head looked at too. It's time we got married."

"Yes," said Amanda, who had never bothered with illusions. "It's time we got married."

THEY went back to the house to get hold of Oates, who could probably fix any licensing difficulty. Just before they reached the door, Amanda turned to Campion.

"I'm sorry I boxed your ears," she said, "but you flicked me on the raw. You weren't quite like yourself, either, you know."

"My good girl, I was nuts," he began, and hesitated. It was no good. He just did not want to tell her the full extent of his recent disability. The dreadful revelation of his helplessness and his need for her was still a vividly remembered pain.

Amanda waited a moment and finally laughed.

"Get it right this time, then," she commanded. "'Begone!' she stormed, 'across the raging tide!'"

Campion grinned as the delightful cockney rhyme returned to him. He pulled her toward him.

"Dear Jove! Why did I go?" he quoted accurately, and kissed her as he finished with triumphant satisfaction the ecstatic Victorian anticlimax, so apt and so absurd, "'I should have stiyed!'"

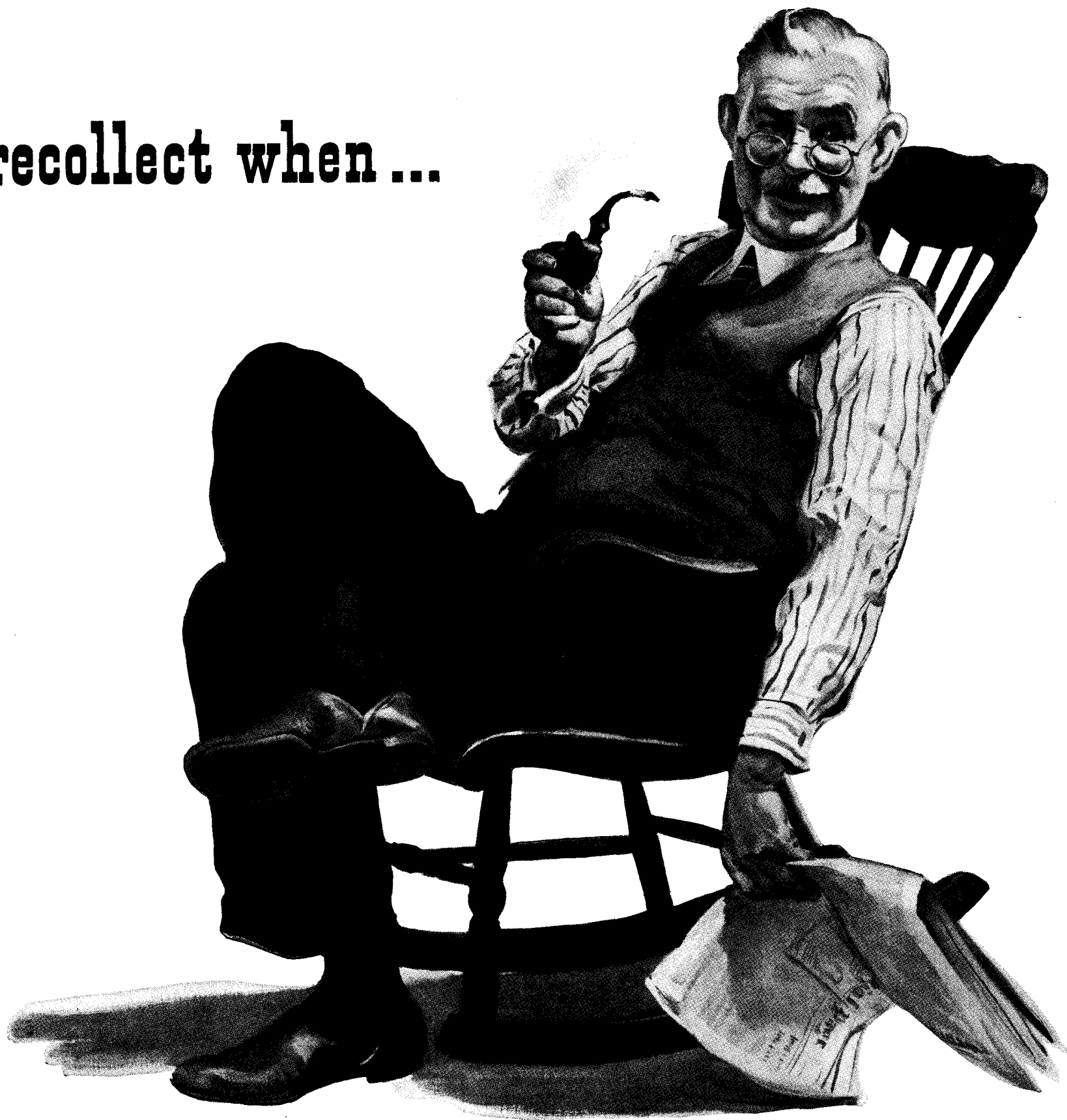
THE END



"Could you dye it, or something? I'm tired of people going 'Bang! Bang!' at me."

BARBARA SHERMUND

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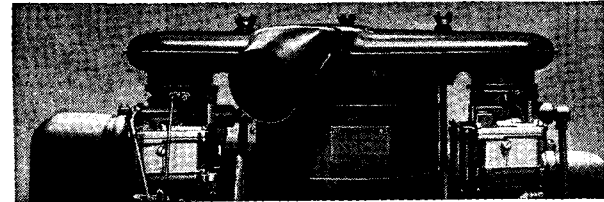


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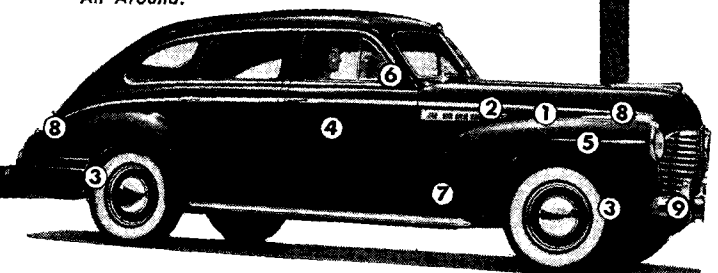
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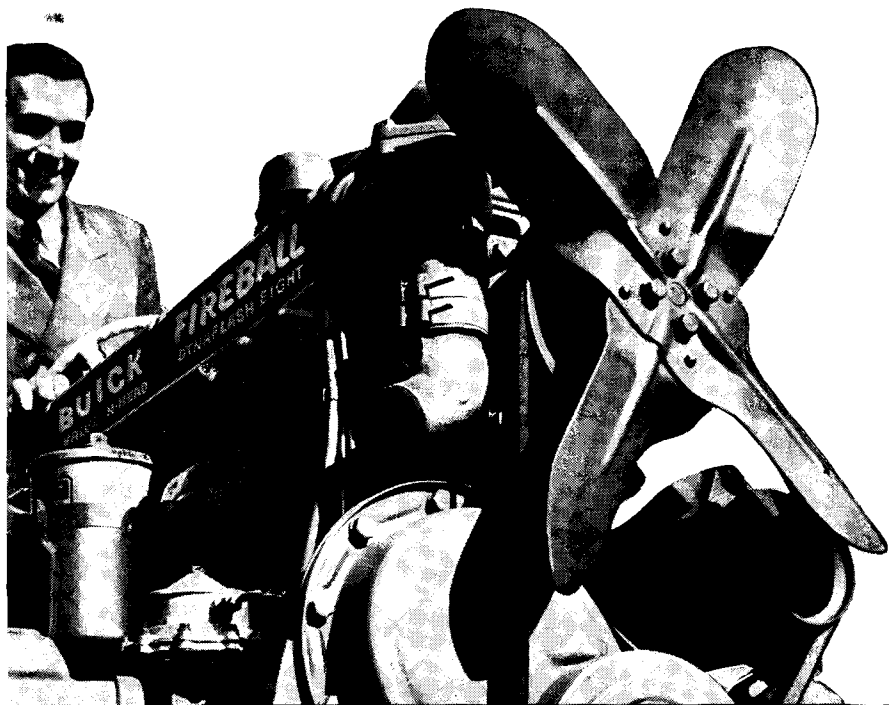
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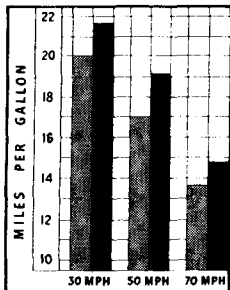


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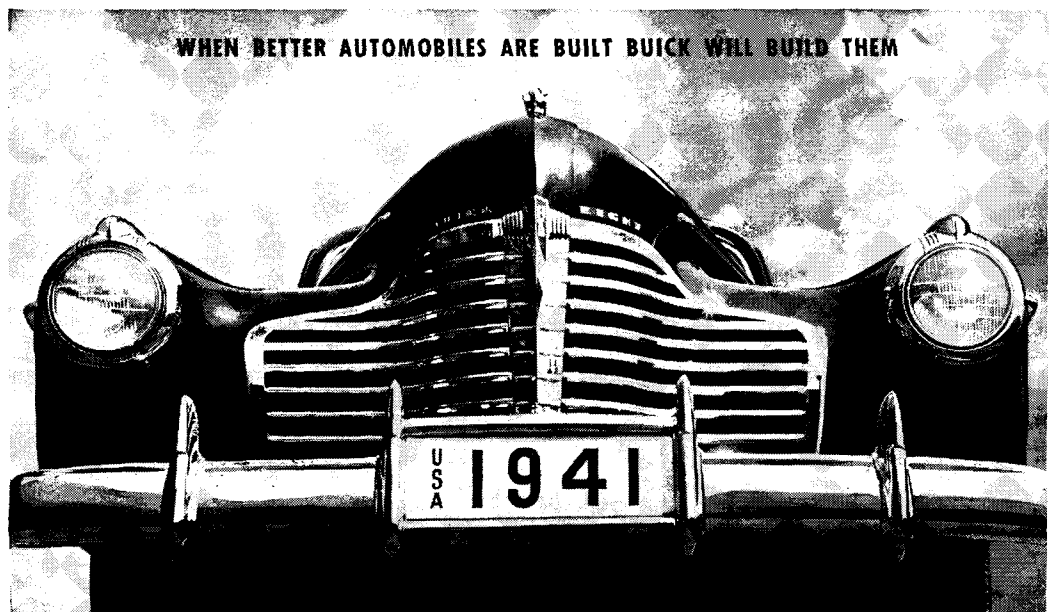
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Continued from page 14

ing horn-rimmed spectacles who sat in a chair by the window inspected Donald and then his fingernails. A man named Max occupied the other chair. The third, a short man with a sharp nose and no necktie, was stretched full length on the davenport. The man behind the desk said, "Yes?"

"I'm sorry to be late," Donald said, "but I couldn't find your office."

The director smiled warmly, waved him to a chair that didn't exist and finished his sentence: "... going around in circles. Max, what do you think of having the girl come from a convent?"

MAX jabbed viciously at the air. "She should be a tart. I thought so from the beginning and I still think so."

The man on the davenport moved his legs over a little and lifted his eyebrows at Donald. Donald sat down. Max blew out his cheeks. The noise was one of frustration. "We don't have to say she's a tart in so many words," Max said.

Stacey, the dark, bespectacled man, drawled, "We can do it with symbols. Give her a white-fox fur and in all the exteriors she can lean against a lamp-post and put on lipstick. Except in the meadow sequence. In that she can lean against a cow and put on lipstick."

Donald leaned forward. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but the girl is only twelve. Could she be a... a whatdoyou-callit? We must remember that this is a story of loneliness and spiritual isolation in Ohio."

Stacey regarded him with a quiet, undemonstrative bitterness. "How did we get to Ohio?" he said.

"The original story..." Donald began.

Max whistled softly. "Oh, that," he said.

The director looked toward the davenport and bellowed, "Corlane!" Corlane, who had been peacefully asleep, knew just how to meet such emergencies. Without opening his eyes he murmured, "I agree with Stacey." Stacey laughed because he hadn't spoken.

The director said, banging the desk, "You two pipe fitters have been kicking this story around for ten solid weeks and all we've got is an outline! Just a bunch of characters milling around without anything to do!"

Corlane rose and made his way to the door with quiet dignity. "Get another boy," he said. "I've had enough of your dim-witted insults." He paused dramatically. "I'm going back to Pennsylvania and write my play."

The gray-haired man said soothingly, "Now, Corlane, be reasonable. We're all tired. After this picture we can rest. But right now we have to get to work."

Donald leaned forward again. "If I may make a suggestion," he said, "since Mr. Corlane is tired why doesn't he go to Pennsylvania and rest? I will write the picture. That's why I was put under contract and I'm not sure I'll be able to work with anybody else. I've always worked alone."

You could have heard a bomb drop. Corlane leaped away from the door, and as one man Stacey and Corlane advanced on the desk. Stacey yelled, "Putting somebody on to follow us, is that it? Somebody to rewrite what we've rewritten from a rewrite! Come on, Corlane, let's go back to Pennsylvania where there's honor!" They stalked out.

The director got on the telephone, demanding in frenzied tones that the operator get him Joe Stein. "Try his office! Try the commissary! Try the legal department! All right, try the men's

room!" He hung on looking at the ceiling and muttering to himself.

Max rose. "Well, I guess I'll get back to my own story." He shook hands with Donald. "Glad to have seen you again."

During a temporary lull in the director's muttering Donald said, "I don't see why they got so angry. After all it was my book originally. Why shouldn't I work on it?"

"Are you sitting there trying to tell me you're Edna Ferber?"

"No, I'm Donald Boggs," Donald said.

Joe Stein came on the wire. The director yelled, "Joe, Stacey and Corlane are over in their office packing again! Threaten them with breach of contract! Do something! Tell them it's all a mistake! And Joe... there's a man named Boggs here. Where does he belong?"

He hung up, ran his hand through his hair and hung onto a back lock. "Go over and see Joe Stein, like a good fellow," he said. "Go now before Stacey and Corlane come back."

"Tell me one thing," Donald said, rising. "Is this Dwight Wright's office?"

"No. He moved yesterday."

"Where?"

"I wouldn't know."

"And this Mr. Stein. Is he apt to move before I get there and, if he does, where?"

"Mr. Stein doesn't move."

"I see," said Donald.

Outside the directors' building he stood in indecision. Opposite was a large building humming with activity. Donald made his way into the commissary and hunched up onto a stool. He pointed to a sandwich and as the girl shoveled it onto a plate Donald's heart jumped into his mouth and right out onto the counter. "Jenny Drew!" he said.

The pug-nosed minx behind the counter said, "Well?"

"You are Jenny Drew, aren't you?"

"I know that," said Jenny. "Do you want coffee with that sandwich?"

"Don't you remember me?"

"Maybe," Jenny said. "Is it important?"

"Summitsville, Ohio," Donald said, watching her anxiously.

"Waukegan, Illinois," she said pertly. "Bad Axe, Michigan. Oconomowoc, Dowagiac..."

"You do come from Summitsville, don't you? I wrote a book about you."

"Look," Jenny said, "I know my name and I know where I come from. Do you want coffee with that sandwich?"

"DON'T you remember me? Donald Boggs? We went to school together." He pulled up his shirt sleeve to display a jagged white scar on his wrist. "Here's where you bit me when we were ten years old."

"Why?" said Jenny.

"I tried to kiss you," Donald said.

"I bit so many people," said Jenny. She wiped the counter thoughtfully.

"I have to go now," Donald said. "Where is Mr. Stein's office? I'll be back, Jenny."

"Administration building. The one with the fountain."

"I'll be right back," said Donald. "Don't go away."

"I was planning to get on the Clipper," Jenny said, "but if you say so I won't."

Donald headed for the administration building in a daze. The same old Jenny. Hollywood hadn't changed her. Cute and nasty, just as she'd always been. He remembered her in her graduation dress, flouncing up the aisle for her diploma. He sighed rapturously. Imagine meeting a girl from Ohio, a girl right

from his home town, a girl he'd always been in love with, a girl he'd written a book about. Truth was stranger than fiction. It was certainly a fine, small world.

He found Mr. Joe Stein's office. After a short wait he was ushered in. Mr. Stein shook hands with him cordially. "Somebody called me about you a few minutes ago, Mr. Boggs. Now let me see, who was it?"

"A director with gray hair and blue eyes," said Donald.

"Corelli. For a minute I couldn't remember. Now, let me see, what have you done?"

"I wrote a book called Day's End."

"Day's End. Day's End. I've heard of it. You must let me look at it."

"You've looked at it," Donald said. "You bought it. And you put me under contract for a thousand dollars a week to adapt it."

"Ah hanh," said Joe Stein. "And the script is finished? Why haven't I seen it?"

"It isn't finished," Donald said. "The point is . . ."

"THE point is you're stuck," Stein said.

"Now, Boggs, what I always tell my writers when they get stuck is: Take a new viewpoint. Go back to the beginning and see where it's wrong. If it doesn't go smoothly there's something wrong behind you. Go back. Go back and see where you made your mistake."

"I can't," Donald said. "You see, I haven't started yet."

"Why?" said Stein. "Because you're stuck. There's something wrong with the book."

"There's nothing wrong with the book," Donald said hotly. "I just can't find the director."

"Who is the director?"

"Mr. Dwight Wright."

Joe Stein's vicious jab at a button produced a secretary without half trying. "Find Dwight Wright. Call Sun Valley! Call Palm Springs! Call that secret bungalow of his."

"He's on the wire now, Mr. Stein. He's lost a writer. He said to tell you he has something better to do than stand at the

gate waiting to trap writers as they come in."

"Well," Stein said savagely, "find the writer. Don't stand there gibbering. Get on the telephone and find him."

"But who shall I look for?"

"Me," Donald said miserably. "I'm the writer."

Joe Stein's eyes came back to Donald with sudden, awful reproach. He prided himself on never losing his temper with his boys. Therefore his voice was soft. "If Mr. Wright is waiting for you, don't you think you'd better jump over there? We can have our little talk later. I'll tell Corelli you were in and that we're going to talk later. All right?"

"All right," said Donald, "if you'll tell me where Mr. Wright's office is."

"302-303-304," the girl said.

"That was yesterday," said Donald. "Today it's Corelli."

Stein kept his temper. "I can see why you have trouble working in pictures," he said. "You're argumentative. Now I always tell people to remember that other people can be right too. It's a good thing to keep in mind. Other people can be right, too."

"That doesn't alter the fact that Mr. Corelli is in Mr. Wright's office," Donald said.

"Why can't you talk in front of Corelli? What do you have against him? He seems to like you well enough."

"All right," Donald said, "never mind."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," Stein said heartily.

Donald clapped on his hat. "All right," he said. "All right." He went out.

Mr. Stein put his head in his hands. "Look at me," said Mr. Stein, addressing a higher power. "A mass of nerves, all under control. All the time under control. I ask for writers and what do I get? Numbskulls. Halfwits, bobbling around saying all right, all right, but nothing constructive. And—"

"Will you see Mr. Sandow, Mr. Stein?" his secretary said.

"Who is Mr. Sandow?"

"The head of the musical unit."

"Since when?" Mr. Stein said. "Sure, I'll see him. I'll see anybody. And when



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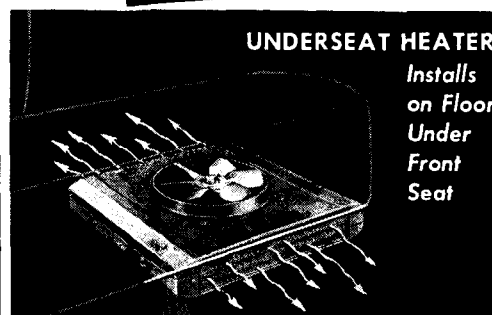
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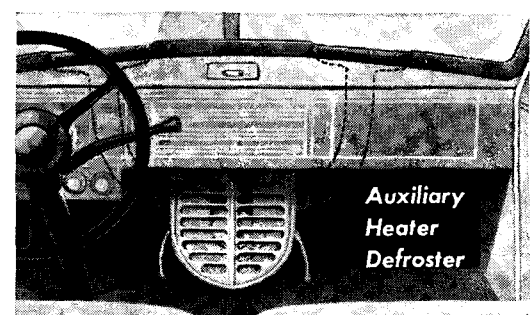
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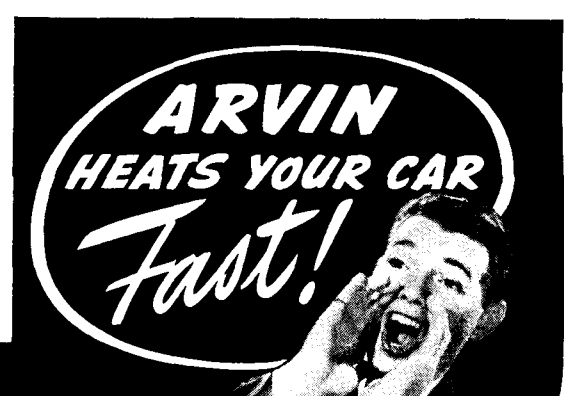
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I get through I'll sweep out and scrub. Why not?"

Donald went back to the commissary. There wasn't any Mr. Wright. Who cared? Maybe Mr. Wright cared, but he, Donald Boggs, did not give a whoop. "Give me another sandwich," he said to Jenny. This time her smile was friendly. She remembered biting him. "What kind?" Jenny said.

"Any kind." He sat, pondering his next move besides Jenny. A bright-eyed little man on the stool at his side said, "Would you pass the mustard?" Donald passed it.

"Jenny," Donald said, "what time do you get through here?"

"Why?" Jenny said.

"I thought I'd wait for you and we could have dinner."

"I got a date," Jenny said.

"Tomorrow, then?"

"Tomorrow is too far away to make plans," Jenny said. "Maybe I'll get hit by a truck tonight."

THE bright-eyed little man said to Donald: "This isn't mustard. It's horse-radish." He added bitterly, "Writers!" He took the mustard from Donald and said vehemently, "I've got the greatest picture in the world right here in my head! And what can I do with it? It's the story of a great love."

"I wrote a book about a little girl and a horse," Donald said. "Jenny, here, is the heroine."

The little man said, "What are you doing now?"

"Looking for a director," Donald said.

"I'm a director but I don't do animal pictures. Stanislaus Koppel is the man you want."

"No, he isn't," said Donald.

The little man bit into his sandwich and munched thoughtfully for a moment. "I like you," he said finally. "I like your approach to things. I'd like to throw my present writer right off the picture and put you on it."

Donald said politely, "I've signed a contract to do a picture based on my book."

"Well, this story of mine is great. It's the story of a great love."

"You told me," Donald said.

"And you're not afraid to speak your mind," the man said. "I repeat myself, you snap me up. I like that. That's the way it should be in story conferences." He regarded Donald thoughtfully. "Would you like to do me a favor?"

Donald, unable to take his eyes off

Jenny, said, "Sure." He pictured her sitting opposite him in an intimate little restaurant talking about old times in Summitsville, Ohio—God's country. The man beside him crumpled his paper napkin. "Come on," he said, "we will go over and see Elsie."

As he propelled Donald by the elbow out into the bright sunshine and steered him toward a row of dressing rooms, Donald said, "Elsie?"

"Elsie Lester. The girl who's going to be in my next picture. She's a sweet girl but too emotional. She's been going around with Tony Mascowitz. Last night they had a quarrel. Elsie can't think. She can't eat. She can't breathe. Women. What she needs is a new interest. You're it. You're good-looking and you have a brain. Elsie needs a brain besides body, you know? I want you to help me restore her self-confidence. As a personal favor to me."

"All right," Donald said.

"The first thing you do is tell her you think she's the most wonderful actress in the world."

"I never saw her," said Donald.

"Doesn't matter," the little man said.

"All right," Donald said.

"Then ask her to dine with you tonight. The poor girl doesn't even have a dinner date."

Jenny was busy for dinner. Why not? "All right," Donald said, "but just for tonight."

His new friend pushed open the door of a dressing room. "Here we are. Now, remember, most beautiful woman you've ever seen. Best actress."

"Best actress, most beautiful woman," said Donald.

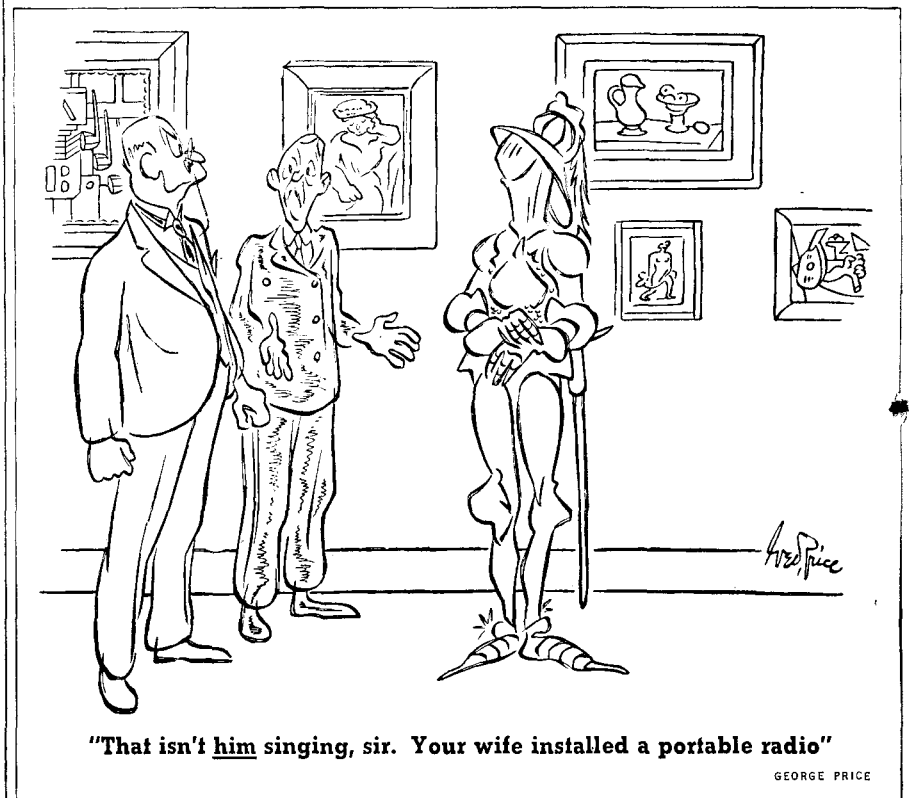
A tall, gorgeous, dark-haired girl was sitting on a chaise longue, her gorgeous head buried in two gorgeous arms. Donald opened his mouth to tell her how beautiful she was but then she lifted her head. She had a gorgeous black eye. What Donald said was, "Where'd you get the shiner?"

"I bumped into a door," said Elsie, inspecting him carefully.

The bright-eyed little man said, "Elsie, I want you to meet a friend of mine and a great admirer of yours." He looked meaningfully at Donald. Donald recovered, picked up his lines and came through like a trouper.

"Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

Elsie measured him with a practiced eye. Six feet two, broad shoulders, nice brown hair. The ensemble would look



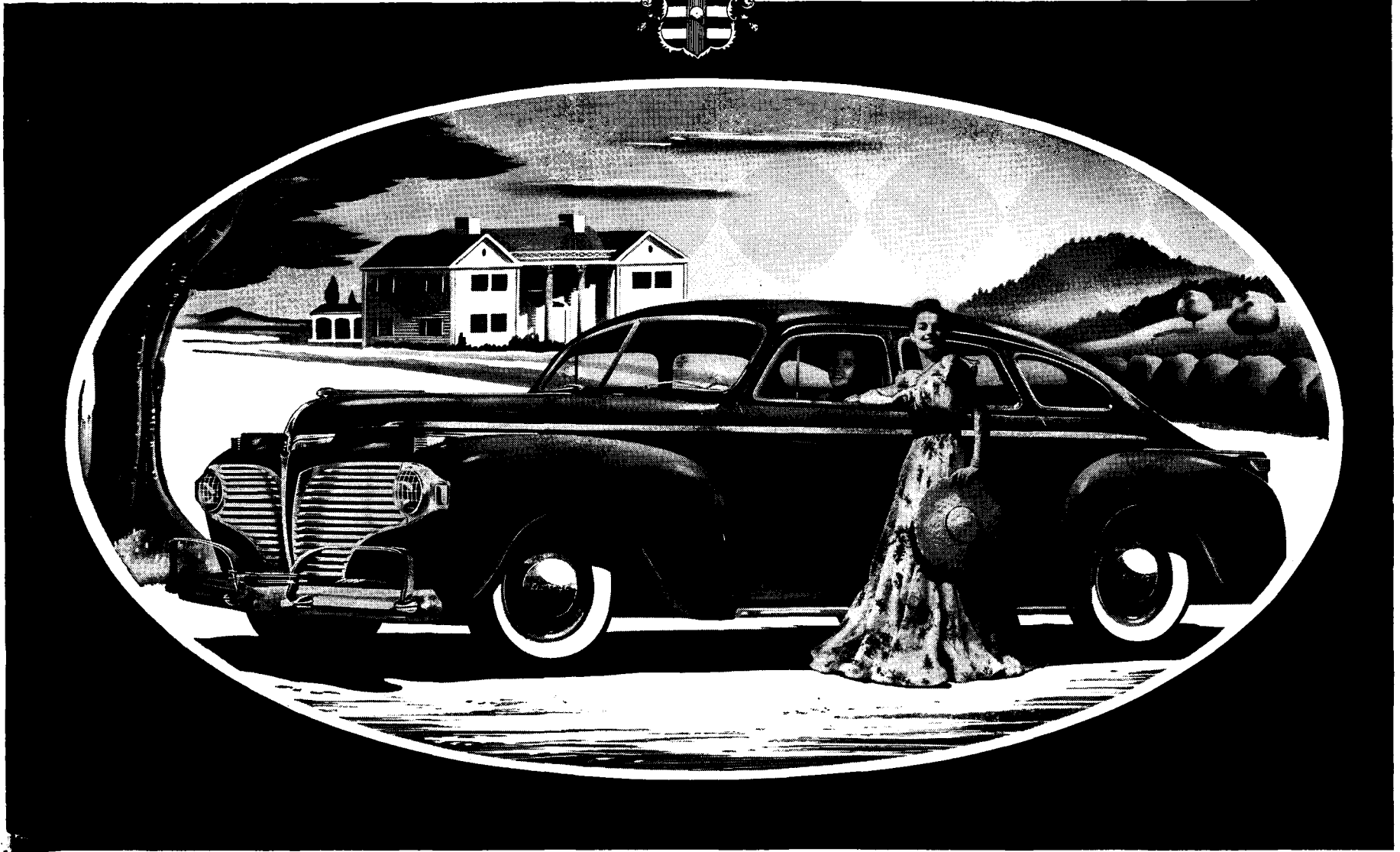
"That isn't him singing, sir. Your wife installed a portable radio"

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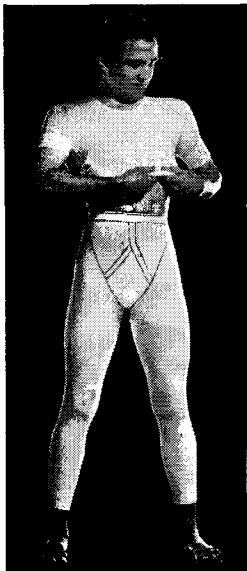
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well in public. It was cut to needle Mr. Tony Mascowitz, cad.

"Yes," Elsie said, with a compelling, gorgeous smile.

She turned to the bright-eyed little man, who was beaming paternally. "I like him," she said.

"I'm not stuffed," said Donald. "Why don't you tell me?"

"I like you," Elsie said, turning on the smile again.

Donald's new friend, absent-mindedly curling a strand of hair around a long, white forefinger said, "Well, children, be happy. I have to go back to work. If I could get some co-operation around here I'd have the greatest picture of the year. You'd get the academy award for it, Elsie. It's a great love story."

Elsie said, "Don't talk to me about love."

THE door closed softly. The little man was gone. Elsie said, "Have you known Dwight long?"

"You mean..." Donald pointed toward the door with a shaking finger.

"I mean Dwight Wright," said Elsie.

"Excuse me," Donald said. He ran out into the street. It was empty. Donald came back and stood in the middle of the room. "Can you tell me where his office is?"

"Whose office?"

"That man who just left."

"Don't call him that man. His name is Wright."

"I know, but where do I find him?"

"Where did you find him before?"

"Look," said Donald, "does he have some place where he sits and works and people can go in and see him? I don't care how I get in. I'll go through a window or anything but I have to see him."

"You just saw him," Elsie said.

"I didn't know it was him!" Donald said wildly.

"I'm not sure I want to dine with you," said Elsie, thoughtfully.

"Please, do you know where his office is?"

"No," Elsie said. "And if you don't stop talking about him this minute I won't go out for dinner with you."

"All right," Donald said. He sat down. "What do you want to talk about?"

"I can't talk right now," she said. "My masseuse is coming. Pick me up at the Elysée at seven-thirty. And try to calm yourself in the meantime."

"All right," Donald said. Outside the door he was struck by a sudden thought. He poked his head back in. "What was the name of the picture you're working on?"

"Day's End," said Elsie.

"Is there a horse in it?"

"Will you go away before I decide not to have dinner with you?"

"No, listen," Donald said. "Is there a horse and a little girl in it?"

"It's the story of a great love," said Elsie. "And what would a horse be doing in a New York apartment?"

"All right," Donald said, mad. He went back to the commissary. Ohio was Ohio in the commissary or next to Michigan. Wherever it was, you could depend upon Ohio. A strange girl came to wait on him. "Where's Jenny?" Donald said.

"She's gone for the afternoon."

"All right," Donald said. He went back to his hotel.

There were ten telephone messages in his box. They all said Mr. Dwight Wright had phoned. Donald called Amalgamated Studios. "Connect me with Mr. Dwight Wright," he said.

A girl's voice came cheerily, "Mr. Wright's office."

"What number is this office?" Donald said.

"This is Mr. Wright's office at Amalgamated Studios." She sounded annoyed.

"But what number is it?" Donald said anxiously.

"Who is calling?" Her voice sounded suspicious.

"Donald Boggs."

"Mr. Wright is not in," the girl said crisply. "Is there any message?"

"No," Donald hung up and sat for a while. Presently he lifted the receiver and called Amalgamated Studios again. "I would like to speak to Mr. Donald Boggs," he said.

"Who?"

"Donald Boggs. He's a writer."

"Just a minute." Presently the girl came back on the wire. "Mr. Boggs is not in."

"What is the number of Mr. Boggs' office?" Donald said.

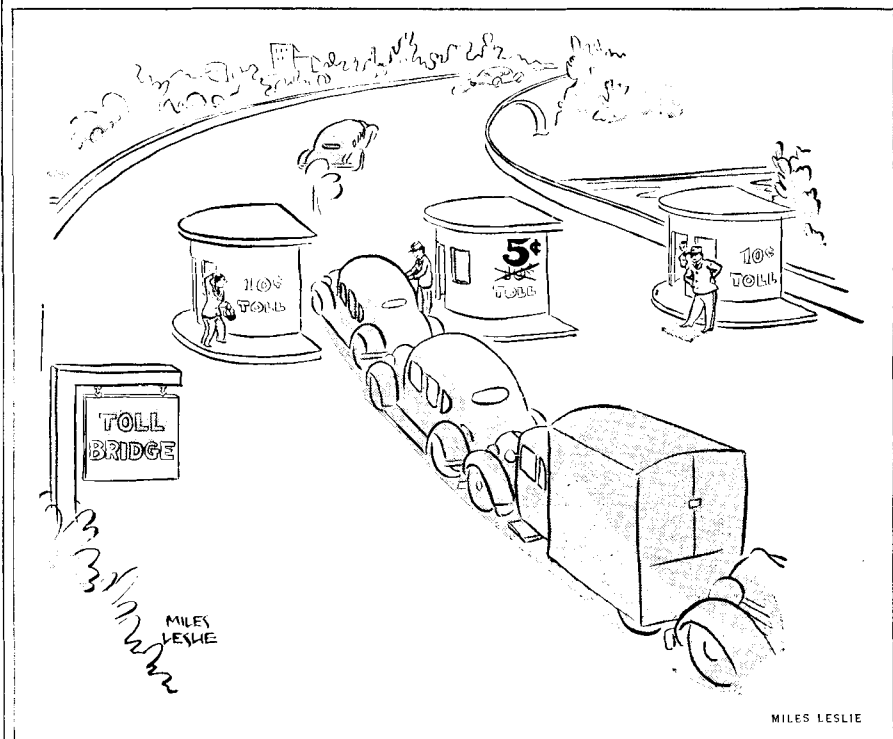
"We're not allowed to give out that information," the girl said. "I'll be glad to take a message for Mr. Boggs."

"Just say Mr. Boggs called," said Donald. He hung up.

At seven thirty at the Château Elysée he called Elsie Lester's apartment from the lobby. The girl who answered said, "Miss Lester's residence."

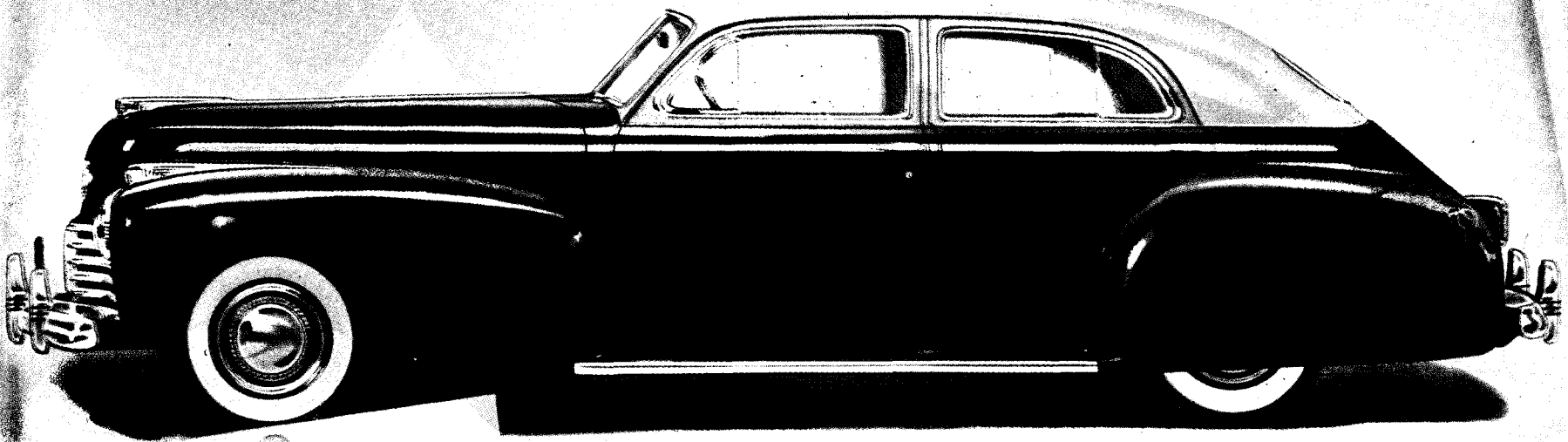
"This is Donald Boggs," Donald said. "I've come for Miss Lester."

"Just a moment." She went away and then came back to the telephone. "Miss Lester doesn't recall the name. Could you tell me what it's about?"



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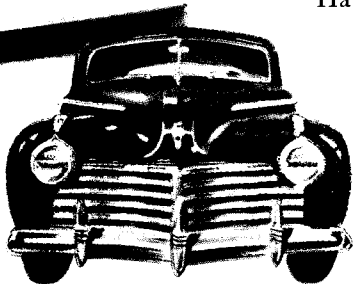
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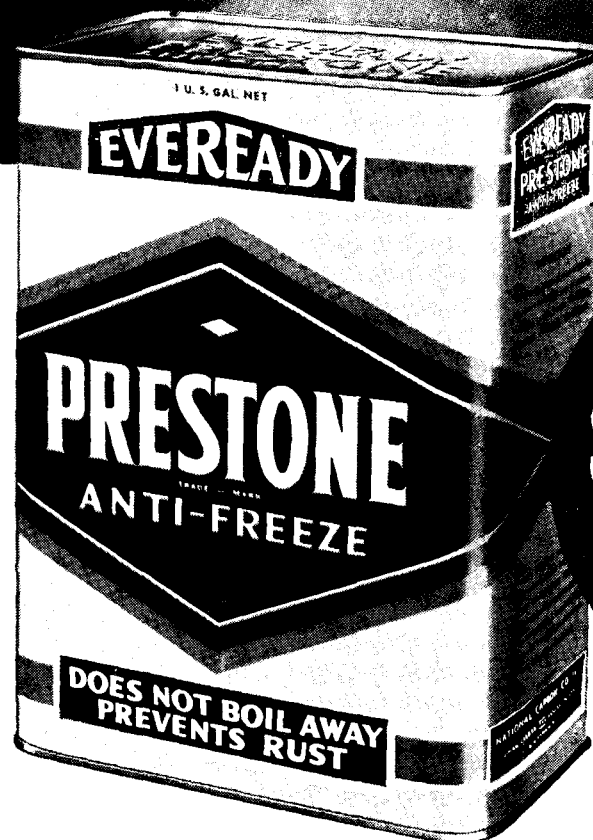
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"It's about dinner," Donald said wearily.

She went away and came back again. "Come to apartment 704."

Elsie, engaged in a telephone conversation, looked gorgeous. As Donald entered she waved. "Yes," she said. "Yes. Tony's a beast. A primitive, low, unprincipled animal. And ungrateful. Have you seen him?"

After a short, disappointed pause she said, "Well, all right. But if you do, let me know where. Yes, Dwight darling. Yes, I will."

Donald sprang, wrested the telephone from her hand and said hello. His ears were greeted by an empty, buzzing sound. He stood there looking at the instrument. Elsie stood there looking at him. Then she said, "Jealous already? That was only Dwight."

"I know," Donald said.

"You haven't calmed down," said Elsie accusingly. "There's Scotch on the table. Try that."

"I don't drink," Donald said. "What's his telephone number? Do you know it?"

"Dwight's?"

"Dwight's," Donald said.

"Bel-Air 67893," Elsie said.

Donald called Bel-Air 67893. A butler answered. While the butler was speaking on the kitchen extension, Dwight Wright got on the library phone. He said, "Get off the wire. I want to use the telephone."

The butler said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but . . ."

"Don't beg my pardon!" Wright yelled. "Just get off the wire!"

Donald broke in. "Mr. Wright . . ."

"Don't argue," Wright said. "I have important business."

"Mr. Wright, this is Donald Boggs."

"Who?"

"Donald Boggs. I wrote Day's End."

"How did you get in the house?" said Wright.

"I'm not in the house," said Donald. "I'm—"

"Where have you been?" Wright said angrily. "I've been waiting all day for you! Now I want to tell you something. If we're going to work together you'll have to keep your appointments. If you can't do that I'll get another boy, contract or no contract. As a matter of fact I have another writer in mind right now."

"Mr. Wright, I saw you this afternoon, remember? I—"

"I know the people I saw this afternoon," Wright snapped, "and you were not among them! I may be vague but I'm not vague about business! Where are you now?"

"I'm waiting to take Miss Elsie Lester for dinner."

"That's a lie," Dwight Wright said. "Elsie Lester has a dinner date with a friend of mine. I made it myself. If she's breaking it to go out with an undependable man like you she's a fool! And I want to tell you something else. In Hollywood, work is a serious matter. You don't get paid for taking movie stars out for dinner. Is that clear?"

DONALD said, "Mr. Wright, if you'll just listen—"

"To what," said Wright, "your bragging? Thank you, no."

"Mr. Wright," Donald said wildly, "just tell me where I can see you and I'll be there. I don't care if it's in a tree!"

Wright said, "Don't be silly. In a tree! Be in my office tomorrow morning at ten!" He hung up. Donald sat down and put his head in his hands. "Drink?" Elsie said, shoving one under his nose.

"Yes," said Donald. He drank the whisky, pulled down on his coat lapels and said, "What did you say that number was?"

"Dwight's?"

"Dwight's."

"Bel-Air 67893," Elsie said.

"Call it," said Donald. "Say you're calling and then say what I tell you to."

"You're a funny man," Elsie said. She called it. After speaking to the butler she turned away from the telephone. "Dwight's gone out," she said. "Is there any message?"

"No," Donald said.

On the way to Victor Hugo's, Elsie's choice for dinner, Elsie said, "Do you know Tony Mascowitz?"

"No," Donald was sunk in thoughts of Jenny. Sweet little Jenny. Probably out with a waiter, smart-cracking and dancing, eating a hot dog for her dinner, happy in simple pleasures.

"Well," Elsie said, "Tony Mascowitz is a primitive, low, unprincipled animal. He gave me this." Gingerly she touched her black eye. "If I start to cry tonight over nothing at all just don't pay any attention to me."

"I won't," said Donald.

ELSIE bit her lower lip. "You're not very friendly."

"Where does he live?" Donald said suddenly.

"Tony?"

"Dwight Wright."

"Look," Elsie said, "why didn't you have dinner with Dwight Wright instead of me?"

"Because I could find you," Donald said bitterly.

"I think you're crazy," Elsie's voice was filled with conviction.

Donald remained silent, staring out of the car window and gnawing thoughtfully at a fingernail. The car drew up at Victor Hugo's. As they entered the restaurant Elsie put her hand on Donald's arm. Her gorgeous eyes were swimming in tears. "That's our song they're playing," she said. "Tony's and mine." She sniffed softly as they advanced. Then abruptly she stopped sniffing. They were face to face with a tall, dark, handsome young man who wore an unfriendly expression. He was looking at Donald but he seemed to be addressing Elsie. "Who is this?" he said.

"Who is *that*?" Elsie said, quivering with rage and forgetting her manners far enough to point.

It was Jenny, wearing a cute little hat. Jenny said, "What's it to you?"

"Who is this?" Donald said to Elsie, forgetting his own manners and pointing at the nose quivering a scant two inches from his own.

The young man said, "My name is Mascowitz."

Donald regarded the nose. He did not like it. The expression in the eyes above the nose was one of which he could not approve.

"Mine is Boggs," said Donald, as he took adequate revenge for a heck of a day, Elsie Lester's black eye and the fact that Jenny had been exposed to the company of a low, unprincipled animal. Mr. Mascowitz slid right out onto the dance floor and lay there face down. Elsie screamed. "The man is crazy! I knew it! Tony, Tony my darling, are you hurt?" She clawed and rattled her way through the crowd to Tony.

"Well," Jenny said, observing the huddle, "that settles that. He's done nothing but moan about her all evening. Are you going my way, Donald?"

Donald's joy at the fact that she had used his first name was cut short. He found himself grasped by the seat of the pants and the back of the coat collar, carried to the door. Then he hurtled through the air and landed on cement.

A car stopped before the door of Victor Hugo's and Dwight Wright emerged. He looked at Donald, sitting on the pavement. "Well," he said. "Hello."

"Hello," Donald said. Jenny came rushing out and knelt down, brushing

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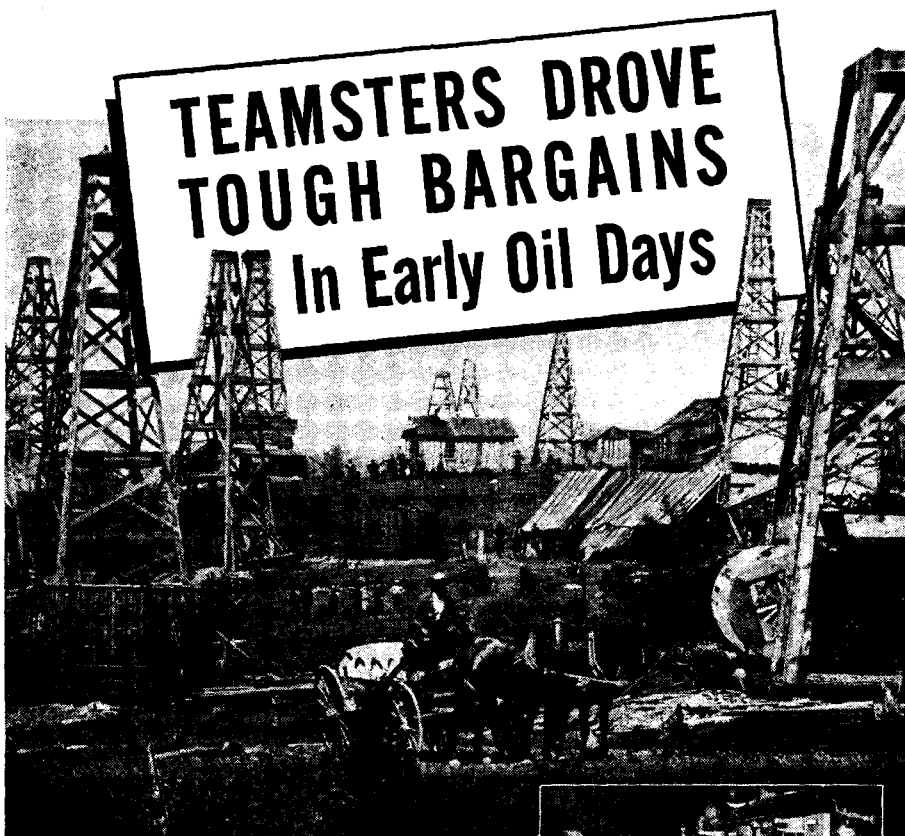
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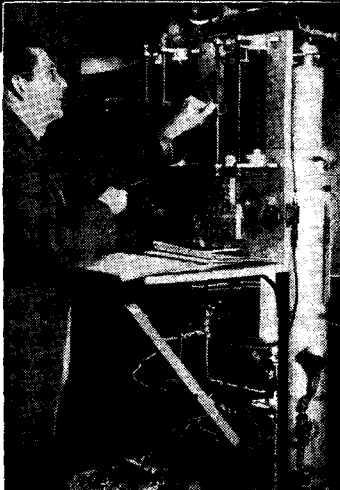
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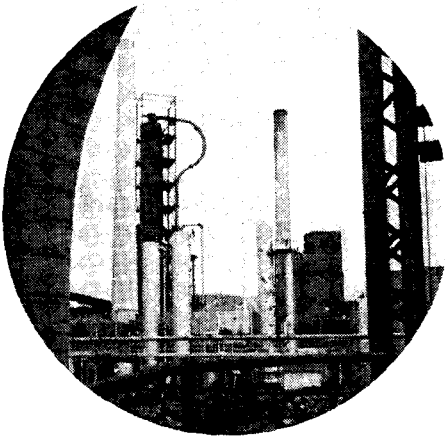


(A photograph from the famous Mather Collection, showing Magill Wells at Foster Farm along Oil Creek, 1864-66.)

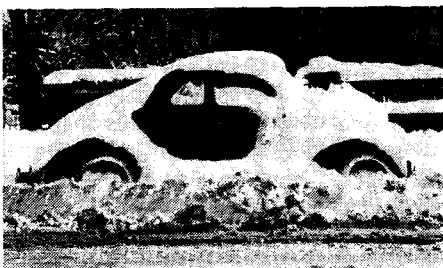
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what she could reach of Donald's trousers.

"Hello, Jenny," Dwight Wright said. "Hello," said Jenny.

Dwight looked at Donald. "I thought you were dining with Elsie Lester."

"No," Donald said.

"It's that twerp Boggs," said Wright. "She broke her date with you for him."

"Yes," Donald said.

Wright smiled encouragingly. "Maybe some other time."

Donald drew a deep breath. "Mr. Wright," he said, "will you listen to me for a minute? I signed a contract. I want to break it."

"Animal picture, wasn't it?" Wright said. "The animal-picture cycle is over. I think you're wise. Yes. Break it. Then come in and see me. We could do great things together."

"Maybe we could," Donald said, "if I could ever get in to see you."

"See me? My boy, I'm the easiest person in Hollywood to see. Always there. And I know a good writer when I see one. I can tell when a man thinks clearly. Now, for instance, I can tell that I'm not going to get along with this fellow Boggs at all. Called me up tonight and didn't make sense. Probably a drunk. Suggested we meet in a tree. You come in and see me tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I'm going to throw this fellow Boggs right off the picture. I've made up my mind. Is ten convenient for you?"

"Is it convenient for the doorman?" Donald said.

WRIGHT laughed heartily. "We'll do a comedy after the love story," he said. "You have a sense of humor." He adjusted his hat. "Tomorrow at ten, then," he said.

"Tomorrow at ten," Donald said.

Wright disappeared between a bowing headwaiter and a hat-check girl and was lost to view. Inside he encountered Tony Mascowitz and Elsie. Elsie was cooing sympathetically over an incipient black eye which Tony was nursing.

Dwight Wright stopped. He looked at Elsie. Then he looked at Tony. "Where's Boggs?" he said.

Elsie said indignantly, "He hit Tony and left."

"Shouldn't have gone out with him," said Wright. "Should have had dinner with that fellow I introduced you to."

"Of course I should have," Elsie said. "Here, darling, is a piece of ice. Try that."

"Wait until I get my hands on that guy," Tony said balefully.

Wright went into the dining room thinking pleasant thoughts of pheasant under glass.

In a taxi Donald was saying, "Jenny, do you like Hollywood?"

"No," Jenny said.

"Have you ever wanted to go back to Summitsville?"

"Yes," Jenny said. "Ever since I left. I never had the money to get back."

"You have now," said Donald. He put his arms around her. "Don't bite, Jenny."

There was a long pause during which she didn't bite. "Will you marry me, Jenny?" Donald asked.

Jenny sighed. "Just think of me getting married to a great writer," she said. "A man who works with directors like Mr. Dwight Wright. Why, this afternoon when I took his afternoon soup and milk..."

Donald clutched at her. "Jenny," he said, "were you in Dwight Wright's office this afternoon?"

"Yes," Jenny said.

"Could you remember where it was? Think. Think hard."

"305-306-307. In the directors' building. He used to be in 302-303 and 304 but Mr. Corelli's got that office now."

"Oh, Jenny," Donald said. "I love you. I've loved you all my life, ever since you bit me when we were ten years old. You're wonderful."

"Why am I wonderful?" Jenny said.

"Never mind," said Donald. "You're just wonderful."

"Donald, did you really write a book about me?"

"Yes, I did," said Donald.

"What is it about?"

"It's the story of a great love," said Donald.

"I want to read it."

"I wouldn't," Donald said. "Wait until it comes out on the screen. You'll get a better idea of what I meant."

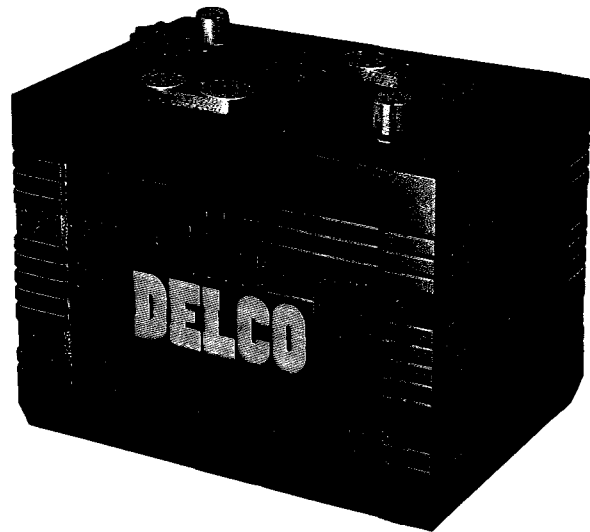


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Fisherman's Luck

Continued from page 17

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making snug for home, with the Hanky B. bouncing and diving and the wind beginning to wail.

He put his helm over carefully in the dangerous swell, bracing himself with sea-booted feet spread wide in the stern cockpit. That's when he heard the quick, sharp blasts of a whistle. The fog bank, pouring inland, lifted for a minute. And there was that big purse seiner, wallowing in the trough, swinging from one beam end to another. Hanky peered at it through his bow spray.

It was the Lucky Bull all right. There was Cordova, black turtle-neck sweater, hairy red face, square nose and all, flying up and down on the squat stern of his big boat as it soared and fell away. He was flailing his arms like mad, bellowing something the wind plucked out of his open mouth right away. What the blazes was he doing in a place like that, Hanky wondered; that was no spot for a man with sense to be! The next time the Lucky Bull's counter lifted clear of the sea, Hanky Baine saw the answer. The Lucky Bull's rudder was gone! Hanky would have been something less than human if his eyes hadn't started to burn. Which they very certainly did.

Skillfully gauging the run of the heavy seas, he worked over to leeward of the purse seiner. She was between North Head and the Peacock Spit, close against a bad lee shore. A nasty place to be with a gale on the make from south of west—even with a rudder. Hanky Baine kicked his engine throttle down to let his troll boat wallow close aboard. Under his sou'wester, there was a hard glint in his clear blue eyes. But he tried his best to look as careless and casual as he could.

"Hanky!" Cordova was bellowing down the wind, hanging to the rail for all he was worth, the way the purse seiner rolled and plunged and soared. "I lost my rudder! Gimme a tow outa here."

Hanky waited till the Hanky B. lifted to the top of a roller. Then he cupped his hands to his mouth. "I can't tow that big tub of yours, Bull! You'd pull my bitts clean out in this weather. Why don't you drift a sea anchor?"

"What the hell you think I been tryin' to do? I can't stop her makin' leeway. I'll be on the rocks in an hour!"

"That's just what I was thinkin'!" Hanky Baine shouted back at Cordova's shaggy, bouncing head. "Still, I think I could maybe get you home at that." Then, innocently enough: "Was them whistles I heard you tootin' at me a signal of distress?"

"No, you don't!" the Bull bellowed, shaking his clenched fist with sudden violence. "You don't make no salvage outa me!"

HANKY kicked open his throttle. The Hanky B. spat a mixture of smoke and spray through her exhaust and her bows dipped under, flinging spume clear over her little house as she swung away. The Lucky Bull kept up her persistent drift ashore. Cordova, a little wild with fright, looked over his shoulder toward the spouting, thundering surf. He could see it plainly now through haze and mist and drizzling rain. The wind had a sharper edge, too. It would soon be a roaring gale. "Hanky!" he bellowed, and you could see by his ugly face he was furious. "Blast you! What the hell do you want?"

Hanky kicked his little troll boat astern, then throttled her down again. "I'll bring you in," he shouted up icily, "for a thousand bucks. You write me a check as soon as you're safe inside along the wharf."

"A thousand—!" Bull Cordova's face went an apoplectic red. "Why, you little—"

"Worth five times as much as a salvage claim, Bull. And you know it! I'll give you till I count three to decide."

"You go to hell!"

"One!"

"How you gonna do it? You can't tow me with that crumby little troll pot!"

"Never you mind how. A thousand dollars when you're safe inside, or nothing if you ain't. You write that on a paper and sign it. Then send the note over with a heaving line and I'll take your wire tow whip. . . Two!"

BULL CORDOVA'S grizzled face was distorted with blind rage. But there was fear in him, too.

"All right, darn you!" he roared just as Hanky was raising his hand for the last time. "You win! But wait. I'll pay you off, you—"

"You go write it," said Hanky with the greatest calm, as he let the little Hanky B. slip in close alongside the Lucky Bull.

When the note came over, wrapped in a bit of canvas tied in the bight of a heaving line, Hanky inspected it against the gloomy light of storm before he tucked it safely inside his oilskins, grinning his wide, infectious grin. You never can tell, he was thinking, what the sea is liable to toss up. So while Bull Cordova watched him with mean, glinting eyes, he becketed his helm and worked carefully up to the bows of his boat. Here he hauled in the purse seiner's wire rope and made it fast to his own bow bitts. Then he looked up. "Make her secure over your stern, Bull!" he shouted. "Gimme about five fathom."

"You crazy loon! You want me to tow you?"

"You got a powerful engine, ain't you, Bull?" Hanky Baine was still grinning. Broadly. "But no rudder. Me, I got a crumby engine. But a first-class rudder. So you furnish the power; I furnish the helm. C'mon now! Let's get goin' before you're on the rocks."

Bull Cordova cursed loudly, but Hanky Baine didn't mind at all. He had a legal paper in his jeans, and for the first time in weeks he was beginning to feel pretty good. So that way they started off, and it wasn't a bit too soon. Clawing off the land, the first true squall of the sou'wester pounded them. It was raw and cold and wet and it settled right away into that thin whimpering that kind of weather has. It gave Hanky an awful beating. He got the worst of it, the Hanky B. plowing clean under half the time. But Hanky Baine had flame-red hair, and he was paying the big Bull off for a lot of things. For himself and plenty of other honest salmon men. So he didn't give a hoot. He just let the sprays sweep him, and he let it drain off his happy face.

It was tough going, battering around the windy corner of the Peacock Spit where the breakers roared with their tops clipped off in broad sheets of flying spume. It was pretty easy to guess what would have happened to the Lucky Bull. Once in a while Cordova would stick his ugly head out the pilothouse window and wave his fist one way or the other, tooting his whistle to help. Hanky just kept on grinning till he picked up Number One buoy, all awash. And he heard it tolling mournfully when he cut inside not a fathom's length away. The great sea horses on the bar were steep and running strong, but they brought the weather astern here and started diving through. The seiner ahead was swinging like a crazy pendulum and poor Hanky

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was just about drowned, fighting his helm, when he heard the first ominous knocking in his engine. He didn't really hear it in all the bedlam of storm: he sensed it. So he throttled it down right away. Then he choked it and listened, frowning anxiously. He slipped the clutch to take off the strain. Then Hanky Baine's face went suddenly bleak. Those connecting-rod bearings were done, that's all. Right in the wildest middle of the roaring bar his engine gave up the ghost.

Bull Cordova was tooting his whistle like mad. No wonder! Then he fought his way aft to the purse seiner's stern, roaring and flailing his arms at Hanky, letting the towline run all slack. The drift got hold of them.

If they broached to now they wouldn't last very long. "Keep her turning!" Hanky shouted. "Keep her head off! Keep the strain on that towrope! My engine's out!"

Cordova shook his fists, but his face was gray with fright down in the steep trough of a monstrous running sea. What he was bellowing against the wind Hanky could only imagine. So he cupped his hands to his lips, roaring instructions to the Bull, who was plainly paralyzed by fear and hadn't any notion what to do. "Put a yoke on that towline! A yoke! Take one end to the starboard winch drum and the other over to port. You can haul me to one side or the other that way! It'll give you steerage. Hurry up, you fool!"

Cordova seemed to understand. Hanky did what he could with his helm whenever there was a chance. Till at last they took up the strain over there, dragging the Hanky B. 'way over to one side to bring the Lucky Bull before the sea again. She answered slowly. Hanky hung on, because his little troll boat was just about swamped. And that way they bounced over the bar and found the smooth water inside at last. Heading past Jetty Sands light, the Lucky Bull towing the little boat astern, Hanky Baine felt fine, thinking of that paper under his oilskins with Bull Cordova's name on it. He'd have Joe out of the hospital in no time. He'd have a new

engine. He'd have a swell season this year, too; and he'd be able to tell Esther Grady just how he felt. That's how things change when a fellow's luck gets good.

He had his boat bailed dry by the time they tied up in the basin. He noticed all the boys on the wharf, and he noticed Essie there, too. That kind of news spreads fast. Poor Hanky, they all thought, seeing him come home on the end of a towline; he's got himself in trouble again. So Hanky hollered up to let everyone know that wasn't the way it was at all. "The Lucky Bull lost her rudder close in by Peacock Spit," he let them know with magnificent pride. "We made a deal for a thousand bucks for me to bring him in! Which I did."

THAT'S when Cordova started to laugh. He laughed from deep in his barrel chest. With his head thrown back and his mouth wide open. Now that the danger was all over, he was roaring again. Till at last he folded his gorilla arms on the rail of the Lucky Bull and looked insolently down at Hanky Baine in the stern cockpit of the little troller. "You think you're pretty smart," he chortled. "But you ain't smart enough to beat Bull Cordova's luck."

"Luck," said Hanky, "ain't got nothin' to do with it." He got out the paper Cordova had signed and waved it. Triumphant. "You can hand me a check for a thousand bucks or I'll plaster a libel on your boat so quick it'll make you swim. This paper'll hold up in any court."

The boys on the wharf moved up close to the stringer and they looked pretty grim, Johnny Ritoni and Jack Latouche taking the lead. They meant to see Hanky got his rights this time. Cordova couldn't help notice they meant business when he looked sidewise at them. And Johnny made it pretty plain. "We'll all stand witness for you, Hanky," he called down stolidly, and the boys all growled assent, hitching up their dungarees and pulling their caps down over their eyes.

"Good enough!" Bull Cordova thumped the rail with his fist. "You're



"Now, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I have a very important meeting"

TED KEY

**COLD? I CAN
TAKE IT, MARY!**



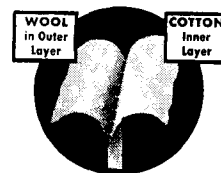
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"Colds", says Dr. Damrau, "cost each of us an average of ten days' loss of activity annually." It's wise to protect your health — *but you want comfort.*

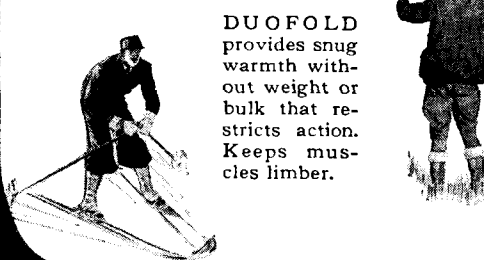
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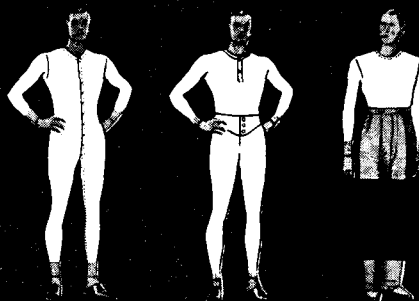
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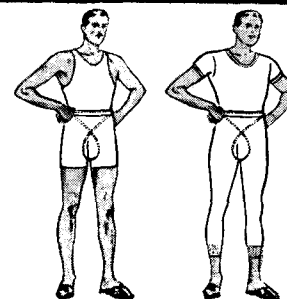
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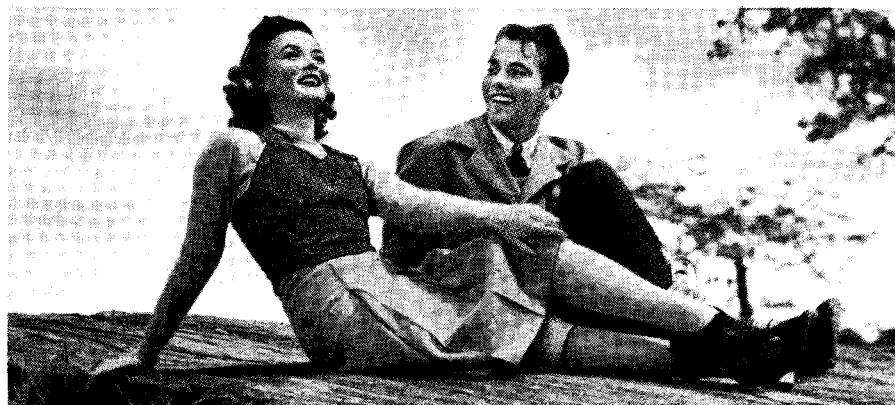
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And remember Squibb Dental Cream contains Squibb Milk of Magnesia... concentrated, which helps form a clean, anti-acid bath, neither soapy nor sweet, that gets right down around your teeth and gums, as you brush away stale deposits.



So why put it off? Why not try Squibb Dental Cream today? Remember it was developed by the Squibb Laboratories—in cooperation with members of the medical and dental professions—to provide the best possible home aid to your own dentist's care in preventing decay. Your *entire family* should have the benefits of Squibb Dental Cream—*starting now*.

*Squibb Dental Cream contains Squibb Milk of Magnesia—concentrated. An utterly safe cleanser. A valuable anti-acid.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

Taste and feel the refreshing difference

all witnesses. So listen, you little runt! You got my note. I ain't denyin' it, am I? I promised you a thousand bucks if you brought me in. Right?"

"Damn' right!" said Hanky.

"And then your engine went dead in the middle of the bar. Didn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"No but about it. It did! You admit it. In front of all these witnesses, too!" The Bull let out a great guffaw. "So then you were helpless an' adrift. It was only my towline saved you an' that little pot. I got a claim for towage at least, ain't I? We never made no deal for that. Did we?"

"No," Hanky admitted weakly. "We didn't."

"Well, since we never made no deal, I can name my price now. My price is an even thousand bucks. See? So we're square. I owe you a thousand; you owe me a thousand. You can just hand that paper over!"

Hanky heard that in a kind of daze. His face got bleak and the muscles of his jaws started rippling.

"I said you can hand that paper over!" he heard the Bull demanding again.

That's when they all saw Hanky Baine dive into his little cabin house. They thought for sure he was going for his gun. They wouldn't have blamed him. But he wasn't. He came out quickly with nothing but a big padlock in his hand. He went to his stern locker and he snapped that padlock on. He straightened up, and he was mad all through.

"Cordova," he said in an icy voice, "if I was helpless and completely out of control, maybe you got a case for court. My engine went stone dead on the bar, all right. But I was a long way from being helpless. I got a mains'l and a jib stowed in that locker there. So I'm gonna leave that padlock on an' wait here till the sheriff comes an' seals it for Exhibit A. The weather was sou'westerly when my engine died. That's a fair wind. I could have rigged my canvas in no time and run safe for home. Engine or no engine! I didn't need, an' I didn't ask, no tow from you. So you ain't got a leg to stand on. It was *you* was outa control. Not me!" He waved Cordova's paper wrathfully. "Now you go write that check or by heaven I'll slap a claim for salvage on the Lucky Bull and it'll cost you five times as much. An' I'll make it stick! No boat with canvas handy an' a sailor aboard who can use it can be called helpless. Not by a long ways!"

THAT was about the longest speech any one had ever heard come out of little Hanky Baine. It made Johnny Rintoni let loose a whoop of joy. The blustering laugh froze on Bull Cordova's face. He looked around quickly, his jaw suddenly all slack. By the way those salmon crackers were growling and pressing closer he knew it wouldn't take much to set them loose. There were more than enough of them, too, to handle him and his crew. It was plain they'd had enough of him this time. So he cursed sullenly under his breath and went into his cabin house. Then he came out, handing a slip of paper down to Hanky Baine.

"I wouldn't go stopping payment on that check, either," Jack Latouche warned grimly. "The fact you wrote it is pretty good legal admission of debt. And we got enough witnesses here to send you higher than a kite."

"You fellahs," Cordova whined, "are just gangin' up on me. When I get a new rudder shipped, 'I'm gonna get outa here for Puget Sound."

And that's the way it was. The next thing Hanky remembered he was still standing in the cockpit of his troll boat with Cordova's check in his hand. The big purse seiner was deserted. The boys had all gone away to Patsy's Oyster Bar where Hanky was supposed to join the celebration. Because at last they'd got

the better of the big bruiser. And without calling in any harbor police! Little Hanky Baine did it. All by himself. They wouldn't ever forget a thing like that. But all of a sudden Hanky realized he wasn't alone. Because Essie was standing there with that funny look in her eyes, her nose all wrinkled up, swinging a little to the surge of the boat.

"You're still as quiet," she said, "as that abalone I told you about last night."

"Gee!" Hanky grinned his sheepish, blue-eyed grin. "You know how I feel about you."

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Essie, her uptilted nose getting more wrinkled up all the time. "I feel the same way, too."

"Gee!" said Hanky. "I guess I better change the name of my boat to the Essie B.!"

Essie sighed. "Well," she said forlornly, "I guess that's as close as you'll ever get to saying what really I want you to." Then her dark eyes got to shin-

FUNNY-BUSINESS MEN

Self-Portraits of Collier's Cartoonists
No. 12



Gregory d'Alessio was a newspaperman himself, once—not to mention bank clerk, factory hand and Wall Street runner. A native New Yorker, now in his middle thirties, he has been a cartoonist for ten years and husband of Hilda Terry (see page 25) for two-and-a-half. Gets vicarious thrills from sea stories and small, real ones from his own cruiser which Mrs. d'A regards with baleful eye.

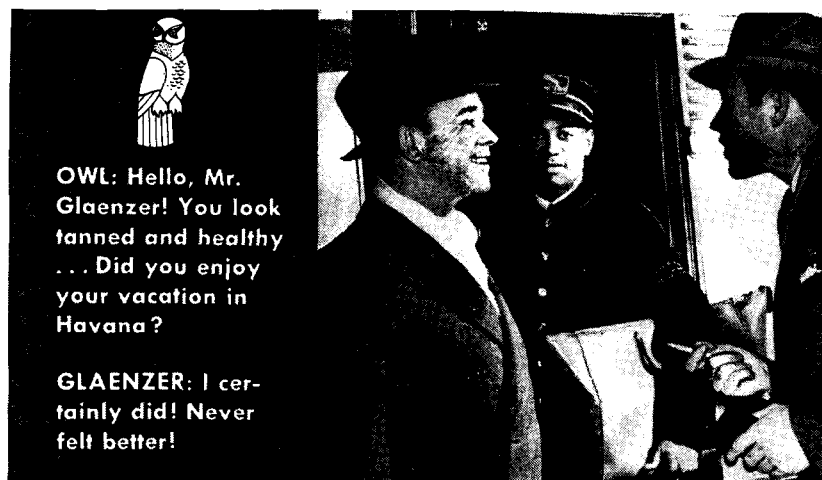
ing merrily. "Once you show up a four-flushing bully like Bull Cordova is, your troubles are over for good," observed Essie wisely. "But once you marry a girl like me, Hanky, your troubles only just begin."

Hanky Baine was still grinning. "A little fellow like me," he said, "is just cut out for trouble."

"For a while I thought Cordova had us beat again. I was worried, Hanky. It sure was lucky you thought about those sails in the locker."

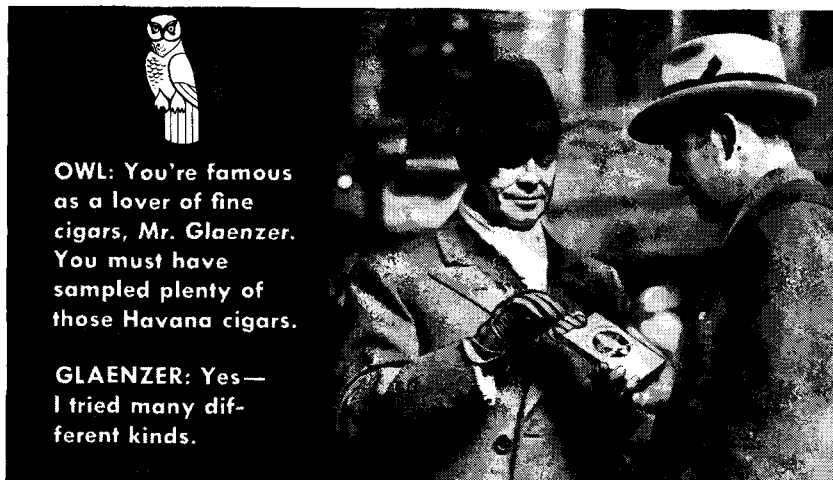
"Sails?" Hanky Baine's grin got broader and happier than ever. "There ain't nothing in that locker except a five-gallon tin of engine oil an' a spare length of anchor chain. I ain't had a bolt of canvas in the Hanky B. for I don't remember how long."

That made Essie laugh. And her laughing made Hanky forget all about the celebration that was waiting in Patsy's Oyster Bar. Because Essie had the sweetest-sounding little laugh a man would want to hear. Anyhow, that's what Hanky thought. And Hanky certainly ought to know.



OWL: Hello, Mr. Glaenzer! You look tanned and healthy ... Did you enjoy your vacation in Havana?

GLAENZER: I certainly did! Never felt better!



OWL: You're famous as a lover of fine cigars, Mr. Glaenzer. You must have sampled plenty of those Havana cigars.

GLAENZER: Yes—I tried many different kinds.

BACK FROM HAVANA:

Jules Glaenzer quickly spots Havana Flavor in New White Owls



OWL: Then, would you please try one of these new White Owls? Tell me if it has that real Havana taste—

GLAENZER (after several puffs): Let's see now ... Yes ... This White Owl is milder than a Cuban cigar—but it has the true Havana flavor all right!

MR. JULES GLAENZER, Vice-President of Cartier, Inc., New York's exclusive jewelers, recently returned from a voyage to Cuba.

We met him while the memory of Havana cigars was still fresh in his mind. He told us without any doubt that the *new* White Owl had the fine Havana taste of cigars he had enjoyed in Cuba.

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Four and Twenty Blackbirds

Continued from page 10

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"The whole office is giving three cheers, too, because Ticonderogas are *44% easier to write with than wasteful, inferior brands. Cut the work of writing almost in half in your office with Ticonderoga Pencils."

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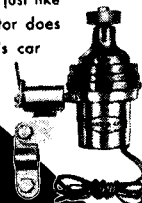
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since, I believe. But oddly enough, they died on the same day. The elder twin passed away at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d. Once before I've known a case of twins dying on the same day—in different parts of the world! Probably just a coincidence—but there it is."

"Is the other brother's wife alive?"

"No, she died some years ago."

"Where did Anthony Gascoigne live?"

"He had a house on Kingston Hill. He was, I believe, from what Dr. Ramsey tells me, very much of a recluse."

Hercule Poirot nodded thoughtfully.

The Scotsman looked at him keenly.

"What exactly have you got in your mind, M. Poirot?" he asked bluntly. "I've answered your questions—as was my duty seeing the credentials you brought. But I'm in the dark as to what it's all about."

Poirot said slowly: "A simple case of accidental death, that's what you said. What I have in mind is equally simple—a simple push."

Dr. MacAndrew looked startled.

"In other words, murder! Have you any grounds for that belief?"

"No," said Poirot. "It is a mere supposition."

"There must be something—" persisted the other.

Poirot did not speak.

MacAndrew said, "If it's the nephew, Ramsey, you suspect, I don't mind telling you here and now that you are barking up the wrong tree. Ramsey was playing bridge in Wimbledon from 8:30 till midnight. That came out at the inquest."

Poirot murmured: "And presumably it was verified. The police are careful."

The doctor said: "Perhaps you know something against him?"

"I didn't know that there was such a person until you mentioned him."

"Then you suspect somebody else?"

"No, no. It is not that at all. It's a case of the routine habits of the human animal. That is very important. And the dead M. Gascoigne does not fit in. It is all wrong, you see."

"I really don't understand."

Hercule Poirot smiled. He rose and the doctor rose also.

"You know," said MacAndrew, "honestly, I can't see anything the least bit suspicious about the death of Henry Gascoigne."

The little man spread out his hands.

"I'm an obstinate man—a man with a little idea—and nothing to support it! By the way, did Henry Gascoigne have false teeth?"

"No, his own teeth were in excellent preservation. Very creditable indeed at his age."

"He looked after them well—they were white and well brushed?"

"Yes, I noticed them particularly."

"Not discolored in any way?"

"No. I don't think he was a smoker if that is what you mean."

"I did not mean that precisely—it was just a long shot—which probably will not come off! Goodbye, Dr. MacAndrew, and thank you for your kindness."

He shook the doctor's hand and departed.

"And now," he said, "for the long shot."

AT THE Gallant Endeavour, he sat down at the same table that he had shared with Bonnington. The girl who served him was not Molly. Molly, the girl told him, was away on a holiday.

It was just seven and Hercule Poirot found no difficulty in entering into conversation with the girl on the subject of old Mr. Gascoigne.

"Yes," she said. "He'd been here for years and years. But none of us girls ever knew his name. We saw about the inquest in the paper, and there was a picture of him. 'There,' I said to Molly, 'if that isn't our Old Father Time—' as we used to call him."

"He dined here on the evening of his death, did he not?"

"That's right. Thursday, the 3d. He was always here on a Thursday. Tuesdays and Thursdays—punctual as a clock."

"You don't remember, I suppose, what he had for dinner?"

"Now let me see, it was mulligatawny soup, that's right, and beefsteak pudding or was it the mutton?—no pudding, that's right, and blackberry and apple pie and cheese. And then to think of him going home and falling down those stairs that very same evening. A frayed dressing-gown cord they said it was caused it. Of course, his clothes were always something awful—old-fashioned and put on anyhow, and all tattered, and yet he had a kind of air, all the same, as though he was somebody! Oh, we get all sorts of interesting customers here."

She moved off.

Hercule Poirot ate his sole.

ARMED with introductions from a certain influential quarter, Hercule Poirot found no difficulty at all in dealing with the coroner for the district.

"A curious figure, the deceased man Gascoigne," he observed. "A lonely, eccentric old fellow. But his decease seems to arouse an unusual amount of attention."

He looked with some curiosity at his visitor as he spoke.

Hercule Poirot chose his words carefully: "There are circumstances connected with it, Monsieur, which make investigation desirable."

"Well, how can I help you?"

"It is, I believe, within your province to order documents produced in your court to be destroyed, or to be impounded—as you think fit. A certain letter was found in the pocket of Henry Gascoigne's dressing gown, was it not?"

"That is so."

"A letter from his nephew, Dr. George Ramsey?"

"Quite correct. The letter was produced at the inquest as helping to fix the time of death."

"Is that letter still available?"

Hercule Poirot waited rather anxiously for the reply.

When he heard that the letter was still available for examination he drew a sigh of relief.

When it was finally produced he studied it with some care. It was written in a slightly cramped handwriting with a stylographic pen. It ran as follows:

"Dear Uncle Henry:

I am sorry to tell you that I have had no success as regards Uncle Anthony. He showed no enthusiasm for a visit from you and would give me no reply to your request that he would let bygones be bygones. He is, of course, extremely ill, and his mind is inclined to wander. I should fancy that the end is very near. He seemed hardly to remember who you were.

I am sorry to have failed you, but I can assure you that I did my best.

Your affectionate nephew,
GEORGE RAMSEY."

The letter itself was dated 3d November. Poirot glanced at the envelope's postmark—4:30 P. M.

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Here's mighty good news... If your nose "closes up" at night and makes breathing difficult, put a few drops of 3-purpose Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

Results are so good because 3-purpose Vicks Va-tro-nol does 3 important things:

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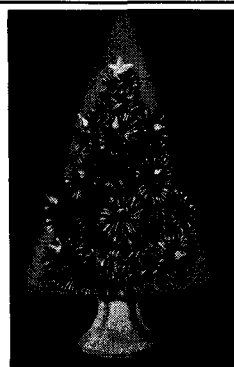
Try it tonight—enjoy the comfort it brings... And remember, if used in time, Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

Children's Colds... To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Just as good for adults.



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He murmured: "It is beautifully in order, is it not?" . . .

Kingston Hill was his next objective. After a little trouble, with the exercise of good-humored pertinacity, he obtained an interview with Amelia Hill, cook-housekeeper to the late Anthony Gascoigne.

Mrs. Hill was inclined to be stiff and suspicious at first, but the charming geniality of this strange-looking foreigner soon had its effect. Mrs. Amelia Hill began to unbend.

She found herself, as had so many other women before her, pouring out her troubles to a really sympathetic listener.

FOR fourteen years she had had charge of Mr. Gascoigne's household—not an easy job! No, indeed! Many a woman would have quailed under the burdens she had had to bear! Eccentric the poor gentleman was and no denying it. Remarkably close with his money—a kind of mania with him it was—and he as rich a gentleman as might be! But Mrs. Hill had served him faithfully, and put up with his ways, and naturally she'd expected at any rate a *remembrance*. But no—nothing at all! Just an old will that left all his money to his wife and if she predeceased him then everything to his brother, Henry. A will made years ago. It didn't seem fair!

Gradually Hercule Poirot detached her from her main theme of unsatisfied cupidity. It was indeed a heartless injustice! Mrs. Hill could not be blamed for feeling hurt and surprised. It was well known that Mr. Gascoigne was tight-fisted about money. It had even been said that the dead man had refused his only brother assistance. Mrs. Hill probably knew all about that.

"Was it that that Dr. Ramsey came to see him about?" asked Mrs. Hill. "I

knew it was something about his brother, but I thought it was just that his brother wanted to be reconciled. They'd quarreled years ago."

"I understand," said Poirot, "that Mr. Gascoigne refused absolutely?"

"That's right enough," said Mrs. Hill with a nod. "Henry?" he says, rather weaklike. 'What's this about Henry? Haven't seen him for years and don't want to. Quarrelsome fellow, Henry.' Just that."

The conversation then reverted to Mrs. Hill's own special grievances, and the unfeeling attitude of the late Mr. Gascoigne's solicitor.

With some difficulty Hercule Poirot took his leave without breaking off the conversation too abruptly.

And so, just after the dinner hour, he came to Elmcrest, Dorset Road, Wimbledon, the residence of Dr. George Ramsey.

The doctor was in. Hercule Poirot was shown into the surgery and there presently Dr. George Ramsey came to him, obviously just risen from the dinner table.

"I'm not a patient, doctor," said Hercule Poirot. "And my coming here is, perhaps, somewhat of an impertinence—but I believe in plain and direct dealing. I do not care for lawyers and their long-winded, roundabout methods."

He had certainly aroused Ramsey's interest. The doctor was a clean-shaven man of middle height. His hair was brown but his eyelashes were almost white, which gave his eyes a pale, boiled appearance. His manner was brisk and not without humor.

"Lawyers?" he said raising his eyebrows. "Hate the fellows! You rouse my curiosity, my dear sir. Pray sit down."

Poirot did so and then produced one



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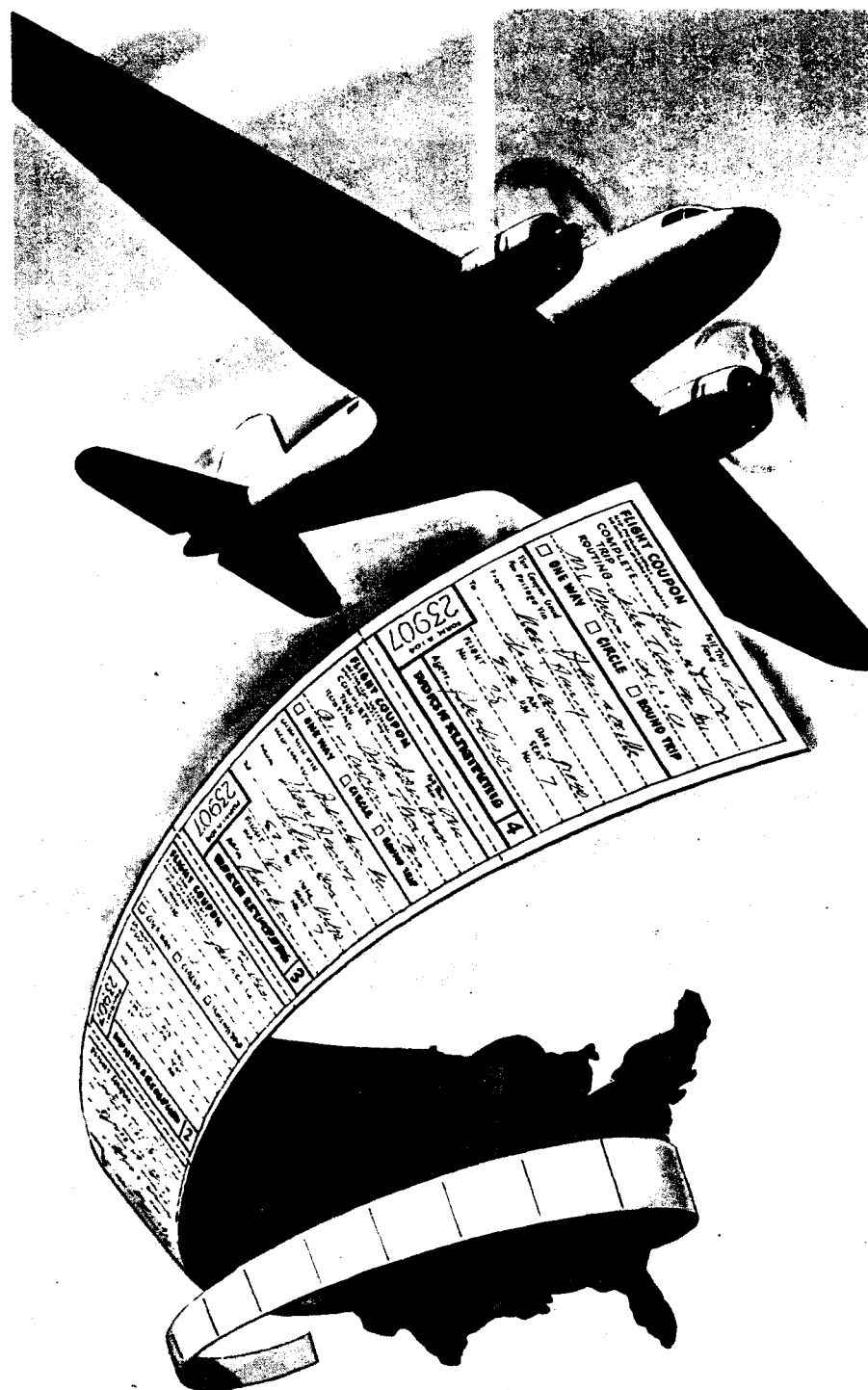
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of his professional cards which he handed to the doctor.

George Ramsey's white eyelashes blinked.

Poirot leaned forward confidentially. "A good many of my clients are women," he said.

"Naturally," said Dr. George Ramsey, with a slight twinkle.

"As you say, naturally," agreed Poirot. "Women distrust the official police. They prefer private investigations. They do not want to have their troubles made public. An elderly woman came to consult me a few days ago. She was unhappy about a husband she'd quarreled with many years before. This husband of hers was your uncle, the late Mr. Gascoigne."

George Ramsey's face went purple.

"My uncle? Nonsense! His wife died many years ago."

"Not your uncle, Mr. Anthony Gascoigne. Your uncle, Mr. Henry Gascoigne."

"Uncle Henry? But he wasn't married!"

"Oh, yes, he was," said Hercule Poirot, lying unblushingly. "Not a doubt of it. The lady even brought along her marriage certificate."

"It's a lie!" cried George Ramsey. His face was now as purple as a plum. "I don't believe it. You're an impudent liar."

"It is too bad, is it not?" said Poirot. "You have committed murder for nothing."

"Murder?" Ramsey's voice quavered. His pale eyes bulged with terror.

"By the way," said Poirot, "I see you have been eating blackberry tart again. An unwise habit. Blackberries are said to be full of vitamins, but they may be deadly in other ways. On this occasion I rather fancy they have helped to put a rope around a man's neck—your neck, Dr. Ramsey."

"YOU see, *mon ami*, where you went wrong was over your fundamental assumption." Hercule Poirot, beaming placidly across the table at his friend, waved an expository hand. "A man under severe mental stress doesn't choose that time to do something that he's never done before. His reflexes just follow the track of least resistance. A man who is upset about something *might* conceivably come down to dinner dressed in his pajamas—but they will be his *own* pajamas—not somebody else's."

"A man who dislikes thick soup, suet pudding and blackberries suddenly orders all three one evening. You say, because he is thinking of something else. But I say that a man who has got something on his mind will order automatically the dish he has ordered most often before."

"Eh bien, then, what other explanation could there be? I simply could not think of a reasonable explanation. And I was worried! The incident was all wrong."

"Then you told me that the man had disappeared. He had missed a Tuesday and a Thursday the first time for years. I liked that even less. A queer hypothesis sprang up in my mind. If I were right about it *the man was dead*. I made inquiries. The man was dead. And he was very neatly and tidily dead. In other words the bad fish was covered up with the sauce!"

"He had been seen in the King's Road at seven o'clock. He had had dinner here at 7:30—two hours before he died. It all fitted in—the evidence of the stomach contents, the evidence of the letter. Much too much sauce! You couldn't see the fish at all!"

"Devoted nephew wrote the letter, devoted nephew had beautiful alibi for time of death. Death very simple—a fall down the stairs. Simple accident? Or murder? Everyone says the former."

"Devoted nephew only surviving relative. Devoted nephew will inherit—but is there anything to inherit? Uncle notoriously poor."

"But there is a brother. And brother in his time had married a rich wife. And brother lives in a big rich house on Kingston Hill, so it would seem that rich wife must have left him all her money. You see the sequence—rich wife leaves money to Anthony, Anthony leaves money to Henry, Henry's money goes to George—a complete chain."

"All very pretty in theory," said Mr. Bonnington. "But what did you do?"

"Once you *know*—you can usually get hold of what you want. Henry had died two hours after a meal—that is all the inquest really bothered about. But supposing that meal was not dinner, but lunch. Put yourself in George's place. George wants money—badly. Anthony Gascoigne is dying—but his death is no good to George. His money goes to Henry, and Henry Gascoigne may live for years. So Henry must die too—and the sooner the better—but his death must take place *after* Anthony's, and at the same time George must have an alibi. Henry's habit of dining regularly at a restaurant on two evenings of the week suggests an alibi to George. Being a cautious fellow, he tries his plan out first. He impersonates his uncle one Monday evening at the restaurant in question."

"It goes without a hitch. Everyone there accepts him as his uncle. He is satisfied. He has only to wait till Uncle Anthony shows definite signs of pegging out. The time comes. He mails a letter to his uncle on the afternoon of the 2d November but dates it the 3d. He comes up to town on the afternoon of the 3d, calls on his uncle, and carries his scheme into action. A sharp shove and down the stairs goes Uncle Henry."

"George hunts about for the letter he has written, and shoves it in the pocket of his uncle's dressing gown. At 7:30 he is at the Gallant Endeavour, beat bushy eyebrows, all complete. Undoubtedly Mr. Henry Gascoigne is alive at 7:30. Then a rapid metamorphosis in a lavatory and back full speed in his car to Wimbledon and an evening of bridge. The perfect alibi."

Mr. Bonnington looked at him.

"But the postmark on the letter?"

"OH, that was very simple. The postmark was smudgy. Why? It had been altered with lampblack from Nov. 2d to Nov. 3d. You would not notice it unless you were looking for it. And finally there were the blackbirds."

"Blackbirds?"

"Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie! Or blackberries if you prefer to be literal! George, you comprehend, was after all not quite a good enough actor. He *looked* like his uncle and *walked* like his uncle and *spoke* like his uncle and had his uncle's beard and eyebrows, but he forgot to *eat* like his uncle. He ordered the dishes that he himself liked."

"Blackberries discolor the teeth—the corpse's teeth were not discolored, and yet Henry Gascoigne ate blackberries at the Gallant Endeavour that night. But there were no blackberries in the stomach. I asked this morning. And George had been fool enough to keep the beard and the rest of the make-up. Oh! plenty of evidence once you look for it. I called on George and rattled him. That finished it! He had been eating blackberries again, by the way. A greedy fellow—cared a lot about his food. *Eh bien*, greed will hang him all right unless I am very much mistaken."

A waitress brought them two portions of blackberry-and-apple tart.

"Take it away," said Mr. Bonnington. "One can't be too careful. Bring me a small helping of sago pudding."

The Drifter

Continued from page 22

mouth. He lifted his arm and expelled a breath of smoke and made his careful pivot.

Morspeare stood fifteen feet away with his revolver lifted and pointed straight at Keene's chest.

The arrival of the bullet waited only on the final pressure of a half-crooked finger. Morspeare, that great and dark-minded animal, had run true to form. Pulled by sullen loyalty and by his own unlighted savageness, he had tramped around the corral in vague anger, to be finally caught by one powerful thought, to be made deadly by it. The thought was plain. Morspeare, brooding upon his wrongs and those of his master, to whom he owned a doglike faith, had decided to shoot Keene in his tracks, and then explain it, perhaps, by saying Keene had tried to break away.

THE impulse to throw himself aside trembled along Keene's legs. He had to set himself against it; he had to freeze himself. He said: "Afraid?"

Morspeare let the gun muzzle dip. His voice burst through the night: "Me? I ain't afraid of nothin' that walks."

"The hell you're not. What's that gun up there for?"

Morspeare slid the gun into its holster. He said: "You go on back to the bunkhouse."

Keene wheeled about, cutting away from the corral wall. He moved on, one shoulder lifted by a strain that would not leave. But he knew now, from what Morspeare had intended to do, that the yard was empty. He went into the bunkhouse. He sat on the bunk's edge, watching Morspeare move through the door. The big man lighted the lamp and stepped back to the wall, placing his vast shoulders to it. He was still nursing Keene's talk in his slow mind, working it over and over; his lips came apart

and he stood this way, nothing restraining the overbearing greed of his strength but some thin tether of uncertainty he now was obviously trying to break.

"Why should I be afraid of you?" he wanted to know.

"Maybe you just wanted to shoot a hole in the dark."

"If I had my way—"

"Sure. You'd shoot me in the back and tell DePard I tried to run."

"How'd you know that?" asked Morspeare in a puzzled tone.

Keene pulled out his tobacco and creased a paper between his fingers. He shook tobacco into the paper, caught the pouch string between his teeth and let it dangle while he rolled the smoke.

"How'd you know that?" insisted Morspeare. "You answer me, or I'll bust you."

Keene rose from the bunk. He stood stooped at the table, bringing his face toward the top of the lamp chimney to light the cigarette. He brought up the lamp and held it that way until the cigarette caught fire; and kept on lifting the lamp until it was at his shoulder. He flung it into the far corner of the room and made a jump for the door.

He had forgotten his sprained left ankle and he had incorrectly judged the quickness of Morspeare in action. The weight of his jump collected on that bad ankle; it gave way and threw him to the floor—and the next moment Morspeare's body blocked the door from side to side.

The lamp broke against the wall and kerosene smell filled the room and the guttering blue glare of the wick suddenly flared into full fire leaping at the stain of kerosene on the pine wall. Flat on the floor, Keene heard Morspeare's shout, he saw both Morspeare's feet come forward. Keene rolled. He seized the legs of the table and flung the table

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over as Morspeare made his jump. Tripped at the knees by the table, the big man crashed down.

Keene threshed through the tangle of table legs, rolling and rising. Morspeare was on his feet. He was across the room in one tremendous rush, his great hands reaching for Keene. He missed the side-dodging Keene and shook the bunkhouse as he struck the wall. He was away from the wall, his head down, driving at Keene again. Keene wheeled, ducking low under Morspeare's reaching hand. He jumped the capsized table, seized the chair, and whipped himself around. Fire licked along the wall, the pine boards began to crack. One runner of flame raced under a bunk and caught hold of a straw tick. Heat swelled in the room and smoke flowed across it. Keene had the chair half lifted and Morspeare was a great animal coming at him once more in a terrible, cursing haste, so bereft of thought that he had forgotten his gun.

Keene caught him with the chair, driving the point of a leg against his mouth and through his teeth. Morspeare let out a huge, savage cry and reached for the chair. He caught one rung and splintered it in his fingers. Keene dodged behind Morspeare; and then Morspeare was around and charging again, turned mad, his arms outstretched for the chair. Keene felt the fire breathe at his legs. He brought the chair full down on Morspeare's head; he saw it fall apart around Morspeare's shoulders. Morspeare stopped in the middle of the room, blind and stunned; he reached up with his hands to draw them oddly down over his head.

KEENE'S legs came against the stove, reminding him of the iron lid. He reached for the lid and missed it, but his hands caught the stove's front grating and he broke it from its hinges, carrying the whole stove from its legs. Morspeare jumped again. Keene brought the iron grating from behind in one circling upward loop and hit Morspeare across the side of the head. The weight of Morspeare went against him and took him down. Fighting free, he smelled the scorch of his own hair. He rolled Morspeare back and climbed around Morspeare on his hands and legs. In the middle of the room he faced about, expecting the big man to be at him again. Morspeare lay still, his arms touched by flames.

Smoke stung Keene's lungs. Still on his hands and knees, he caught Morspeare by the legs and dragged him toward the door. He stood up and got the big fellow by the coat collar, rolling him into the yard.

The Chinaman was at the kitchen doorway. He was crying in a high, jangled voice and beating the supper triangle. Keene yelled at him, whereupon the Chinaman jumped inside the kitchen and slammed the door.

Keene turned Morspeare over and over. He reached down and unbuckled Morspeare's gun belt and strapped it on—and ran to the kitchen door. He knocked it open, to find the Chinaman standing in the middle of the room with a long knife pointed straight ahead of him. Keene said:

"You watch him."

He ran out of the kitchen, hugging the house wall until he was certain no other man remained on Broken Bit. He reached Morspeare's horse and stepped to the saddle. The bunkhouse doorway and its window were red-white with flame; sparks circled slowly from the chimney as he crossed the yard. At the foot of the hill trail he turned the horse to have a last look. He thought: That house is going to catch fire. Flame exploded through the bunkhouse roof; the Chinaman slowly labored Morspeare along the ground toward the

north side of the yard. Keene turned into the hill trail—and heard a woman's voice calling:

"Jim."

He saw Portia Crews move from the near-by pines into the outreaching light of the fire.

The light made her hair yellower than he remembered it; it softened her smile. "Jim!"

He sat loose in the saddle, his leg troubling him and a revived pain hammering his chest. He heard another shot, this time unmistakably definite, and then saw two riders rush into the yard from the hills across the way.

Portia said: "Come on, Jim! I saw DePard take part of his crew into the valley. But there's more of Broken Bit scattered around here. Follow me!"

Keene had followed Portia up the black and winding mountainside trail for a steady ten minutes when he called a halt. From this height they saw the glare of the burning ranch. The bunkhouse was a dark-traced skeleton in a

what pulled him toward the ford so strongly. "That's the first place they'll look for you, Jim."

"Where?"

"At the ford."

"Sure," he said. "They'll go straight there."

SHE realized she had said the wrong thing. Now he would never rest until he got back to Aurora Brant. That was a bitter thought for her and brought her close to the worst fear she had—the fear that perhaps he loved the homestead girl. Of that she was still unsure and therefore had her own hopes. But she realized more clearly than he did how small a chance of survival he had if he returned to the ford. DePard would storm through these hills night and day to find Keene; he would lie in wait by the ford, he would watch every trail. And so Portia, wanting him to be safe, lied.

"That girl," she said in an offhand manner, "is all right. Cleve Stewart

in the timber. Portia whispered, "What?"

Sound murmured forward and grew into a beating rhythm—three or four riders moving westward toward Broken Bit with haste. Keene saw their shapes vaguely and impermanently against the night; then they were gone.

"That was close," said Portia. "We might have bumped into them. Come on."

She didn't return to the road, but found a side trail that circled into Lost Man Ridge. The country grew rougher and sharper-sloped. They had been in the saddle, Keene judged, better than two hours when they entered a canyon no more than six yards wide, skirted the stony margin of a creek clashing rapidly downgrade, and at last stopped.

"This is it," she said, and stepped from the saddle.

Above him he saw the blankness of perpendicular walls. The creek rattled at his feet. He got stiffly down from the horse, moving forward through ink-black shadows to a kind of rock gallery cut into the canyon wall. He turned from the gallery and walked beside the creek, and presently his exploring hands touched short pines clinging to the steep walls. Stripping off all the branches he could reach, he returned to the gallery. The resin blisters of the branches exploded into sudden light and warmth when he held a match to them.

He said: "Where is this?"

"East of Broken Bit five or six miles. You're in the Short Hills, Jim. If you went south you'd come out at the Silver Bow canyon, twelve miles from the ford." Her voice lightened and grew hopeful. She was asking something of him and for a moment he didn't know what it was; she was really eager to have him say some one thing. Then he thought he knew.

"Thanks," he said, "for the help."

"Ah," she answered, and was pleased. She dropped to the ground, near him. "This is a spot I found, riding one time. I said if I ever had to hide this would be the place. They'll be a long time finding you here." Then she slowly added, "Long enough for you to rest and move on."

HE DROPPED to his shoulders, lying on the hard floor of the gallery. Firelight reached back another ten feet and came against the gallery's end; it danced on the rock and dirt ceiling above.

Portia said: "What now, Jim?"

"You're sure Aurora went up to Stewart's place?"

"Yes."

"The ford's the first place DePard will go," he reflected. "He'll burn that store. Tough for Aurora. Had her heart set on that spot."

"She can change her heart. Most of us have to do that." She still wanted to know what Keene's own desire was; it grew increasingly important to her. "What next, Jim?"

"A night's sleep."

She said: "I think I can guess where DePard went tonight. To raise trouble with the nesters. That's been in his mind ever since the nesters came. He'll drive them out, Jim. What's to stop him? Who can stand up against Broken Bit?"

He said: "We'll see."

She sat near him. At that moment every thought she had was of him; those thoughts reached toward him and touched him intimately. "Don't think of it, Jim. You're a marked man." Her voice dropped to a quite low tone: "Not easy for me to say this—but why don't you just ride out, the same way you rode in?"

"No," he said, "I guess not."

She turned perfectly still, her head dropped but her eyes still watched



"First is a snake, then a hook, a horseshoe, a pretzel, a—"

ROY CARLING

yellow ball of flame; the main house roof had begun to burn.

"We're going the wrong way, Portia. I want to get back to the valley."

She said as an apparent side thought: "I met Doctor Ellenburg on the trail yesterday. He was coming back from Broken Bit. What happened to Naves?"

"He's dead."

SHE pointed at the fire below them. "And then that. DePard will never let you spend another day at the ford."

He thought of DePard riding out at twilight and he thought of Aurora at the ford and the feeling of things turning wrong nagged at him. He sat quiet, watching the roof of the main house explode into one tremendous cone of flame. He counted five men down there. Three of them rode over the yard and disappeared on the trail he had so recently taken. "They're following," said Portia. "From now on they'll never quit following. Don't you see that?"

"We could make a wide circle and follow the ridge back to the Silver Bow," said Keene, thinking aloud. "Wonder where DePard went?"

She knew what troubled him and

took her up to his place yesterday afternoon."

By his quick lift of head she knew it took something from his conscience; she pressed her talk softly against him: "We're wasting time, Jim. Those fellows are coming up this trail. We've got to get off this mountain. I know this country. I know where to go."

"All right."

He followed her again. The trail moved upward in bending, unseen curves and reached a minor crest and kept to it for a mile or more. Up here the night wind was thin and sharp; winter moved over the land this night, sweeping out the last summer's warmth. He heard its minor singing in the trees. Portia murmured behind her: "Down," and took another trail. They dropped through layers of darkness, came to a pine flat and a road lying east and west. Keene moved abreast Portia Crews, traveling at a steady run along the road. They had left the wind behind and now only the steady rhythm of the horses disturbed the night. But he bent on the saddle listening, and suddenly said: "Off the road," and charged into the trees, Portia behind. He stopped

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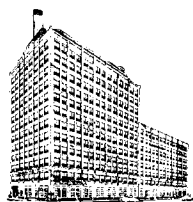
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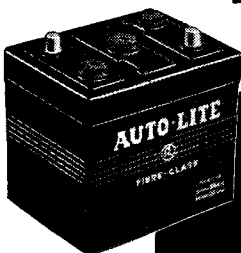
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him. "I'll be back in the morning with something to eat—and a razor. You look too tough with whiskers. I like my men smooth-cheeked." An unsettled expression went across her eyes and left its increasing disturbance on her face. She was near Keene. She put a hand on his chest and let it lie there; she seemed to be drawn completely into herself, listening to an inner voice, to an inner command. Suddenly she bent down and kissed him, her lips warm and the fragrance of her hair very strong to his senses.

She pulled herself back. "Did it mean anything to you, Jim?"

He looked up at her, his senses sharp-whipped. He said: "Don't do that again, Portia."

"Ah," she said, half laughing, and pleased with the feeling she had produced. "You'll be miserable tonight. I'd stay—I'd keep the fire for you."

"You start home."

She rose and left the gallery. She came back with his saddle and blanket. She put the saddle under his head and laid the blanket over him. Her fingers, warm and soft, ran across his mouth. She murmured, "Good night," and then in an altered and apprehensive voice, she added: "Don't leave until I see you again, Jim. You won't, will you?"

"All right," he said, and watched her go.

NINE o'clock that night DePard crossed the Silver Bow at the Black Bluff ford, twelve miles east of Aurora's store, and came upon the first homestead fence. This was the fence of Aleck Comrie—that angular and reserved pipe-smoking Scotch bachelor who held his eccentric theories of farming, one of which was that the Silver Bow was orchard country.

Comrie sat in his doorway and watched DePard's riders move straight at the yard. He knew then he was in for trouble but his only reaction was to tap his pipe against the doorsill and refill it. The group rode up. DePard said: "You're Comrie?"

"That would be so," admitted Comrie and lighted a match on his thumb-nail. The flare of it slanted along the angular jaw, the frosty gray eyebrows—along the winter quiet of his eyes; and went out.

DePard sent his riders into the orchard with a brief, "All right," himself standing watch in front of Comrie. Comrie leaned back against the door-frame; his lips made little puckering noises at the pipestem. "We're cutting that fence, Comrie," said DePard.

"Aye," said Comrie, "it seems like that from here."

"Don't put it up again."

Comrie heard the tight wire snap when cut. He watched the shadows drift around the orchard; he watched them collect and move into the yard again, the job done. DePard said in a sharper voice:

"You hear?"

"My hearin's good," admitted Comrie, the starched, burred inflections of his voice strong as the smell of heather on a damp day.

"Fine," said DePard.

But Comrie did not wish to be misunderstood and now added distinctly: "I did not say I wud not put it up again."

DePard said: "You put it up again and I'll drag this shanty over the bluff, you in it. Better leave the country, Comrie. I'm running cattle on these flats next spring and I don't want you around."

He whirled away with his riders, leaving the Scotchman solemnly sucking his pipestem. Comrie smoked on until nothing but cold ashes remained; and rose and knocked the pipe against the doorsill. Then he murmured to

himself, "I did not say I wud leave the country, either."

DePard rode a crisscross pattern over the desert. There was no wire at Ambler's but he paused to drop his hint: "I wouldn't stay here long, if I were you people." The Brighthead family was away. DePard wrecked the door of the shanty, threw a loop around the stove and dragged it to the yard. He ran into wire again at Elijah Patterson's place and cut it before Patterson's anguished eyes. At the Kilrain shanty he faced an Irishwoman who swore at him steadily, as long as he stayed. She had her children behind her, but still she swore. Mrs. Kilrain kept saying: "Kilrain, go get your gun! Don't stand there! Go get your gun!" Kilrain shook his head, knowing better. It was Red John who lassoed the Kilrain rig, towed it on into the prairie and tipped it over.

Far off to the north other homestead lights winked at lonely, spaced intervals. DePard traveled steadily west, visiting those nesters in his path, and as he traveled he grew more impatient with his own mildness until at last, when he reached the Cannon yard he was a harder man than he had been at Comrie's. It was close to midnight then, with the Cannons silent inside the lightless shack. DePard called impatiently at Cannon, his men meanwhile threshing through the yard. Somebody found an ax and began to break Cannon's new well frame.

Cannon came to the doorway, a white shape in his nightgown. Mrs. Cannon cried: "Come back in here, Sam," but Cannon stepped into the dust.

"Mr. DePard," he said, "what are you after? Let my place alone."

"You don't want trouble, do you?"

"No," said Cannon, "I want no trouble."

"Then get out of here."

"Mr. DePard," said Cannon, "I'm an old man and I have seen more trouble than you have ever seen. I am not bothering you. I'm a man of peace. This country's big enough for all—"

"No," contradicted DePard, "it ain't. Leave the country, old man, or I'll be here again." He called up his riders and moved out of the yard. Cannon followed him. Mrs. Cannon kept crying: "Sam, come back here." But Cannon, his nightgown making a gaunt and gray apostle of him, followed DePard and spoke on:

"You are not the law. I have seen men like you before and I have seen them make the same mistake. No man is as great as the law. No man is almighty. What you are doing is wrong. You have no right to destroy and I have no right to destroy."

BROKEN BIT'S riders moved around him. He was caught in the center of the group; he walked rapidly to keep from being stepped on by the horses. He was pushed aside by the horses, and pushed back. He breathed harder, he tried to catch DePard's reins and his voice was the saddened voice of a man seeing evil and pouring his honest goodness against it. He reached for DePard's hand.

"There are men, Mr. DePard, who will take your example. If you destroy, they will destroy and we will all be fighting. That is not the way for men to live."

DePard ripped his gun from its holster and spoke one fiery word and brought the barrel of the gun down on the old man's head. Mrs. Cannon came from the house, screaming: "Sam—Sam, what's the matter?" Broken Bit rushed away and dust shimmered in the dark night and Cannon, wrapped in his apostle's robe, lay dead on the ground.

Red John heard Mrs. Cannon scream, and Red John was afraid. He pushed his horse beside Grate DePard. "That was a darn-fool thing to do!"

"Tired of listening to him. Next time he'll keep his mouth shut."

"Next time, hell. He's an old fellow. Maybe you killed him."

Spackman's lay to the right, a mile off Broken Bit's trail. DePard drew in, considering the dark, distant square of the Spackman shanty. He listened to Red John's irritated, half-worried voice.

"He dropped like a dead man. You exposed yourself on that one, Grat. All these homesteaders know it was us."

"What good does it do 'em?" asked Grat coolly.

"Trouble," grumbled Red John.

"Not for me," answered DePard, confidently. "I'm makin' the trouble, Red. For the other fellow, not for me." He had put the Spackman shanty out of his mind and now turned to the ford. Broken Bit went rattling across the shallowed water, the clack and grind of their passage rolling brittle echoes on ahead.

DePard swept wide of the store and then Red John, who had studied his boss for many years, knew then one of his silent observations was true. Grat DePard, totally unafraid of any man on earth, had a spooky aversion to women. Not understanding them, unable to forecast their actions, he lost his sureness when he came to deal with them; and so now he ran around Aurora Brant's, heading into the valley.

Red John said: "Somebody coming."

The outfit reined in, hearing a single horse rush down the valley. DePard said: "Red, drift off a bit," and watched the foreman sink into the dark. He sat still on the saddle, forever suspicious, his mind grasping at possibilities of chance and error. The horseman, following the bend of the creek, came impetuously forward and sighted the blur of the Broken Bit crowd. He was a hundred feet away when he started calling: "Grat—that you? Grat?"

He swept in, the momentum of the pony carrying him half through the

group. "Grat—the ranch is burnin'! The ranch is goin' to hell, Grat!"

Red John rushed in. "What happened?"

"I don't know. But the ranch is burnin'. Keene hit Jesse on the head and knocked him cold. Then he got away."

Grat DePard swayed in the saddle and in the long silence he turned slowly old at the thought of his hopes vanishing in smoke—at the wreckage of the one thing dear to him; he turned old and dull and he thought of Keene, and then Keene was the target of every foiled impulse in Grat DePard's body; he became an obsession that grew greater and greater to DePard until there was no other thought that meant anything. When he spoke it was in a dead, outbreathing sigh: "Red."

"Yeah?"

"He'll come back here to the girl. You stay here where you can watch. When it starts getting daylight, move back to that east ridge, but keep watchin'. I'm going to the ranch. I'll be back later. I am going to get that man. I am going to ride him clear to hell."

YOUNG Joe Spackman came into the store yard early next morning. "DePard raided the flats last night. He hit old Cannon on the head. Cannon's dead."

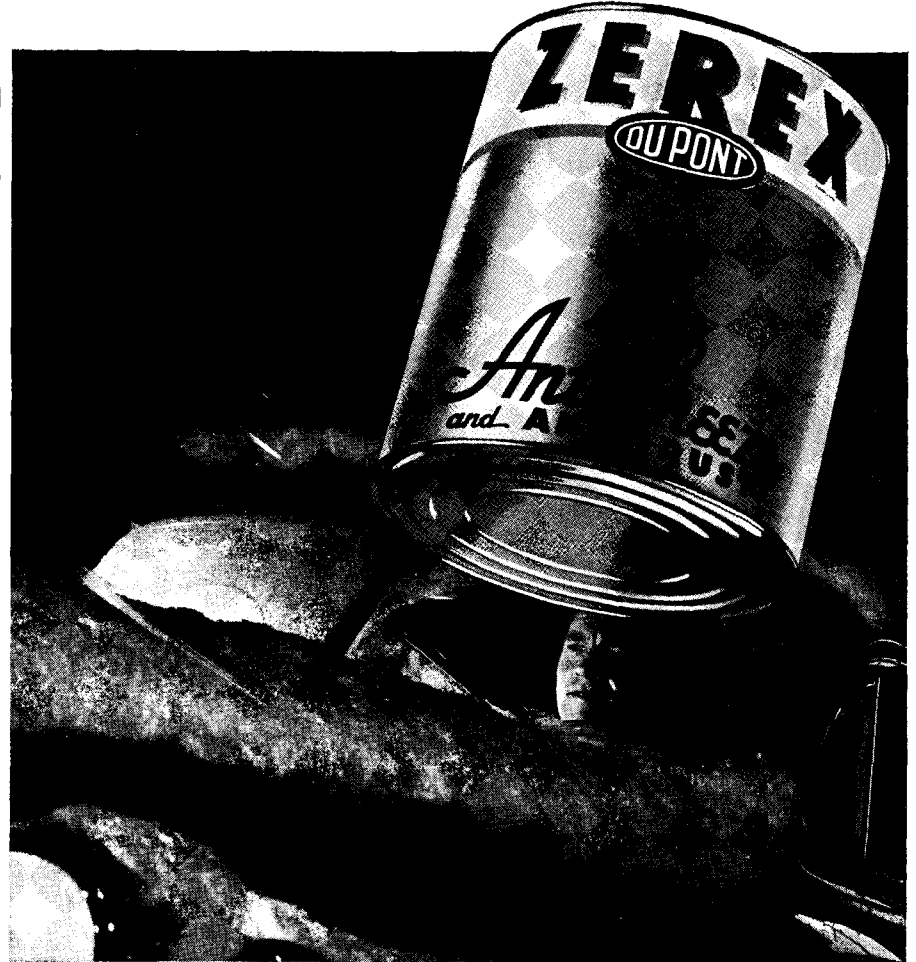
Aurora had a clear feeling of tragedy, a heart-pulling compassion for the Cannons; but as she stood in the yard she realized that the events of the past few weeks had built a fatalism around her sympathies. She said, "I'll go back with you, Joe," and went to saddle her pony.

Before she left the yard she locked up the store and the log cabin. As a sudden afterthought she left a note tacked on the door for Keene, explaining where she had gone, and then rode over the ford with young Joe.

"I heard riders come by last night," she said.

"That was them. They cut wire all

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OUT of the same laboratories that developed that sensational new material, nylon, comes another chemical triumph—"Zerex"! It is made to a new and exclusive Du Pont formula.

Special ingredients make "Zerex" different from all other premium anti-freeze brands. It protects metals in the cooling system against rust and corrosion. It is an *anti-acid* that prevents the formation in the cooling solution of chemicals that attack aluminum cylinder heads, rubber hose and pump packings. No clogging of small radiator passages and tubes—improved cooling and en-

gine efficiency—more heat from the car heater.

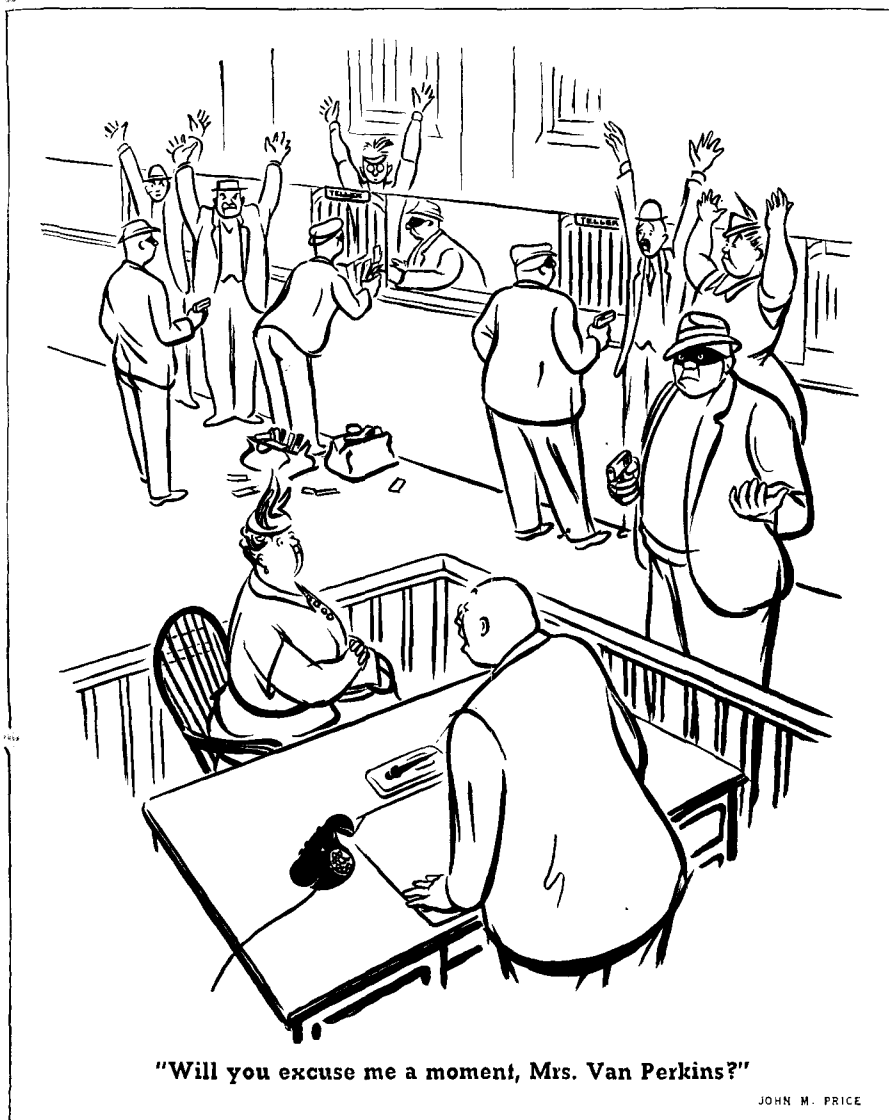
"Zerex" is more than just an anti-freeze. It's a winter radiator conditioner. It gives complete protection—safely. If you are proud of your car—careful to use only the finest products in it—want freedom from worry and fuss over anti-freeze—can afford the best—then you'll want "Zerex." It sells for \$2.65 a gallon, 70¢ in quarts. Your dealer will have "Zerex." Don't wait till freezing weather is here. Have it put in today and be safe and satisfied. It won't boil out. One filling does the job all winter long.



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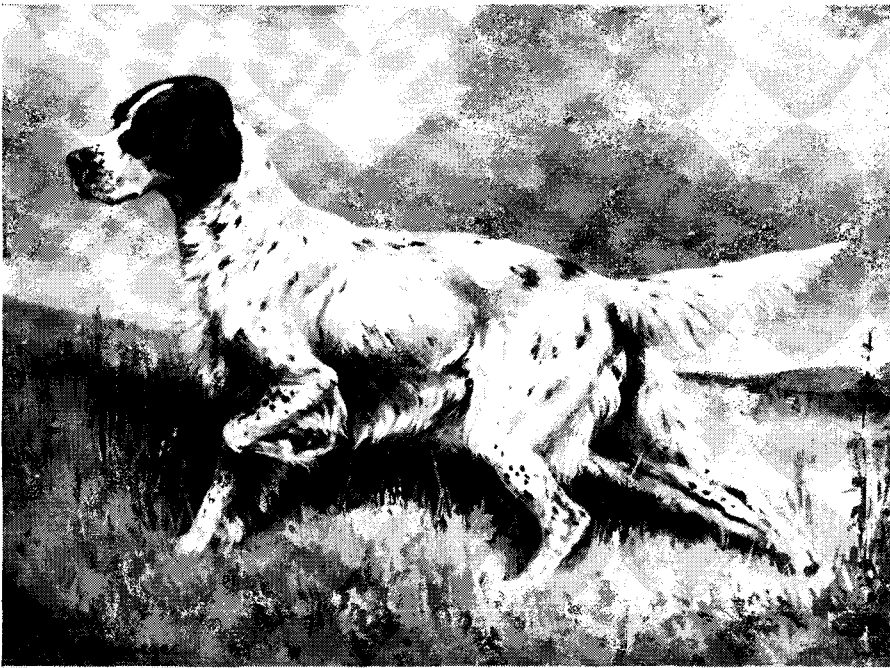


"Will you excuse me a moment, Mrs. Van Perkins?"

JOHN M. PRICE

TUNE IN... "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA"... NBC RED NETWORK... EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

Wise birds get this point from the Setter



11½" x 8" full color reproduction of this painting, without advertising, sent for 10¢. Write Box AL, address below.

Q. Why is this dog called a "setter"?

A. Because he's been developed, over the years, to crouch when pointing the direction of game.

Q. Why is Fleischmann's called a "pedigreed" gin?

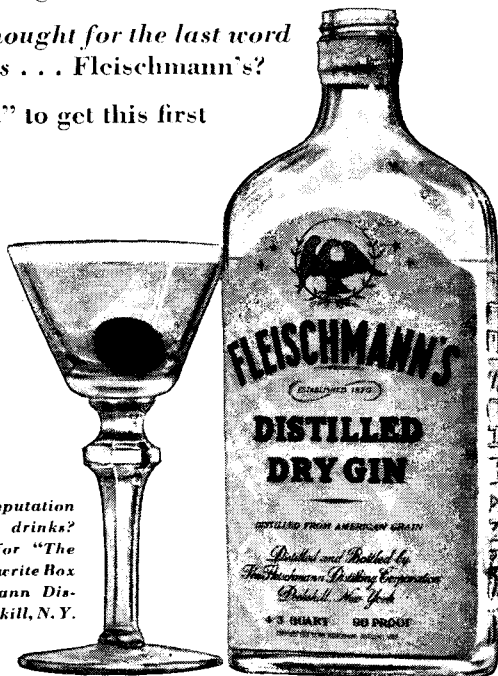
A. Because since 1870, Fleischmann's set policy has been to develop a gin to mix smoothly in drinks. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling is selected for the purpose.

Q. Is that why the first thought for the last word in enjoyable drinks is . . . Fleischmann's?

A. It is! Make it a "point" to get this first American gin today!



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Fleischmann's Gin

A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS

Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.
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the way from Comrie's over to here."

"DePard wants to scare us out."
"Why, yes," said young Joe, "I guess he does."

He was nineteen, she remembered; an earnest, slow-going boy who would somehow wrest a living from the soil, who would never complain or grow sour with the hard labor that was his lot, who would always care for his responsibilities and hope for good to come. In a way he was typical of the best of these homesteaders, in his patience, in his steadfastness. It took young Joe's kind to settle the land. Then he looked at her and said: "They got a lot to answer for—that Broken Bit outfit," and she realized he had changed since she had last seen him. He had matured, he had lost his boyishness.

THEY rode into the yard and found fifteen or more of the Silver Bow men gathered there. Comrie, who had old-world manners, stood up from his seat on the well curb and removed his hat—an angular, frosty-browed man with the bluest of eyes. She smiled at him and went into the house. Homestead women sat around the small living room, dutifully lending their presence to Mrs. Cannon. Mrs. Cannon appeared unconscious of them; she swayed steadily back and forth in a rocker, her hands idle on her lap.

"Can I do anything?" asked Aurora. "I do guess everything's bein' done for me," said Mrs. Cannon, but she added, "Aurora, you should come back across the river. You shouldn't stay there. Nobody can help you—and God knows we all need help enough. What did Cannon ever do to them? DePard did it. I saw him do it. Don't you stay over there alone any more."

This room was too crowded. Aurora moved on to the kitchen where Mrs. Spackman and Mrs. Kilrain were doing the day's cooking. She talked with them a moment and continued on out to the back yard, to find Jennie standing alone. "Jennie," she said, "I think young Joe's looking for you."

"Oh, no, not me," said Jennie.

That lost and desolate answer puzzled Aurora, for she knew how close those two had been. Jennie met Aurora's glance and seemed to shrink away. "I have been a bad girl—and now my daddy is dead."

Aurora reached forward and pulled Jennie around. "Jennie," she murmured, shocked and hurt by that blank lifelessness she saw. Jennie Cannon

stood obediently still, her eyes on the ground.

"I would like to die," she said, precise and colorless. "But it is too late for that now, isn't it? My mother—"

"Jennie!"

Jennie slipped away from Aurora's arms and walked farther out from the yard, her hands folded across her breasts; she walked on and on into the sagebrush obviously not aware of her surroundings.

Aurora turned around the house and found that another homesteader, Cal Murchison, had arrived with news. "Broken Bit was burned last night."

That news stirred the homesteaders and brought half the women from the house. Spackman said: "How'd it happen?"

"Why," said Murchison, "there was a fight, accordin' to what I hear. That man Keene went up there and I guess they treated him pretty rough. He was there when DePard came down here. Jesse Morspeare was watchin' him and they had a fight. The place burned."

They were all looking at Aurora. Spackman said: "You know about that, Aurora?"

"No." The news chilled her. She waited for Murchison to go on talking and when he didn't add anything she asked: "What happened to him?"

"I don't know."

Her voice was high in her own ears: "Didn't you hear anything more?"

Spackman said thoughtfully: "I kind of hoped maybe he would do something."

Aurora had her moment of irritation, born of worry. "Hasn't he done something?"

"Yes," said Spackman. "Something. But DePard is still against us." He made a half apology to her. "What should I want him to do? It is our trouble, not his. But it is natural, I guess, to lean on a good man. He was. Yet now—"

She said: "What are you going to do?" Her voice was still sharp.

Brightland's wife called: "I'll tell you what we're doing. We're leaving."

Mrs. Kilrain said, scornfully: "Ah. What a shameful thing to say!"

Brightland retorted: "What's to be ashamed of? Next time DePard comes back he'll shoot at the houses. I ain't proud enough to stand around and see one of my kids get hurt. There's a lot of land left where a man don't have to take those chances."

(To be continued next week)



LEONARD DOVE

Nealson Russell, worker in Aluminum WE BUILT THREE DAMS ... AND HE HAS A JOB



Nealson Russell was disappointed that another brother and sister were not at home the day we took this photograph. Even so, it is a grand family group, and we are proud to number Nealson among the members of the Alcoa Family at Badin, North Carolina.

NEALSON RUSSELL is of the stuff that makes real Americans.

At twenty-eight he is the support of his mother and five younger brothers and sisters. Yet he finds time to be soloist in the church choir, to raise a garden and keep a cow, to do a little hunting, and to pitch a neat game (from the port side) for the Badin baseball team.

His job, as was his father's before him, is in our Badin "reduction" plant. There, in row upon row of electrolytic reduction furnaces (called "pots" by Nealson and his fellow-workers) great quantities of electricity are continuously extracting aluminum from a white chemical called alumina. The alumina, a fine white powder, has been taken from the ore, bauxite, in our plants at other places.

The process which Nealson "tends" is the very same one which was discovered by one of the founders of this industry back in 1886. In those days aluminum had to sell at \$8.00 a pound, but the metal which Nealson helps us make at Badin sells for only 18c a pound.

Badin is far removed from the large industrial centers where there is a great demand for electricity. It is a small place where we built three large dams to harness the swift-flowing Yadkin River. Here the great amount of electric power needed to extract aluminum can be produced at a cost low enough to make the metal inexpensive.

Dams and power plants, wherever located, cost a great deal of money, and these great investments stand as a part



At Presbyterian Junior College, Maxton, North Carolina, Nealson Russell was basketball captain. He still keeps up his athletic interests, even though supporting a family of seven at the age of twenty-eight.

of our fixed program to make aluminum available to everybody in many forms and as cheaply as possible.

And, aside from this broad objective, it is gratifying that the nature of our business has made possible employment for men like Nealson Russell and his father who preceded him. To be able to do this seems in itself a contribution to a more prosperous America.

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LONGER LIFE • MORE RESERVE POWER
GUARANTEED CAPACITIES
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...all at NO extra cost!



When you replace your old battery with one of these newest Willards, you will get—at *no extra cost*—four very definite advantages.

1. Your new Willard will average 10 to 15% *more miles and months of service—even more than former Willards.*
2. It will have greater *reserve power* than ever before—greater ability to “take it”—greater ability to withstand heat, road shock and vibration. It has heavier “elements”—more rugged construction.
3. The electrical capacity of your new Willard will be *guaranteed*. You’ll find it plainly molded in the case where everyone can see it. You’ll get what we say you’ll get. And you’ll pay *only for what you get.*
4. Your new Willard will have the famous “Safety-Fill” construction that prevents overfilling. It protects you against current losses and unexpected starting failures due to corroded cables and terminals.

The new, improved Willards are the *finest* Willard has ever built. They are now on sale by *your Willard Dealer*. Look for his *red-and-white Willard sign*, or the name “Willard” in the classified section of your phone book under “Batteries.”

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SAFETY-FILL BATTERIES



MORE BATTERY FOR YOUR MONEY!

Purity League

Continued from page 18

Not so many weeks ago, the Pacific seaboard became formally acquainted with the most revolutionary large-scale effort in American athletic history to make college football a strictly amateur sport. Edwin N. Atherton, formerly a special agent for J. Edgar Hoover, has been hired at an annual salary of \$10,000, plus an extra \$10,000 for sleuthing expenses, to ferret out the slightest instance of a Pacific Coast Conference athlete playing football for anything more material than alma mater, his letterman's sweater, a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and the love of the game.

Three years ago the faculties of the ten colleges that comprise the conference enlisted Atherton to conduct an investigation. Ugly rumors had been heard about football professionalism. The sport was said to be as commercialized as a department store. Teams perennially in the conference cellar whispered that their adversaries had a bigger pay roll than the WPA. Eastern squads that rolled merrily westward for inter-sectional games, only to be humiliated by scores beyond computation, wondered publicly if the goliaths who competed against them could possibly be college students. The purpose of Atherton's investigation was to verify or disprove this tittle-tattle.

In January of this year Atherton submitted his report. It contained 2,000,000 words and two men had to lug it into the meeting where it was presented. The mammoth stack of documents stood higher than the desk on the rostrum. Atherton had not read very long before the assembled professors interrupted him with cries of anguish. Could these things about Pacific Coast Conference football possibly be true?

Atherton assured them that not only could they be true, but they most emphatically were true. He had double-checked each item and had interviewed no less than 504 football players on all phases of their gridiron careers, with accent on the financial phase. Further divulging of facts was acutely painful to the horrified pedagogues, but the re-

port had cost the conference \$40,000 and they settled back to hear every dollar's worth.

Immediately thereafter the professors rushed into secret session and appointed Atherton athletic commissioner of the Pacific Coast Conference. His duty, they said, was to put a stop to the recruiting and paying of football players.

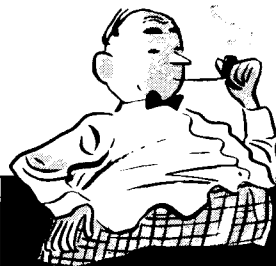
The 1940 gridiron season marks the introduction of the Atherton Code, a set of rules that forbids coin of the realm from being part of any bargain between a football hero and his college. Atherton is supposed to track down violators of the code with the combined relentlessness of Sherlock Holmes and Renfrew of the Mounted.

Another Disarmament Conference

In certain respects this is a football version of the League of Nations. The little countries of Europe never got together in time, and the little brethren of the Pacific Coast Conference do not intend to make the same mistake. They have united for mutual protection against the devastating raids that every autumn Saturday afternoon emanate from the frowning gridiron fortress manned by the Trojans of Southern California. These raids have taken a fearful toll in players' hopes, coaches' jobs and old grads' enthusiasm. Other conference campuses have been blighted in the last year or so by such shattering conquests as Southern California 31, Oregon 7; Southern California 33, Stanford 0; Southern California 27, Washington State 0; Southern California 42, U.C.L.A. 7.

In the past two football seasons the Southern California squad has scored 353 points against 98 for all opponents, won a pair of Pacific Coast championships and played victoriously in the Rose Bowl twice, clearing approximately \$85,000 on each occasion. Over the long pull the story has been the same, with the Trojans leading the league in all-time percentages, touchdowns accumulated and games won.

Grumbling about Southern Califor-



His rumpled appearance convincingly shows
That Tom is a chap who sleeps in his clothes;
His good friends should tell him this habit reveals
An untidy man—same as **LOPSIDED HEELS!**



DON'T be fooled! Not all rubber heels run down lopsided after only a short period of wear. You'll find Goodyear's new G-50 heels wear more evenly—and longer—than any rubber heels you ever had on your shoes! They're more comfortable, too—you can feel their extra springiness—for they're made of live, super-resilient rubber. And handsomer—look like part-of-the-shoe, "invisible" nail holes. Get a pair today. Only 50¢ at any good shoe repair shop.

Ladies! You can now buy thin lifts for high heels.

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Both are swell for electric shaving, too.

THE 3-STEP SHAVE OF GENTLE-MENNEN:—① SHAVE CREAM, ② SKIN BRACER, ③ TALCUM FOR MEN

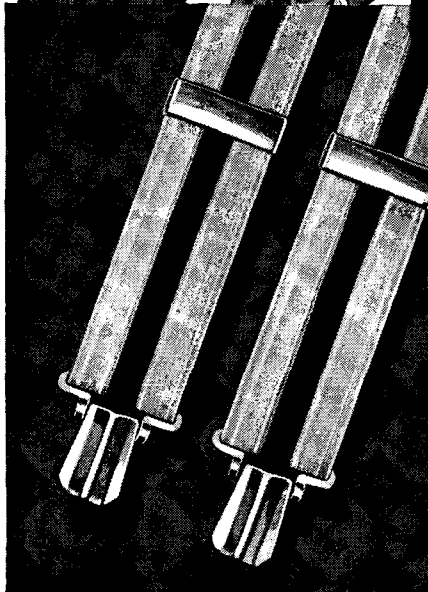
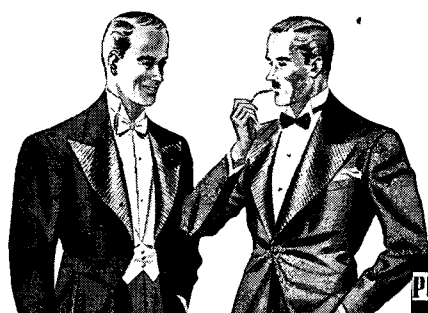


"I don't think the canary is wearing shoes, sir, but I'll look anyway"

REAMER KELLER

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nia's alleged proselyting has been as incessant as the roar of Yosemite Falls. Other coaches moan that Southern California gets its athletes soft jobs as extras in the movies. How can cutting the college lawn or washing dishes in a dormitory compete in lure with kicking a field goal for Myrna Loy?

At disarmament conferences everyone is out to get the fellow with the biggest fleet of dreadnoughts, and that is what the Pacific Coast schools had in mind when they employed Atherton to purify football. Although the erstwhile G-Man said no college in the conference was without guilt, the football scores showed Southern California had been guilty the most successfully. That gave it the greatest stake to lose and made it the chief object of the cleanup.

Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, considers the Atherton Code "a few clear, simple regulations." However, football enthusiasts all the way from Glacier National Park to the Mexican border voice a noisy dissent. They contend the code is harsh, inhuman, subversive and a death sentence for the rampaging teams that have made Far Western football unexcelled in the United States. Why, the rooters in the grandstands ask, could not the meddlesome professors have left well enough alone? Supposing fleet quarterbacks and gigantic tackles receive some slight emolument for their services? So what? Who cares?

Plus a Job for the Girl Friend

The Spokane Athletic Round Table has expressed its disgust and defiance by raising a \$350 "scholarship" for the University of Idaho, with the qualification that the money "go to help some needy athlete and not to G-Man Atherton." But an effort by Idaho to carry out this threat would result in the instantaneous ineligibility of any football players involved. Atherton means business.

Here are the essential provisions of his famous code, which some fans fear will make a "Purity League" of the conference that last season won five out of six intersectional games against top teams from other sections of the country, numbering among the victims Tennessee, Dartmouth and Notre Dame:

1. High-school athletes may be approached only in response to an inquiry.
2. Athletes may obtain scholarships only on a competitive *scholastic* basis, with the competition open to *all* students.
3. Athletes holding jobs must actually perform the work required, and can receive no higher rate of pay than other students.
4. Special assistance to athletes is limited to the payment of college tuition fees.
5. Coaches and other athletic officials may not interview or visit high-school athletes or their families.
6. Entertainment for high-school athletes, such as banquets, week-end excursions, trips to college campuses and

similar outings, is strictly forbidden.

7. Athletes may not sell, trade or barter complimentary tickets to football games and other athletic events.

8. Colleges cannot accomplish through fraternities or alumni what they are prohibited from doing directly.

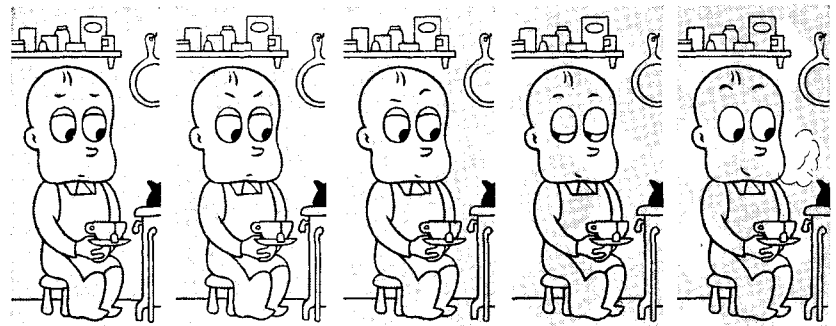
Atherton has a theory that the real offenders have been the colleges rather than the athletes. So on the colleges the bulk of the penalties will fall. Johnny Petrovich and the nine other lads recently proscribed by Atherton are at liberty to play football for any conference schools except those that recruited them. Thus an offending college is going to suffer double punishment, not only losing the athlete it proselyted but probably having him show up in the backfield of a traditional rival some crucial November Saturday.

During his investigation Atherton discovered that promising high-school halfbacks could scarcely walk home to lunch without being waylaid by scouts for the conference teams. They peered, Indian fashion, from behind every telephone pole. Prep practice fields were besieged. Like bidders at an auction, these scouts competed with one another in offering easy jobs, automobiles, dates with the campus queen, snap courses and even jobs for dad, mother, uncle, aunt and big brother. Percy Locey, director of athletics at Oregon State, maintains that "California schools sometimes paid \$150 to \$300 a month for a star football player and threw in an automobile and a job for the girl friend to boot."

In the athletic rivalries of the Pacific Coast Conference the Atherton Code was conceived and hatched. Separating the four California schools—Stanford, California, Southern California and U.C.L.A.—from the six colleges in the Pacific Northwest are the 700 miles of hinterland that lie between the Golden Gate and McKenzie Pass in Oregon. This represents a gap in more than distance. The California members of the conference are sometimes referred to as "The Big Four." The Pacific Northwest group—Washington, Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State, Idaho and Montana—is occasionally known as "The Poor Relations."

These terms are not without meaning. The conference plays each autumn for the biggest premium in intercollegiate sports: The right to represent the West in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, a prize that goes automatically to the Pacific Coast champion. This pays off in more than glory and renown. The Western team's share of the Rose Bowl gate has been around \$85,000, a sum which can very conveniently be used to retire stadium bonds, transform putting greens into 18-hole golf courses and hire high-salaried football coaches. There even have been hints that it can hire high-salaried football players.

W. H. Orion, chief of the California State Department of Physical Education, informed the Fresno Ereakfast Club early this year: "I was told by a player who appeared in the Rose Bowl that he and his teammates had de-



Watched Kettle

CROCKETT JOHNSON



Mark Twain purchased a Model 1 Remington in Boston, Massachusetts, while on a lecture tour in 1874. The manuscript of his book, "Life On the Mississippi", was the first to be written on a typewriter.

THE \$600 THAT BROKE GROUND FOR "A HUNDRED FORTUNES"

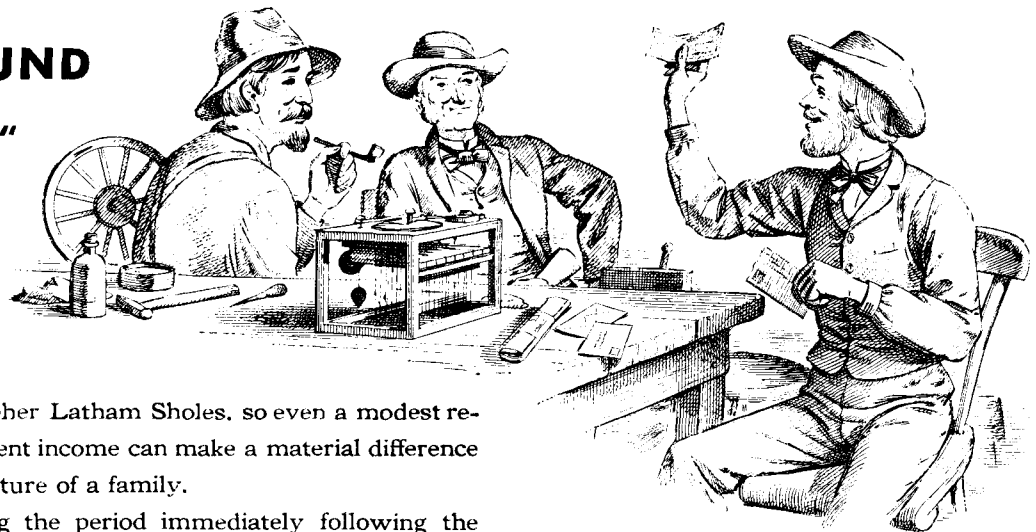
After years of hard work and experiment in developing the first practical typewriter, Christopher Latham Sholes found few to share the enthusiasm of a friend who prophesied, "You have a hundred fortunes there!"

Finally one of his typewritten appeals for financial assistance fell into the hands of James Densmore, who was so impressed that he immediately advanced \$600 to help Sholes continue his work.

James Densmore saw the invention of the typewriter through all its struggles from Sholes' first crude model to an industry. It was that timely \$600, however, received when the inventor was in the depths of discouragement, that paved the way for the success which finally crowned Sholes' efforts.

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Christopher Latham Sholes, so even a modest readjustment income can make a material difference in the future of a family.

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manded \$100 for the game and got it." Then, speculating on the philosophic aspects of the situation, Orion wondered if this was fair to the players.

Twenty-three times the Rose Bowl game has been played and on sixteen of these occasions California colleges have represented the Pacific Coast Conference. "The Poor Relations," which outnumber the California schools, have had their clutches on the \$85,000 bonus only seven times. To say that riches and football victories are unequally distributed in the conference is a gross understatement. The league cries out for a Share-the-Wealth plan. Since 1930 Southern California has won forty-one conference games and Montana three. Last season the gross football receipts at U.C.L.A. were \$548,685 and at Washington State \$81,558.

"Just a Gang-Up Deal"

The Atherton Code is a revolt of the Have-nots in the conference against the Have's. As a prelude to the employing of the G-Man to draw up his 2,000,000-word report, teams in the league cellar told harrowing tales of the proselyting excesses of their opponents. "The Poor Relations" complained that the California colleges were even promising the lads seats on the board of trustees. The lid nearly blew off when Bobby Grayson turned up at Stanford. Grayson became an All-America, but Portland is still sore about it.

Hostility toward the California schools and Southern California in particular also stems from the fact that the Pacific Northwest teams, in competition against "The Big Four," must do practically all the traveling. They are on the road as much as a circus.

This originates in sound business principles. The University of Oregon is located in the Willamette River Valley trading center of Eugene (pop. 20,956). The University of Southern California's home bailiwick is Los Angeles (pop. 1,496,792). It requires no mathematical genius to discover that a bigger football attendance is possible in Los Angeles than in Eugene. Inasmuch as the money taken in at the ticket window is a vital element in the operation of intercollegiate athletic departments, the traditional home-and-home arrangement is out the door in a situation such as this.

"We are no worse than the rest of the schools; we were just honest about our dealings with the athletes," an irate Southern California official told a Seattle newspaper editor not long ago. "The Northwest colleges are jealous of our success. They can't whip us on the athletic field, so they are trying to do it behind closed doors at conference meetings. It's just a gang-up deal."

A lot of sports zealots on the coast share this wrath. Football in the Far West is a big business. Grandstands are crowded as late as December. Coaches, athletic directors, graduate managers and all sorts of other satellites get whopping salaries. What harm is there if a little of this trickles down to the players, who are the main attraction? According to the Atherton Code, an athlete now must keep up his scholastic standing and put in full time at any job for which he is paid. Can he do this and still play big-time football?

"No!" exclaimed the late Herbert Crombie Howe, University of Oregon representative on the conference governing board and the only Pacific Northwest professor who was skeptical of the Atherton Code. "It has always been my contention, and no one has ever contradicted me, that it is impossible for a boy to play football at college and earn enough to pay for his education. It can't be done. If these rules are enforced, it will ruin football in the conference."

But the rules are going to be enforced. Seventy-five thousand people may pay \$2.50 each to watch a line-shattering conference fullback in action, yet he cannot receive fifteen cents of that money without being pronounced ineligible. Gridiron enthusiasts have looked at Atherton's rules through the Lick telescope and are unable to find any loopholes big enough to admit a brace of 210-pound tackles. No more jobs winding electric clocks, or sweeping out telephone booths.

For years the most successful gridiron recruiter in the U.S.A. has been Dr. Alfred Strauss, a prominent Chicago surgeon. No next-door-neighbor proselyting for Dr. Strauss! He has persuaded dozens of Chicago behemoths to journey 2,000 long miles over prairie and mountain to his distant alma mater, the University of Washington.

Every Washington eleven during the last decade has been studded with Windy City boys sent westward by Dr. Strauss. They were conspicuously in evidence when Washington cracked the California monopoly and seized the Rose Bowl prize four years ago. Now Dr. Strauss is through. The Atherton Code has him stopped. "It's strictly hands off for me from now on," said the doctor when he read Atherton's regulations. "If a seven-foot guard weighing 290 pounds who can run the hundred in nine seconds should come to my Chicago hospital and inquire about entering the University of Washington, I would retreat in haste."

Other outlines of the coast's athletic revolution are visible. No longer will the Rose Bowl gate be the exclusive property of the conference champion. Before the money ever leaves the box-office \$20,000 will be nicked off to pay Atherton's salary and the upkeep of his office. Then forty per cent of what is left goes to the team representing the conference in the Rose Bowl. The remaining sixty per cent will be divided among all the colleges of the conference, share and share alike. The champion will participate in this division, too, so its portion really amounts to a total of forty-six per cent.

Prexy Can't Sleep Nights

This is democratizing Pacific Coast football with a vengeance. Squads finishing second or third in the league will get exactly the same chunk of Rose Bowl money as the tail-enders. Quite a difference also between 100 per cent to the champion, as it was last year and the years previous and as it will be this year, and in the future: \$20,000 to the Atherton Code and after that 46 per cent to the champion.

"I can do better on WPA," said one cynical athlete when he first saw the new regulations. Far Western football fans pray fervently that this mercenary attitude is not general. What if all the speedy halfbacks and herculean tackles on the coast migrate elsewhere? Supposing they decide eighty-yard runs and sixty-yard punts have a higher market value than three cheers from the rooting section? What then might happen to the football league that has been the big brute of intercollegiate football?

"I cannot sleep nights," says President Sproul of the University of California, "if I permit the clamor of football fans to speak to the coaches in language more convincing than lip service to ideals, saying almost in so many words, 'Get us a team; true, we have subscribed to certain rules, but, rules or no rules, somehow, by hook or by crook, get us a championship.'"

Now that Mr. Sproul, through Atherton and the Atherton Code, has assured his own sleep, coaches and football fans in the Far West hope that the result does not disturb theirs.

EVER TAKE A DARE

Just For The Fun of It?



"Ring his bell and run—I dare you!" taunted "Stuffy." You were so scared you could hardly hit the button—but you buzzed away just the same!

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He Feeds England

Continued from page 15

thing from Germany thereafter. Parenthetically it might be added that Woolton is not Jewish.

This then is the man who feeds England. Physically he looks like a Cordell Hull who has had a haircut. At fifty-seven he is handsome and vigorous and he thinks that his job is the most exciting job in the world. It is also one of the most important.

London doesn't know it but if it hadn't been for Woolton, London would be hungry today. Sometimes the German bombers do hit military objectives. Two nights ago they hit a moving-picture house, a huge church and a toy factory. Ordinarily these would not be military objectives. But each was filled with food, and food is now a munition of war. All three buildings with their precious contents were destroyed. Before the flames had died down, trucks were hurrying from Kent, from Surrey, from Essex carrying food to replace that which had been destroyed. Woolton hoards foods as a miser hoards gold and he hides it in obscure and fantastic places.

No single attack on London, no matter how devastating, can force London into starvation. Lord Woolton has stocks of food everywhere and means of transport ready to rush this food to places that need it. And for the moment he has plenty of food.

"Today we have more basic stocks in this country than ever before," he says. "By basic stocks I mean wheat, flour, meat, vegetables and whale oil. Whale oil is very important to us. From it we make margarine. Butter, of course, is scarce and so is sugar. But sugar isn't a necessity. Neither is butter now that we have margarine. Incidentally, how do you like margarine?"

"I have never tasted it," I told him. "Oh, yes, you have," he said. "Practically every restaurant and hotel in London serves margarine."

The Present for Your Hostess

England as a nation has always used a great amount of butter. Tea with scones, dripping with butter and with rich cakes made partly of butter, was always daily a high ritual with the English. Even the workmen preferred tea and buttered scones to a glass of beer in the late afternoon. Most of this butter came from Denmark, Norway, Holland and even Poland. Not only butter but all dairy produce came in a steady stream from these then independent countries.

Now, of course, nothing comes from the German-dominated sections of the world. There is some butter produced in England and a little comes from Australia and South America. But very little. Each Englishman is allowed two ounces of butter a week. He once used that much on a single scone. However, he has become accustomed to margarine.

Today in England, when you are invited somewhere for a week end, the kindest gesture you can make toward your hostess is to bring her a quarter of a pound of butter and a dozen lumps of sugar. You will most certainly be asked again. Failing in that a half-dozen eggs are sure to put you in solidly with them and your name will be put in the family Bible. Today lemons cost one and six each. That is exactly thirty cents for a single lemon. And, of course, there is not a single fresh lime left in England.

"But," Woolton says cheerfully, "none of those lemons are strictly basic necessities. We must remember that London is in a state of siege. The constant

bombing is a menace to the transporting of food. The blockade to date has not been conspicuously successful but it has had some effect on the transportation of food from distant countries. Remember that American ships that formerly came to our docks in a steady stream loaded with food no longer do so. South American ships no longer risk the submarine menace. It takes a long while for ships to come from Australia."

The question of tea is one that worries Lord Woolton not a little. Tea is of course rationed and each individual is allowed four ounces a week, that is, about twenty cups a week. Unfortunately the need for tea consumption is greater today than ever before. Before the war the food- and tea-consumption period each day was about twelve hours. Now it is twenty-four hours.

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**The romance of a champion-
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who stood with him when the
going was most dangerous**

**BEGINNING
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S**

Tea is a powerful antidote to the nerve-racking aftereffects of bombing. Most of the bombing comes at night now. No shelter is deep enough to keep out the noise of the guns and of the bombs exploding. It is literally impossible in London for anyone to sleep for a continuous eight-hour stretch. You are bound to wake up four or five times a night. At least once or twice a week, no matter where you live in London, you still have to hurry into the street during the night. A fire not yet under control is blazing near by, a time bomb has fallen close and no one knows when it will explode. The fall nights are cold in England. People who huddle miserably on sidewalks watching their homes or the homes of their neighbors burn, people who have to hear the horrible rattle of shrapnel on the slate rooftops and on the concrete may be pardoned if their nerves get a bit shaky. And what do they want? A cup of tea.

"Tea," Woolton says, "is more than a beverage in England. If a man or woman can have a cup of tea any time he or she wishes, why there is an illusion of reality and the nightmare of existence becomes less real. There is both a warming and psychological effect in tea."

I have been a witness to this myself. In the poor East End I have seen the victims of night bombing and have spent nights with them in their miserable, cold and damp shelters. I have heard men say, "You could take this beating if you had an occasional cup of tea to buck you up." Whisky? Actually, as one who has tried both, I have found tea a lot more warming and a great deal more stimulating to ragged nerves than whisky or

brandy. And besides, whisky and brandy now cost a great deal more here than they do in America. The East End long ago gave up whisky. Not many can afford whisky even for medicinal purposes.

This winter there will undoubtedly be a shortage of tea. That is going to be hard for us to take in London. Even the American correspondents who work fantastic hours under difficult conditions are confirmed tea drinkers, and a shortage is looked forward to with gloom by them.

Lord Woolton is on the radio frequently with advice to housewives. He has the knack of talking with them, not at them, to save more bacon, to use cooking fat instead of margarine and more margarine instead of butter. He has practical suggestions that his staff has tested in an experimental kitchen he maintains in the ministry of food. Waste? Waste is a subtle, insidious enemy, hard to fight.

Kitchens for Bomb Victims

"I have started an experiment in communal feeding," he told me. "Now consider a huge block of flats. Each flat has its own kitchen and each woman cooking there is naturally guilty of some waste. You can't escape it in cooking for a small family. Multiply the waste of one kitchen by the number of kitchens—perhaps two hundred in that block of flats—and you can see that waste gets the upper hand. In Liverpool I took over such a block of flats and built one communal kitchen where all could eat good food at rock-bottom prices. Some of the tenants did not like the idea at first, and who can blame them? But bombs damaged a few of the flats and cut off the gas mains. There was no hot food for the workers who lived in those flats. They were glad enough then to come to the communal kitchen for hot food."

"I have plans to extend the idea. I am going to build 150 of these communal kitchens in London. They will eliminate a great deal of waste. By mass buying we can serve food very cheaply. Don't think," he added hastily, "that we are trying to compete with established restaurants. These kitchens will be for people who could not afford to eat in restaurants, for people who have been bombed out of their homes. We will keep on trying and experimenting."

Woolton achieved his prewar business success by studying the wants of shoppers and then supplying those wants as cheaply as possible. He does the same thing today. He studies the needs of the people at firsthand whenever possible. In addition, he seeks and listens to advice.

A few months ago Lord Woolton made a speech. It was printed in the newspapers under the heading, "We Cannot Starve." I had a clipping of the speech with me and I handed it to Lord Woolton. I asked him if he felt that optimistic today. He is too much of a realist, too little the politician, too honest a man to take refuge in sugar-coated generalities.

"We cannot starve." He was thoughtful. "I did say that. But remember that England is an island. Necessarily we are dependent upon food from other countries. We cannot starve? I would repeat that today if I could buy whatever I wished from America—we would never starve if we had credit in America. But as it is . . ."

He shrugged his shoulders. It looks as if the next step were up to America, a country that has never allowed a good neighbor to go hungry.



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**LOOK FOR
THE
RED BALL**

They Work While You Vote

Continued from page 21

directly to him—usually one of the election clerks. Speed was stressed: the vote had to be in the moment the count was complete. If it could be telephoned into the office that was fine. If there were no telephones it could be brought in by car, motorcycle, or horse.

Advance instructions told the correspondent what he was to do. When five precincts were complete he was to report to state headquarters. He was to follow this half an hour later with whatever else had come in; and thereafter make telephone reports at hourly intervals until his county was complete. In some states a \$25 prize goes to the first man to clean up a county—no insignificant pickings in the life of a rural journalist.

The county man has a comptometer operator to help him tabulate returns; and prepared charts covering all offices. When he has five precincts the great AP election machine starts to grind. He calls Portland over special election telephones installed that day. Only the county correspondents know the numbers of these telephones. This precaution is taken against the wires being jammed by incidental telephone traffic.

Slips of paper with the vote noted on them go to tabulators in Portland to be added to those that have come in from other parts of the state. Returns in which there is purely local interest go out over state wires. Those nationally interesting are relayed to Boston, biggest New England bureau and key point on that divisional wire circuit.

Boston is a madhouse. It looks like a movie director's conception of a newspaper office. Jack Chester, bureau chief, barks orders. A bank of a dozen or more girls with calculating machines run totals on votes pouring in from other New England points. Top-notch reporters write running stories to feed hungry wires.

This bureau is hooked into the main trunk wire system of the AP—a 285,000-mile cobweb touching virtually every town of any size in the U. S. The main trunks consist of as many as five parallel wires. A message tapped out on any one of them is reproduced on telegraphic printers from Boston to Seattle, from Havana to Mexico City.

Boston has been chosen as an example because it is usually the lead-off point in the election service. According to schedules it starts the round robin of returns about 5 P. M. In the space of

two minutes printers clinking at top speed will give the latest returns collected. Then New York will swing onto the wire with the vote it has gathered, then Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta. The wire goes west, picking up Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Des Moines and Omaha. Kansas City is the great U. S. news divide. The bulk of Eastern stories are pulled off wires here. The West wouldn't be interested. Similarly, Western stories, dull stuff to the East, are discarded. But on election night the news goes straight through to Denver, Salt Lake City and the Coast.

In an hour's time or less the circuit will be completed; then Boston will start sending again. So it will go all night, the tempo increasing moment by moment to reach a white heat during the period between 10 P. M. and 2 A. M. when the Far West is breaking.

Bureaus keep in scheduled line unless really hot news breaks: a pivotal state, for example, going unmistakably to one candidate or the other. Then they can cut in out of turn—signaling "95," old Morse operators' symbol for important news, or "bulletin," or even "flash."

When the Wires Get Hot

By midnight large state bureaus are a bedlam. They are required to keep cumulative totals for hundreds of offices: state legislatures, county governments, important judgeships. To help with the job some of them use fantastically complex punched-card tabulating machines. Cards are punched for each county and for each office as returns arrive. Then they can be run through a tabulating machine in a matter of seconds to give the relative standing of various candidates.

Meanwhile, the writing staff must keep running stories on the network of state wires—and regional wires—stories which never reach the main trunks. All this work is done to the accompaniment of an insufferable din: jangling of telephone bells, the metallic clink of Morse instruments and the clatter of teletype machines.

Washington is the nerve center for the works, the main tabulating point of the system. Here, returns from states are pulled off wires as they come in and national tabulations are made covering the presidency, congressmen, governors. The steady stream of minor returns goes to tabulators, and presidential returns

go directly to a man presiding over a 6x10-foot blackboard. State totals for Willkie and Roosevelt are chalked up here; being corrected from minute to minute as new returns arrive. The blackboard is a graphic representation of democracy at work. It keeps tabs on a nation choosing a leader. A glance at this board tells how the tide is running.

A battery of crack political correspondents face this board under the watchful eye of Brian Bell, a vigorous man of fifty, bureau manager at Washington. Three men write presidential "leads"—the running story of the presidential election. The outpouring of words from their typewriters keep one wire nearly full. Another writer follows gubernatorial elections, and others follow the races for House and Senate seats. Within ten minutes of the time a pivotal state reports some significant shift in the vote, a story of the change is in the offices of 1,400 member newspapers; and on the air through an arrangement with broadcasting companies. Even the men most directly concerned—Messrs. Roosevelt and Willkie—will get the word by the same medium. AP will string wires to any place the candidates designate.

The election story will be almost as big in other parts of the world as it is in the United States. Via the Press-Wireless station on Long Island the New York office will feed the news directly to approximately 100 Spanish-American client papers. Cables will carry it to the AP of Great Britain and Australia; and Canadian Press wires will take it over the Dominion.

Along "No-Man's Land"—wartime designation for the corridor in the AP's New York building occupied by foreign news agencies—more wires will be working. Domei (Japan); Havas (France); DNB (Germany); Reuters (Britain); Tass (Russia); and others will shoot AP returns to every corner of the earth.

Prior to the establishment of AP election coverage, returns were collected haphazardly by individual newspapers and commercial telegraph companies. Opportunities for fraud were plentiful. A key district, county or state could withhold returns until it saw what a favorite candidate needed to put him over. With returns now all but instantaneous there isn't time for such skulduggery. Any delay causes immediate suspicion. A few years ago Memphis

was late and newspapers over the state bitterly assailed Boss Crump's political machine. The boss was innocent. What had actually happened was that a bureau tabulator had fallen down on the job and a recanvas of polls was necessary.

Baptism of Fire

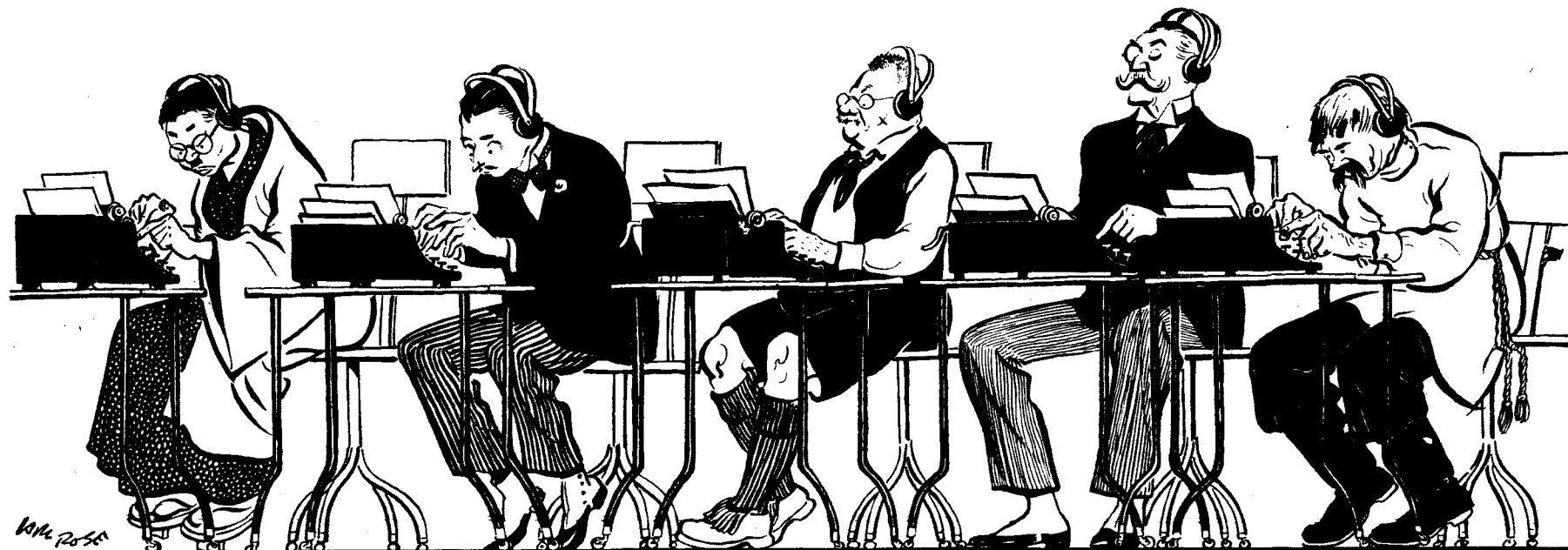
The AP machine was first set up to cover New York state elections in 1904; was extended to others in 1908 and 1912. It got its first trial on a national scale in 1916 during the Hughes-Wilson contest. Its baptism of fire couldn't have been tougher. The first returns indicated a Hughes landslide but the margin narrowed until the result hung on California. All day Wednesday and Thursday votes trickled in from remote mountainous precincts with the vote seasawing back and forth between the two candidates. At 11:20 Thursday night the AP flashed Wilson's victory—by a margin of 3,000 votes!

Since then the machinery for coverage has been greased and enlarged. Conditions are nowhere so difficult as they once were. Voting machines have speeded the count. Telephones and good roads have brought once-isolated counties within easy reach. Martin County, Kentucky, still has but one telephone, and Pendleton County, West Virginia, has recently gotten service. But these are isolated and not too significant examples of conditions that are fast disappearing.

How accurate is the AP count as compared with the official count? Two recent checks in New Jersey showed it to be 99.6 and 99.8 per cent accurate, respectively.

No matter what happens elsewhere on the night of November 5th the election will be the world's biggest news. It will take a million wired words to tell the complete story. Only top-ranking items will be able to compete for wire space with a story of such dimensions: a king would have to be assassinated to make bigger news than the pivotal Ohio vote.

It will be a frenzied, sleepless night for the 65,000 men who do the job. They will end up red-eyed, deafened by the din, and soaked with coffee (the New York bureau drank 40 gallons last election). But by breakfast time the job will be more than 90 per cent finished. By then they can tell us whether we have been wearing the right buttons.



From New York, dozens of foreign correspondents will shoot our election returns to every corner of the earth



What every young girl should know

AMERICANS drink more coffee than any other beverage except water.

They drink it first of all because they like it. But most people only vaguely realize that coffee sharpens the mind, improves reason and judgment and self-control, physical strength and accuracy of movements. These facts are all found in medical literature. And if you are like 97 out of a hundred

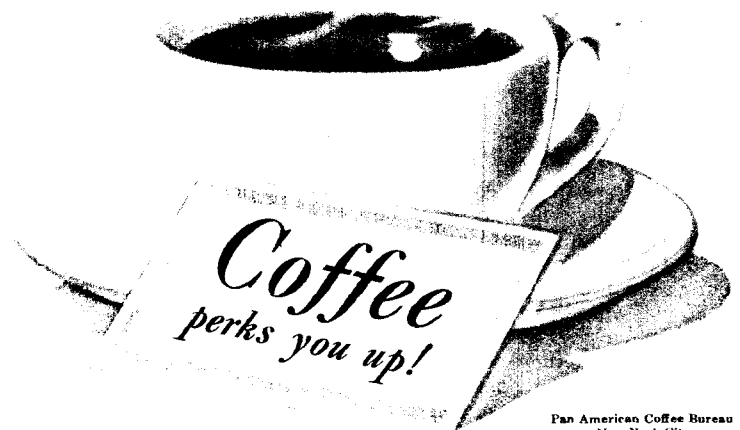
people, you don't need worry about sleeping, for the lift you get from coffee lasts only two hours.

So what every young girl ought to know, if she hopes some day to be a good wife, is how to make good coffee — morning, noon and night.

And the rules are simple: Use a heaping tablespoonful for every cup, and keep your utensils clean!

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.

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Pan American Coffee Bureau
New York City

Manuscript Dice

Continued from page 20

Iron Man was impressed. He tapped his harmonica against the palm of his hand and returned it to his pocket. "Is dat a fack?"

"Jest th'owed words at de ladies," Bugaboo repeated, "and dey chunked dey pocketbooks right back."

"Wisht I'd 'a' been one er dem manuscrip' preachers," Iron Man said reminiscently. "Me, when I was preachin' up in Arkansas dat time, I groaned and graveled and yelled and snorted and looked so holy I might' nigh sprouted wings. But no ladies chunked dey pocketbooks at me." He moved the tip of his forefinger along a bright scar that ran from chin to neck. "A lady chunked a razor at me," he recalled fondly. "A lady name er Drusilla. Kind er dark and long-laigged. But she didn't like for me to spread de Salvation over a little frail brownskin dat was moanin' in de amen corner."

Bugaboo made no comment. He was breathing rhythmically with eyes closed, though he was not actually asleep. He was, as he put it, "restin' his eyes."

Iron Man took out the harmonica again and began blowing nostalgic notes into it. In a few moments Bugaboo was sound asleep.

THE next thing he knew, Iron Man was yanking his leg and ordering him to wake up. When he opened his eyes, the boat was in the middle of the river, headed downstream.

"Come on, Bugaboo," Iron Man said. "De cap'm say us got to line up and listen to de man."

Bugaboo and Iron Man joined a semi-circle of roustabouts where the strange passenger stood, paper and pencil in hand. There were twelve in the crew, ranging in age and experience from Old Folks, the driver, who had spent more than fifty years on steamboats, to a light-colored, half-frightened youngster named We Willie, from the streets of Greenville, making his first trip.

From the way the man talked and acted, he seemed to know exactly what he wanted and how to get it. His name, he told them, was Lucius Dolworthy and he was a professor of Social Sciences. "I am preparing a series of monographs on the social and psychological phases of existence among the lower income bracket groups. Now, of course, that may sound queer, but for some of you who are not in tune with the social consciousness of the country at large, I will elaborate. For instance, I have just completed a study from original research I made in New Orleans last month, on the Urban Adolescent Colored Female in which I established statistically that the norm of physical awareness was plus point two-eight-three on the Hobleitz Table, whereas the mental awareness norm was minus point three-three. Is that clear?"

"Amen," said Bugaboo enthusiastically; then he whispered to Iron Man, "I tole you he was a manuscrip' preacher!"

"Thank you," the professor said to Bugaboo. "And furthermore," he went on, "if you men will co-operate with me by merely answering questions, I will reward each of you handsomely."

Beginning with We Willie, who was more self-conscious than frightened, the professor made what he no doubt deemed scientific efforts to put the young roustabout at ease.

"So you were born in Greenville, were you?" he said. "That is a nice little city. I believe they call it the Queen City of the Delta, don't they? Now, have you ever been married?"

"Nawsuh," said We Willie.

"What!" exclaimed the professor. "A big handsome boy like you? However, maybe time will rectify that. Tell me just how you happened to become a steamboat worker."

"Suh?"

"Why did you start working on a steamboat?"

"I 'on't know, suh," We Willie said.

"COME, my lad," the man insisted, "you must know. Did you always want to be a steamboating man?"

"Nawsuh."

"What did you want to be, then?"

We Willie looked shyly around. "I meant to be a preacher," he admitted. "Then what made you begin work on a steamboat?"

"I 'on't know, suh."

"Isn't Gee Walker your father?" the professor demanded.

"Nawsuh," stated We Willie. "My daddy's name is Gus Carter."

"Then who the devil is Gee Walker?" he asked.

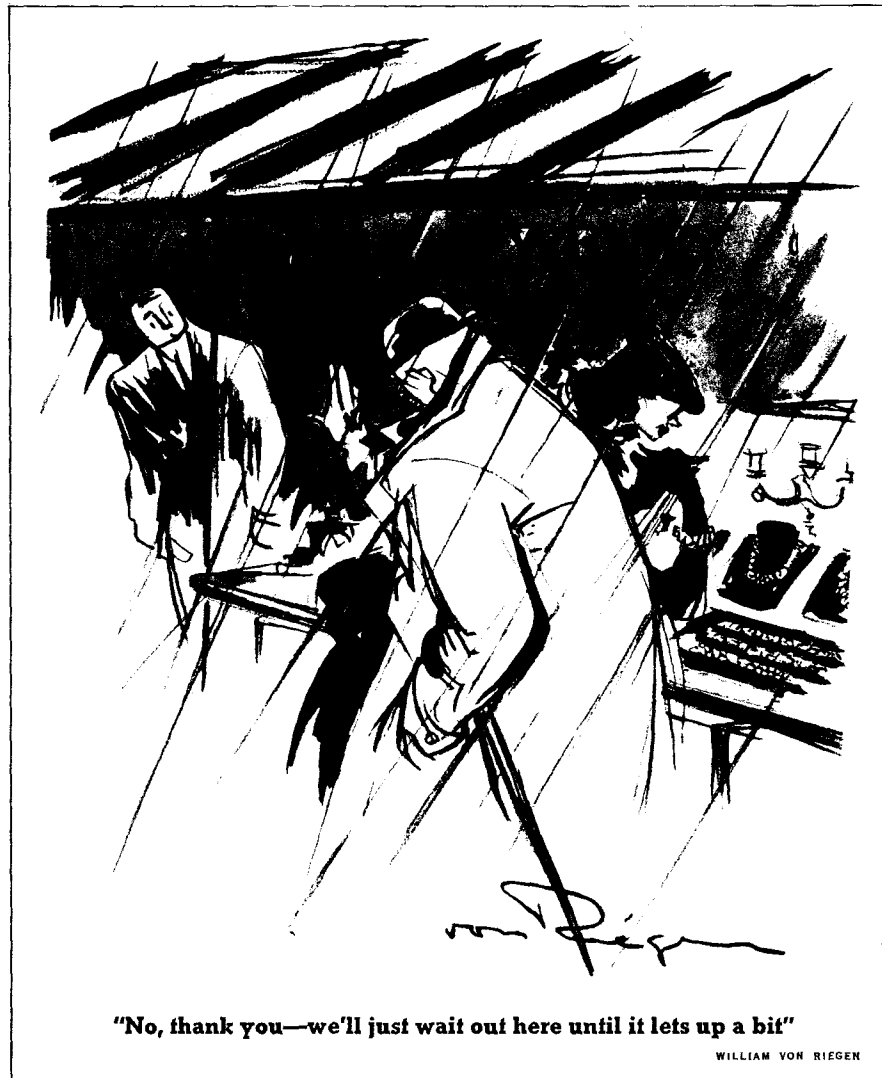
"I 'on't know, suh," We Willie said. "Maybe he somebody ole Cap'm Cooley likes."

The professor stopped long enough to organize his shorthand notes and tackled We Willie once more: "Your father's name is Gus Carter? What is his business?"

"He ain't got no business," said We Willie. "He was a preacher, but he ain't preachin' no mo'."

"What's he doing now?"

"One hundred years, no months and no days, over at Parchman pen."



"No, thank you—we'll just wait out here until it lets up a bit"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

"Anybody ask you to come on the boat?"

"Nawsuh. De boat pulled in and I went down to de landin' to watch, same as ev'ybody else. And when they got done loadin', I seed ole Cap'm Cooley comin' over f'm town, so when he got up close to whar I was settin' I got up and say, 'Hy-dy, Cap'm, you got a job for me?' Jest to be polite. So de ole cap'm stop and look at me and ax me ain't I one er Gee Walker's boys, and I say, 'Yassuh' and he tole me to git on de boat. And I got."

The professor was amazed. "Very strange," he mumbled to himself. To We Willie he said, "How did Captain Cooley happen to know your father?"

"Cap'm Cooley didn't know my daddy," We Willie replied.

"But he did. You said he asked about him."

"Nawsuh," We Willie explained. "He ax me 'bout Gee Walker."

"And why did he go to the penitentiary?"

"He kilt a man about a lady, one time, so de High Sheriff tuck and 'rested him."

The professor made notes. "And so," he said, "you wanted to be a preacher. What did you want to preach about?"

"I ain't got but one tex', yit," We Willie said. "About ole Kaing Nebby-ke-neezer nippin' grass for seven long years. But I'm fixin' to learn one about ole 'Zekiel makin' de dry bones rise up and prophesy."

"I would certainly like to hear those sermons, sometime," the professor said. "But not now."

He turned to the man next in line, but before he had proceeded very far with his questioning, he was struck with the similarity to We Willie's life story. The roustabout was on his first steamboat trip, he had asked for a job, out of politeness, and had been given one after telling the captain that he was one of Gee Walker's

boys. The subject was the son of a preacher who was also doing a life sentence and the subject, himself, wanted to be a preacher.

When the third roustabout's life paralleled the first two the professor was astounded by the coincidence; he made a note to give the "Gee Walker" phase to a literary foundation for possible folklore scholarships. But when the fourth man's story shaped up the same way, the professor remembered something he had read and he smiled as he made a lengthy notation: *Among certain mentalities the instinct of self-preservation causes the subject to imitate, in word and deed, acts of another person who has successfully overcome an immediate problem.*

"I suppose the rest of you," said the professor, not without a feeling of triumph, "will tell me you were born in Greenville, the son of a preacher who is doing time for murder, and this is your first trip?"

The other roustabouts nodded confirmation of this.

He smiled benignly. "You see, I know what you are thinking. Don't let that fact arouse your superstitions. If I told you I am a mind reader, you would believe me. But I am not a mind reader and I hate superstition. It breeds in ignorance and I hate ignorance. I know what you are thinking only because I know that human beings act according to well-defined laws of conduct and I know the laws."

Iron Man looked at Bugaboo.

"He jest chunks de words about." Bugaboo grinned. "Fo'-dollar words all over de place."

"And now," the professor drew out his wallet, "I promised you a reward for your co-operation. Here is a dollar for each of you." He passed out twelve crisp one-dollar bills.

"Is this everybody?" he asked.

Iron Man's mind jumped into high gear. "Whar Bad Eye?" he said, looking around. "He went to de engine room when he tole you de questions. Wait, I'll go git him for you." He raced aft, yelling, "Uh, Bad Eye! De white fo'ks want you!"

A MOMENT later, Iron Man emerged from the engine room in complete disguise. He had put on a greasy old jumper, an oil-smeared cap and he wore a dirty patch over one eye. "Did you want to ax me some mo' questions, suh?" he said.

"Here is a dollar for your co-operation," the professor said. "I want to thank all of you for aiding me more than you know. While I did not exactly get what I expected, I believe I have data for a most interesting social document."

"He ain't no preacher," Iron Man told Bugaboo later. "He give out de money. Preachers don't work like dat. Preachers takes in de money."

"He sho is somepin," Bugaboo said.

The other roustabouts were disturbed by what had happened but were no more able to express their feelings than Iron Man and Bugaboo. Even Old Folks, who had seen many a strange sight on the river, was not equal to it.

Professor Lucius Dolworthy, B.S., A.M., Ph.D., was neither perplexed nor elated by what had taken place on the main deck. It is true that he had failed to get the expected information, but it was also true that he had obtained material for an even more exciting study. These things, however, did not cross his mind now.

He was in the midst of a piece of unfinished business and he was a dis-

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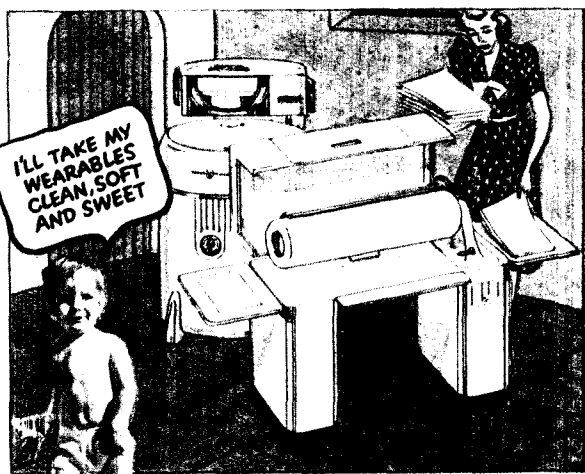
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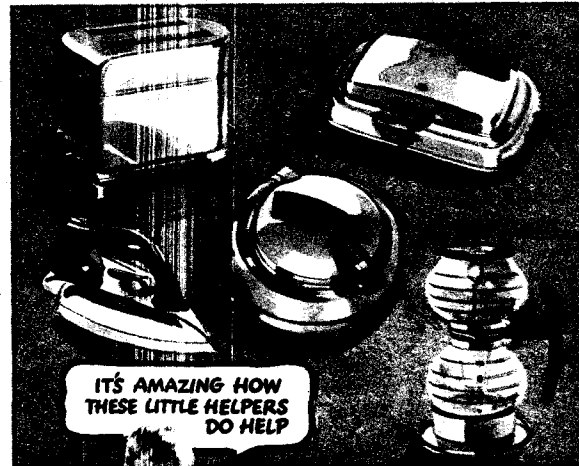
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ciplined student who tackled only one job at a time. At the moment, as he sat before an improvised desk, his eyes half closed so that the riverbank and willow-topped levee passed before his vision as a blurred curtain of restless green, his mind was conjuring a mathematical law: The chance of an event happening is expressed by the fraction of which the numerator is the number of favorable ways and the denominator the whole number of ways, favorable and unfavorable.

He studied the result of memory and pencil and concluded it was correct. Then he rang for Sylvester.

"Will you please bring me two lumps of sugar?" the professor asked.

"You wants some coffee, too?" Sylvester wanted to know.

"No, no coffee. Just sugar," said the professor. He turned again to his writing, but instead of shorthand notes, this time he made algebraic symbols and geometric designs.

WHEN the professor walked down the companionway to the main deck, an hour later, he carried with him a neatly constructed mathematical table. His step was as firmly resolved as his mind: he was going to get back those thirteen dollars he had distributed. He did not fool himself that this was a sociological experiment. Thirteen dollars was thirteen dollars and he had determined to get it back even before he had passed it out.

It was of no scientific value to demonstrate that the laws of probability and chance acted in a dice game the same as they did in any other series of happenings. And Professor Dolworthy knew the laws.

"Do any of you men," the professor asked pleasantly, "know how to play dice?"

For a full minute, the only sound in the world was the muffled escape of steam and the distant swish-swishing of the paddle wheel. Solemn glances were exchanged by the roustabouts. Iron Man took out his harmonica and breathed softly, even hopefully, on its reeds.

"I hyared," Bugaboo Jones volunteered presently, "dat playin' dice was a sin." He gazed piously across the river.

The professor was taken off guard. "I am sure," he said, "that colored people play dice. All colored people. In New Orleans they continually played dice. It isn't something I read; it is something I know. I have seen colored people who were tone deaf and who had no muscular co-ordination whatever." He stopped and noted the expressions of amazement and dumbness on the faces of the roustabouts. His manner lost the pettishness of the classroom and his words took on a tone of hopeful helplessness. "Besides, I had planned to have a dice game with you."

We Willie raised his voice, meekly at first, but gaining in authority as he spoke. "Shootin' dice," he said, "is a sin. De Word say so."

The professor showed his disappointment as he blinked behind his thick lenses. He was sure he could talk the roustabouts into a dice game but there was a certain moral responsibility involved. He did not believe in the kind of sin We Willie talked about, but certainly gambling was a social vice. If these people, unable to grasp the social factor though able to accomplish the same end with an imagined moral factor, could resist the human urge to gamble, Professor Dolworthy did not want the responsibility of leading them astray.

He was about to leave, when Iron Man spoke. "Aw, Bugaboo, whyn't you play a few dices wid de man?" he suggested casually. "He want to play and you knows how."

"And git roasted in hell?" said We Willie.

"I ain't played no dices in so long,"

Bugaboo objected, "dat I kinder lost de knacks. Whyn't you play wid him?"

"I don't want any of you to play if you really think it is morally wrong," the professor decided. "I thought it would be fun, seeing that each of you had a dollar he didn't expect to have."

"Sho' us'll play wid you," Iron Man said. "Who keer efn hit's a sin. Hit ain't no bad sin, nohow."

"You'll roast in hell over de fire and broomstone," We Willie warned them stubbornly.

"Us'll do a little sin wid de dices," Bugaboo suggested, "and den us'll let We Willie revive us."

Everybody except We Willie laughed. "You go on away f'm hyar," Iron Man told We Willie, "to de game git done, and den you kin come back and revive de sin outn us."

"I wouldn't watch no dice game," We Willie stated, "'cause watchin' might be a sin, too." He walked away and just before he disappeared behind the boiler he turned. "But de Lawd gonter be watchin', whilst I'm back hyar prayin'."

Then began a crap game stranger than any of the thousands that had been played on the boiler deck of the John D. Grace. Usually, when there was some miscellaneous specie in the pockets of the roustabouts, it was Iron Man's custom to pitch out that special pair of educated dice of his and challenge:

*"If you can't fade a dollar, well, jump on a lousy dime,
'Cause I needs yo' nickel to feed dat gal er mine."*

Bugaboo always grabbed the dice, deftly substituted an ordinary pair, and the game proceeded according to the natural laws of chance until enough money and interest had been attracted to make it worth while. At the right moment, Bugaboo would substitute Iron Man's special dice and from then on it was a matter of how many passes Iron Man made until the opposition went broke or lost interest.

This game started differently. The professor got on his knees, laid his wallet before him and produced two carefully dotted cubes of sugar. "Now," he said, "for the benefit of you who are not familiar with the game of dice, the ob-

ject is to reproduce the coincidences or the least probable possibilities. I roll out the dice, like this, and five spots come up on one and four on the other. That makes nine. Now, by the laws of chance I will repeat that nine three times more out of thirty-six tries. The odds against my rolling it are three to thirty-six. Yet, if we bet, we bet even money."

"Seem to me like," Iron Man suggested, "dat hit's somepin' 'bout seven mixed up in hit, too, ain't hit?"

"Seven," said the professor, "is called the Nemesis. Due to the fact that your chance of rolling a seven at any one throw is greater than any other number, it occupies a different position in the game. If the roller makes seven the first time, he wins, but if he rolls another number first, he must repeat it before he rolls a seven again, or he loses."

AND dem two one-spots and de threes and de twelves," Iron Man said. "You lose efn you makes dem first, don't you?"

"That's right," said the professor. "Yassuh. Dat's about de way us boys used to play when us used to play. Only us counted 'leven same as seven, only efn a 'leven come after de p'int, hit don't lose?"

"The same game," declared the professor. "Why, you will remember it in no time. Suppose we begin. I will play this dollar." He pulled a bill from his wallet.

"I'll take about a dime er dat," Iron Man said, putting his bill down.

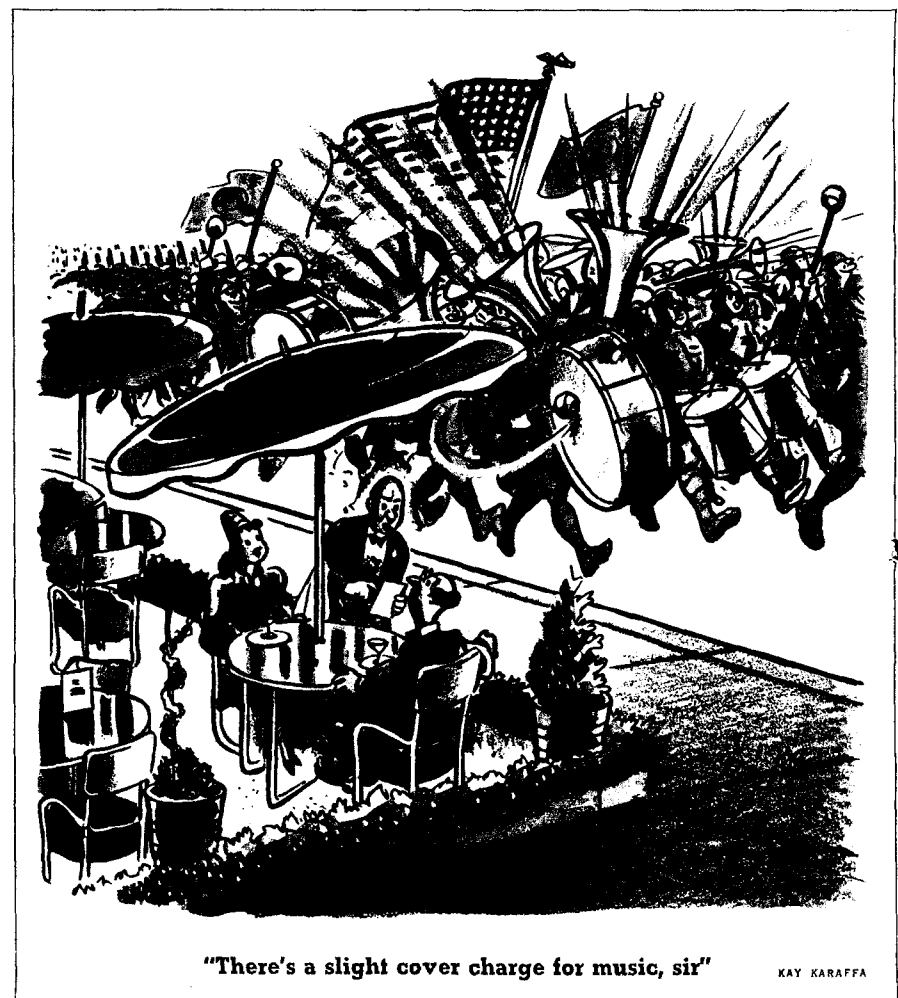
"Me, too," said Bugaboo. In a moment, the roustabouts and Old Folks, the driver, had covered the dollar.

Professor Dolworthy rolled the cubes of sugar.

"I have rolled a seven," he stated. "My chance of repeating that is diminished by one and that increases your advantage. But the betting odds remains the same. Everybody in for another dime?"

There were cautious looks but no dissent.

"Another seven!" exclaimed the professor. "However, the laws of chance will eventually operate. Your advantage is even greater now. Everybody set for another dime try?"



"There's a slight cover charge for music, sir"

KAY KARAFFA

As the dice rolled, Bugaboo Jones did a rude thing. He shoved Iron Man and yelled, "Stay off my foot, you fool!"

Iron Man staggered from the shove, outraged. "Look what you made me done," he growled. "You made me step on de white man's dices and break 'em. Look, dem sugars is so mashed you can't tell what he rolled."

"My, my!" the professor exclaimed. "Don't quarrel; I can mark some sugar in no time."

"Nawsuh," Bugaboo objected vigorously. "He go staggerin' 'round half asleep and not mindin' whar he step. Let him go git some mo' dices." He turned ferociously to Iron Man. "You go git some dices, right now."

"I ain't got none," Iron Man pleaded. "Well, go borry some. Bad Eye might got some. He a sinner and I bet he got some. Go 'haid, now."

Iron Man walked off sulkily. When he returned, he said, "Will dese do?" as he rolled a big pair of sixes on the deck.

"They're all the same," said the professor. "The laws—"

"Efn I had been bettin' and made dat twelve," Iron Man chuckled, "den I'd 'a' lost, wouldn't I?"

"That's right."

"I'm fixin' to bet, dis time," Iron Man said, "and I'm gonter see kin I roll me dat seven."

In eight rolls, Iron Man and the professor owned jointly all the money on deck. Iron Man's twelfth straight seven caused the professor to examine the dice. He shook them, matched them spot to spot and returned them to Iron Man. "I have never known," he declared sadly, "the laws of chance to operate so sluggishly."

Iron Man changed his tactics. There was still a heap of money in the professor's wallet and Iron Man didn't want to overdo it. He altered the way his fingers had been fitting into almost imperceptible grooves in the dice, shook them loud and long and threw a four. The professor consulted his tables and took heart. The chances of making that four were one in twelve.

"Suppose we bet a whole dollar on this one," he said.

"You means I won't come out?" asked Iron Man.

"I mean," said the Professor, "I will bet a dollar in addition to the ten cents that you do not roll a four before you roll a seven."

IRON MAN accepted. "Hit's been a long time since I made Little Joe for a dollar and a dime, but I kin feel hit workin'—Wham!" A pair of fives came up.

"Hit's on de bottom, son," Bugaboo said. "Roll 'em over one mo' time."

Iron Man was in no hurry. He knew he could roll a seven any time he wanted to—with his own dice; or he could roll for a week without making a seven, if it suited him. He threw for five minutes straight before his point came up.

"Whew!" Iron Man said. "Dat was hard work for a dollar and a dime. Le's shoot two dollars."

In exactly half an hour, Professor Dolworthy's wallet was empty of cash. Something more than forty dollars had passed from his hands as he waited for the law of probabilities to assert itself. He pulled a folder of traveler's checks from his pocket but thought better of it before offering it upon the altar of chance. "I believe," he announced, returning the checks to his pocket, "that I won't play any more today. Goodby." He returned to the upper deck.

Iron Man rattled the dice loosely. "Any y'all yuther boys like to leap on some er dis change?"

Without a word, as if by prearranged signal, the rousters turned away. The game had definitely ended. Iron Man carefully arranged his winnings into a

tight roll. "Not big enough to choke a cow wid," he told Bugaboo, "but hit'll do ontwell I gits me middle-size cow to choke wid hit."

Bugaboo laughed. "Efn I hadn't pushed you on dem sugar dices, dat roll wouldn't be ha'f as big as hit is," he pointed out.

"Ain't hit de trufe!" Iron Man sighed. "Dat white man was a *thing* wid dem sugar spots. Come round hyar tawkin' 'bout *playin'* dice and jest a-chunkin' dem sevens out. For a man dat don't know how to shoot craps no better'n de way he tawked, he was hittin' powerful steady."

"He don't know nothin' 'bout shootin' dice."

"He was doin' mighty good ontwell I set de chilluns on him," Iron Man insisted.

"FOOL!" Bugaboo snorted. "Didn't you see dat piece er paper he had? Didn't you hyar him tawkin' outn a book? He got dem sugar dices outn a book and he was shootin' manuscript dice at you. You didn't had a chance. He'd look at dat paper and wham! hit'd be a five-deuce. You didn't had no mo' chance wid him and dem sugars den a sinner got in front of a manuscript preacher."

"Anyhow, I'll take de chilluns hyar," Iron Man said, rattling his dice affectionately. "I'll do a little groanin' and lookin' holy at 'em, and I'll git along. I don't want no mo' er dat manuscript crap game."

"Well, shet up and set down," Bugaboo said. "I'm got me some eye-restin' to do befo' us gets into N'Awlins. I and you fixin' to git mighty sick and tired eatin' and havin' fun, spendin' dat roll er frogskins over Back er Town befo' us pulls out on de next trip."

Iron Man was sitting down, when a shadow fell across his face. Before him stood We Willie Carter, the embryo evangelist.

"What you say, We Willie?" Iron Man asked.

"Blickity-blick! Blickity-blick! Blickity-blick."

"Well, blickity-blick, den," Iron Man agreed.

"Yeah, you low-down sinner," We Willie told him. "Dat's what ole Kaing Nebby-ke-neezer say, dat time when de Lawd put dem sounds in his years. You think I'm blickity-blickin' like de rattle er de dices, don't you?"

"I kin make de dices rattle like dat," Iron Man said, demonstrating. "I kin make de dices go blickity-blick, blickity-blick."

"Yeah, you kin," We Willie said. "And ole Nebby-ke-neezer thought he could make de chariot hosses' foots go dat way, too, when de Lawd called him to taw. But befo' ole Kaing Nebby-ke-neezer got de first blickity-blick outn his mouf, de Lawd had him nippin' grass wid de mules for seven long years."

We Willie began to make groaning noises which turned into a singsong:

"So I tole you once,
Hunh!
And I tole you twice,
Hunh!
It's sinners in hell,
Hunh!"

Iron Man looked sorrowfully toward Bugaboo and Bugaboo nodded a gloomy agreement with what he knew to be in the mind of his friend.

"Hyar, We Willie," said Iron Man, tossing him the roll of bills. "Take dis and spend hit learnin' dat yuther tex'. 'Cause you starts out like a groaner, and dat's de onliest kind er preachin' I likes."

"Yeah," Bugaboo affirmed. "Only go 'haid now and leave us sleep. 'Cause us got a heap er things to do when us git to N'Awlins."

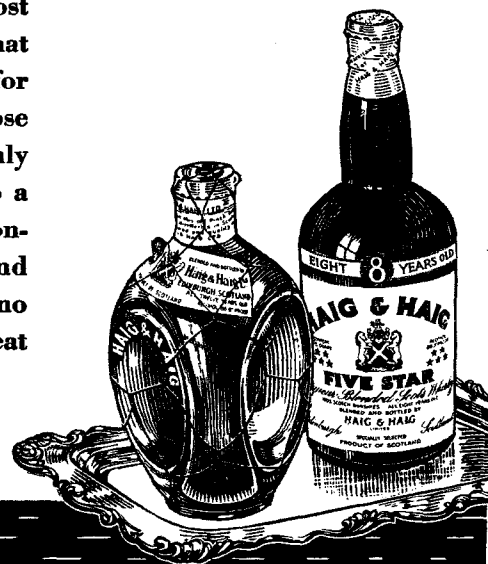
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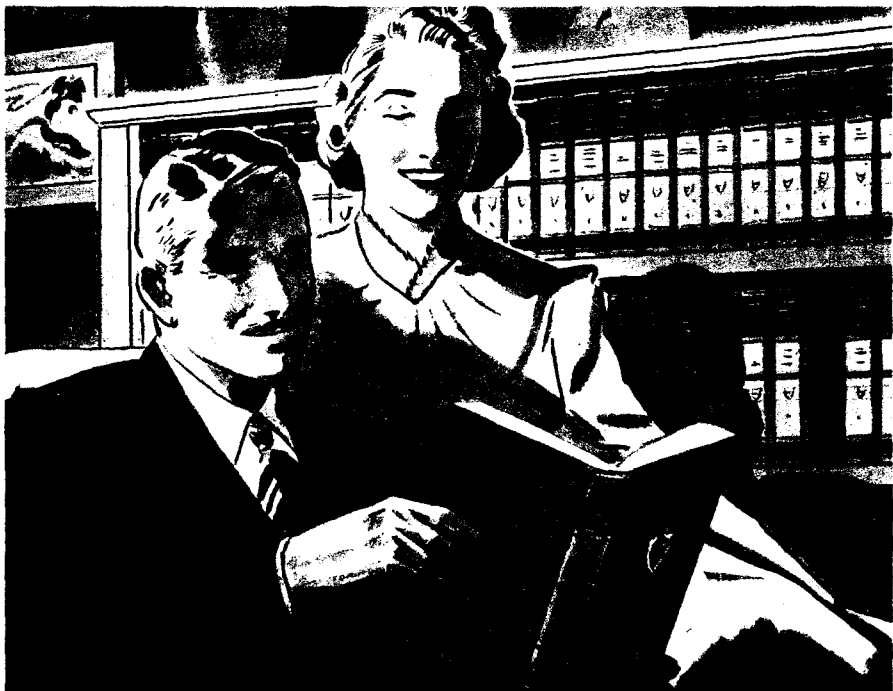


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Time Out for Play

Continued from page 11

“funny” when he asked, “Have you been smoking long, Miss Carroll?”

“Oh, yes,” said Joan gleefully. “My first husband was Dutch, you know. He loved me to smoke.”

Zanuck strode to the door and hurled it open. “Mrs. Carroll,” he roared at Mrs. Felt, “take your daughter out of here! She's nothing but a midget!”

Mrs. Felt had to journey all the way back to Washington, D. C., where they had lived since Joan was one year old. There she got affidavits from Julia Cunningham, who had taught the tot to dance. Her trek led her even back to Westfield, New Jersey, where Joan was born, and finally her collection of legal statements, character references and birth certificate overpowered Mr. Zanuck.

It would have been one of the great injustices of Hollywood—birthplace of injustice—if Zanuck hadn't allowed himself to be convinced, for Mrs. Felt had fought long and hard to get Joannie a good contract. Joan retained her inner gaiety because she never knew that her mother had many extremely low moments since the day in November, 1935, when she arrived in Hollywood, three-year old Joan in hand.

First had come a lovely looking contract with Mary Pickford and her partner, Jesse Lasky. Miss Pickford had great plans for Joan, but no picture materialized, and her advice to Mrs. Felt: “Why not try Schulberg?” also resulted in more fat, weekly checks and no acting.

Bill Belonged to Shirley

The contract with Twentieth Century looked hopeful, and that first picture—One Mile From Heaven—was scheduled to contain some music. Mrs. Felt thought it would give her child a chance to show her excellent dancing ability, and with no less a partner than Bill Robinson. She had Fanchon and Marco drill Joan in a special new routine, and then took her to Robinson for their first rehearsal together.

Robinson shook his head. “I'm sorry, Mrs. Felt,” he said, “but I promised Shirley Temple I'd be hers exclusively. Exceptin' Shirley, I'd rather dance with Joan than any kiddie—exceptin' Shirley.”

Exceptin' Shirley, Joan was the most promising child in Hollywood, but she was unfortunate enough to be under contract to the same studio that employed the inimitable-at-all-costs Miss Temple. As a result her excellent and highly praised work in One Mile From Heaven was rewarded with smaller and smaller and smaller parts. For two long years and eight weak pictures, she proceeded toward nothingness while her skill and knowledge increased.

By a happy coincidence, one of Joan's options ran out the same day Mrs. Felt happened to hear a Brown Derby rumor that RKO was looking for a little girl to play in Primrose Path. So Joan was done up like a glamor girl and together mother and daughter headed for the offices of Director Gregory LaCava.

There they found over two dozen prim little girls, all looking charming and chic. Joan gamboled about the room talking to her friends and rivals, until one little girl sneered: “Think you're going to get the part of Honeybelle, don't you, Joan?”

“Mummy says I might,” replied Joan. “Hah,” said the rival. “You're a sweetie like Temple. What they want is a meanie.” She stuck out her tongue. “Like me.”

“You're a ham,” she pronounced carefully.

Rival-little-girl, who was over a year older than Joan, couldn't take that most biting of Hollywood insults. A real battle ensued.

Enter Mr. Gregory LaCava, intent on his brat-hunt. . . .

At the preview of Primrose Joan sat surrounded by members of her family, admiring friends and lots of important people from the studio. Throughout the screening, she seemed to be enjoying her own performance immensely, laughing in the right places and sniffing a little in the sad parts. However, when the lights came on and people scrambled up to congratulate her, she ran, blushing, from the projection room.

Just an Old Trouper

Her mother finally found her and took her on her lap. “What's the matter, dear? Didn't you think it was a good picture?”

Joan threw her arms around the maternal neck. “Oh, Mummy,” sighed our young trouper, “it's just that I could do such a much better job now!”

RKO gave Joan a very healthy contract, and, still leary of that Grand Old Lady, Shirley Temple, prepared a long and arduous build-up for Joan. Came a good part in a Class-B film called Anne of Windy Poplars, and a better role in the even better Laddie—and then Shirley, the menace, bid farewell to the screen.

The lid was off. The day after the rumors of Shirley's retirement were definitely confirmed (as distinguished from the false armistice of a month before) Joan's contract at RKO was upped a notch, and she received two offers for Broadway shows. She and Mummy chose Mr. DeSylva's Panama Hattie and are duly grateful for the fact that Shirley had first refused it.

Joan does a great deal more than carry things. Her part is only slightly lighter than those of Ethel Merman and Jimmy Dunn, and the entire plot revolves around her. Consequently spirits were low in the theater when Joan's first rehearsal effectively proved her little voice too small.

Producer DeSylva smiled bravely and rushed Joan off to Miss Frances Robinson-Duff, a white-haired lady who is the voice teacher of such mighties as Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn and Ina Claire. “Miss Duff,” DeSylva said after Joan had read for her, “can you give this kiddie a voice in three weeks?”

Sure enough, Joan got her voice, audiences loved her, and she was able to relax into the ordered life of a highly successful woman. With bed immediately after the show, she arises, debutante-fashion, promptly at noon; with twelve hours sleep behind her. Breakfast served in her and Mrs. Felt's suite, and then Miss Higgins, her tutor, arrives for two hours of considerate instruction. After that there's time to play in Central Park, or maybe at the home of some of Mrs. Felt's friends who have children of the same age. All she misses are her brother and father who sit in the family home in Beverly Hills frantically writing letters.

She'll be back with them as soon as the show closes, for RKO is keeping her contract warm. With most of her \$250 a week accumulating in a trust fund and with good expectations of earning a four-figure salary before she's ten, she has no financial worries. However, she plans to study cooking as soon as she gets home, “Just in case I want to marry a poor man who can't afford a maid.”

What South America Thinks of Us

Continued from page 12

with bank notes, or cravenly, with a fifth-column scare. Frequently, we have rushed up with all these points at once. We need only dignity and forthright sincerity.

Now all the countries of South America—each and every one of them without exception wanting nothing more today in the economic and social isolation imposed upon them by Europe's war than to like and to respect and to lean upon the United States—are resentful and suspicious.

Washington is sorry the fifth-column scare about South America ever started. It has increased enormously the difficulties of the State Department; nullified much of its "good neighbor" work. It has boomeranged; and got entirely out of hand.

This is not, of course, what you have been reading and hearing in this year of war and this autumn of political gravity. But it is what South Americans themselves are thinking; not what we think they are thinking, or what we think they should be thinking.

Make no mistake. There is a "fifth column" in South America. There are, in fact, several fifth columns—one for each major foreign power: Germany, England, Italy, France. A negligible one for Japan. A broken reed for the United States. But South Americans generally wince at the very mention of the term. Experience has taught them that you and they might not mean the same thing by it.

A new cliché has come into our daily language. Like most glib and handy phrases, it is carelessly understood, in exactly used. In the United States a fifth columnist now seems to be anyone who doesn't agree with your views of domestic or foreign affairs.

Fifth columns have always existed as a recognized part of warfare. Actually, only the name is new. Every fighting army from ancient times has had organized espionage units or allies behind its enemy's lines. They have a definite place in military art; are taken for granted by all professional soldiers, and are dealt with by recognized methods and devices as part of battles and campaigns.

Bad hearts, corruption, stupidity among your own kind—those are differ-

ent problems, needing different words. Propaganda, too, when disassociated from direct military action, is not within the easily-tossed-off meaning of "fifth column." Propaganda is the international advertising of national merits.

When propaganda steps out of that role and becomes subversive—that is, attempts physically to undermine, change, or overthrow a government at peace—it approaches the meaning of "fifth column." Yet every South American to whom I talked, official and lay, many of them privately anti-Nazi, virtually all of them pro-United States, derided the view that German propaganda in South America is a military fifth column.

Fifth-Column Foolishness

"Can any reasonable person read André Maurois' series of articles in Collier's," a member of the university faculty in Santiago, Chile, commented to me, "and still believe the fifth column responsible for the tragedy of France? Or that any nation comes to a downfall through espionage, rather than through the selfishness, ambition and unpatriotism of its leaders? Here's the truth of what's going on in South America, as I see it: There are some actual fifth columnists, in your meaning of the term, in each country. Just as there are in the United States. But no more than a handful—and we can take care of them, as you can take care of yours. Uruguay, supposed to be a hotbed, wasn't able to turn up more than eight on charges of fifth-columning. Moreover, there is usually some local back-biting involved in fifth-column charges. It has become a football for some of our politicians.

"But German propaganda—that's different. It does the most intelligent and efficient job, which is no doubt the reason you hear and talk more about it, and which is the fact that makes it get under rivals' skins. I don't understand this. I read your papers and magazines and it is plain that you have made of your advertising a good and beautiful art. Your 'copy' has taste and sincerity, and it is so convincing. It is a model for the world. 'But most of our people have never been informed of the good things



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about you. And your people, judging by your press, only seem to want to know the bad things about us. The movies, which you boast of as having spread the American way of life all over the earth, are really your worst ambassadors. Honestly, did you ever stop to look objectively at your run-of-the-mill pictures and speculate what idea the natives of foreign countries must have of you?

"It may be presumptuous for me, a foreigner, to make a suggestion. Yet, as a fellow American, I share common New World interests. I have seen your diplomatic service fail to get you over in South America, largely because of lack of money and organization. And I have often thought that if I had authority in the United States, knowing the obvious importance of winning Pan-American solidarity, I would turn over the whole job of United States propaganda in South America to a leading advertising agency. Let the experts of that agency treat the 'South American Account' precisely as they would approach, study, chart, organize and exploit any private business' accounts.

"Meanwhile, your fifth-column jitters lay you open to the barbs of European propagandists down here, and they are taking smart advantage of it. We are lightly reminded how you named German measles and hamburgers Liberty measles and Liberty steaks in 1917. They add suggestions—the reason behind your calling the Havana conference was nothing but an imperialist desire to sew up all Latin-American trade; your concern for our defense is an entirely selfish fear for your own security.

A Lesson to Profit By

"You don't take any steps to counter this. And those of us who are your friends are handicapped and pained because your state of mind about us is not that of a great, courageous people, devoted to democracy, slow to anger but terrible when aroused; but rather symptomatic of insecurity and lack of confidence. We wish you'd profit by England's calm in the face of a very real, not imagined, peril. England has not hounded her own dissenters, nor persecuted suspected fifth columnists.

"Here is your greatest danger in South America, as we see it. By not making a distinction between propaganda and fifth columns you are chasing red herrings. And while you are off the main trail—propaganda—on which you could easily win if you put your head into the race as well as your feet, the other fellows are getting away ahead of you."

Military observers in South America will tell you a serious military attack upon the United States from deep South American bases is not conceivable, at least for the next generation. They will tell you that "hemisphere defense" lies entirely north of the Orinoco River. Our sole military danger south of our own continental border is to the Panama Canal, and its security can be guaranteed by our present and pending Caribbean bases; and by establishing new air centers in Venezuela and Colombia.

If the 20-mile English Channel could pose a major problem for the invasion from Europe, could the 2,000-mile South Atlantic be less formidable?

But there is another kind of menace. South American business leaders invariably told us that whether England or Germany finally wins, the United States will face a cut-throat trade fight. Both, under war pressures, will have built up enormous manufacturing facilities, both will be impoverished, both, to prevent utter financial and employment collapse at home, will have to make desperate all-out campaigns for all possible mar-

kets, offering prices and barbers we cannot match.

If European propaganda is better than ours, and the hearts and minds of South Americans are turned from us by it, then our chances in the postwar trade and commercial battle will diminish.

Next to building up our national defenses at home, indeed concurrent with it, there is nothing of greater importance to the future welfare and prosperity of the United States than our propaganda in South America.

The people of South America, grown used to propaganda barrages from Europe, knowing the huge sums that are spent on it by various European powers and the means by which money for it is collected from their nationals residing in South America, find it difficult to credit us with either sanity or intelligence because they know that officially we have no propaganda; the United States, richest nation on earth, does not allot one red penny, aside from its usual diplomatic expenditures, for propaganda as

South Americans laugh at pious intimations that propaganda is alien to our processes; that the character of our diplomatic, social and business relations is their own propaganda. This is like fighting fire with kerosene-soaked paper. In this age of supercommunications, of air mail, radio and fast cabling, propaganda is war. Words are bullets. National propaganda is as vital as national armies. Not to recognize this fact is disastrous, tragic—and scuttles national military preparedness, no matter how grand that may be.

News Isn't Propaganda

Yet a State Department official in Washington leaned back in his chair and told us comfortably: "The Germans and Italians are saps. They spend millions of dollars in South America for propaganda, while we get the very best propaganda in the world down there, free gratis, for nothing. Why, South Americans actually pay money to get

power, a deluge of protest letters instantly hits the local papers. They are written by propagandists in the embassies, who get local people to sign them. I haven't money or people to do that sort of thing; consequently the raps at us go unchallenged. Of course, if some big insult or incident came up, I, on my own, would take notice of it, in one way or another. But it's the barrage of little things that counts. Because we have no machinery to contend with that, papers here or in any other foreign country can, if they want to, get away with things about us that they can't get away with about any other nation.

"Every German, Italian, Japanese, Englishman down here feels himself a representative and propagandist of his country. Which is as it should be. But many of the great North American firms, which take millions of dollars profit from here every year, don't bother to put much back in good will.

"European powers and their business houses found language classes; culture groups, travel and student exchanges; push translations at cheap local prices of their own books. United States books sell at home prices, plus shipping costs, which put them beyond ordinary people here, on account of exchange. Remember, these are poor countries. For example, one of the best radio textbooks in the world is published in New York. I know of a young officer in the Brazilian navy up in Brazil who wanted to buy a copy. The cost was ten dollars—more than 200 Brazilian milreis, one fifth of his month's salary. A wealthy friend bought the copy for him, and the officer is paying him back at ten milreis a month. The friend, knowing the great value of the book and thinking he could dispose of 2,000 copies or so, wrote to the New York publishers asking for how much they would release him the rights to reprint an edition in Portuguese in Brazil. They said \$15,000—300,000 milreis, whereas the most he could hope for from the sale of 2,000 copies at prices Brazilians could afford would be 10,000 milreis—\$500!

We're Okay on the Air

"Meanwhile, the bookstores of Rio and Belém, of Salvador and Porto Alegre and São Paulo, are filled with cheap paper editions in Portuguese of outstanding German and Italian books selling for a few pennies."

Only in radio propaganda has the United States a definite edge over Europe. The National Broadcasting Company, from Station WRCA, daily maintains short-wave programs in Spanish or Portuguese continuously from four in the afternoon until one A.M. The Columbia Broadcasting Company, Crosley in Cincinnati, stations in Schenectady and Boston, are among others directing and announcing material there. South Americans tell you that in power and reception and the quality of music, German programs occasionally excel. But in sustained general entertainment (the shrewdest propaganda) and in news presentation, the United States programs are incomparably better.

However, radio is not yet an important means of propaganda in this prophetically ear-shaped continent. In many countries here, the mass of population is Indian—illiterate, poor. There are probably not as many radio sets in all South America as in one good-sized United States city.

Propaganda is of many kinds, direct and indirect. The deportment of nationals is important in the indirect category because they shape foreign conceptions of our characters and our home habits.

Belém on the Amazon, state of Pará, Brazil, is an overnight stop on the Pan American Airways east-coast runs. In



"Mrs. Crabtree says the creek is comin' up, Kennesaw—better see if the gas tank is full"

REAMER KELLER

such to meet that of European rivals poverty-stricken by comparison.

Here are samples: One South American country now approaches a great anniversary in its history. A leading newspaper, planning a "special edition," asked foreign embassies and legations to "take a page."

All nations, great or small, rich or poor—even church-mice Paraguay and Ecuador—agreed immediately. Except the United States. Our embassy hasn't the necessary \$100—unless the ambassador digs, as our ambassadors often must do, into his own pocket to avoid being ashamed.

In Brazil, a publicist who is a sincere and active friend of the United States was making up a commemorative booklet of some kind. He wanted a photograph of President Roosevelt. He applied to our embassy, and was told it did not have such photographs available.

"But if," he told us, "I had gone to the German embassy for a picture of Hitler, they would have said—how do you want it? Do you want him eating his breakfast, or kissing children, or laying a wreath? Do you want us to cable for a special one, and have it sent by radiophoto, or air mail?"

it. I mean, the wire services of the United Press and the Associated Press."

Now, these great organizations do not serve the newspapers of South America as efficiently, honestly, and factually as they serve our own.

But to call their lean reporting "propaganda" is not only libelous; it is complete misconception and ignorance by an official of the State Department of perhaps the most important foreign problem the State Department, and this country, faces.

But let one of our United States ambassadors in South America analyze the remark. If he had hair, I'm sure he would have torn it out. He said:

"The AP and UP are private business organizations, run for pay and profit. They have no official links as disseminators for the State Department, as Reuters has for the British foreign office, Havas for the French, DNB and Transocean for Germany, Stefani for Italy, Domei for Japan.

"The service of the AP and UP is strictly news. That's scarcely the beginning of propaganda. Do the UP and AP write letters to South American newspapers defending or explaining us? If a Hollywood movie, or a United States news item, reflects upon an Axis

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HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS—Elmer G. Leterman tells how anyone can become an expert at getting acquainted.

SOLDIERS DON'T CRY!—not even very small ones in bomb-shelters when every sense tells them the next bomb will be close. Don't miss "Well Fitted," a dramatic story of war-torn London.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK—Sissy stuff! Now, you can tell little Johnny a true one about a tomato root that has grown in a Princeton laboratory until it would reach from here to the sun.

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Come with Beverly Smith for a reassuring view of Uncle Sam's new tanks. See how American ingenuity and mass production methods are building a fleet of tough land cruisers.

Learn, too, about the joker we hold in our hand that would enable us to give a good account of ourselves if we had to defend this continent tomorrow—a joker that may soon make land attack on North America obviously impossible even to the most reckless enemy.

Don't miss this important article on your country's defense, in the December American Magazine.

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the hotel there we heard a fellow traveler from the United States raising Cain because he could not get ice cream for dessert. Brazilians like ice cream as much as we do; but Brazil hasn't the dairy herds, the facilities, the market to make ice cream as commonplace as it is in the States. Waiters and captain were truly sorry they could not please our friend who, in tones loud enough for all in the small dining room to hear, said he didn't think much of a country where a body couldn't get ice cream every day.

In the grill room of the Gran Bolivar Hotel in Lima, Peru, one midnight we saw the girl members of a gay party of a dozen young North Americans take off their shoes and stockings and dance barefoot. Lima is perhaps the most aristocratic and Spanish of South American cities, with a history and culture older than ours. Its people are well-mannered, reserved, genteel. The Peruvians on the dance floor withdrew at once and left it to our compatriots. A Peruvian gentleman with us asked: "Do they do this in hotels in your country?" Now, this might pass at a country-club party at home. If it were tried at the Waldorf or the Mark Hopkins or the Town House, the party would be asked to leave. In a cheap dance hall, they would be kicked out. The Gran Bolivar Hotel is the Waldorf Astoria of Peru.

These are samples of new sores, at a time when there shouldn't be any, especially in South America where the sting of old sores lingers on. Not to resurrect any of those, there is yet one continuing point which South Americans indicate:

"You are the least assimilable, the poorest mixers, of any foreigners in South America. You are very clannish. I think if a North American found himself in Times Square with his pants off, instead of looking for shelter he would immediately begin looking for another man with his pants off, thinking there is less nakedness in company. The first thing the average North American does when he is assigned in South America to live for his firm is to look around for another North American.

They Don't Want the Navy

"Your Navy hasn't helped, either. Whether from innocence of tact, I don't know—but many Navy officers sent down here seem to be Southerners, to whom we are all spigs or niggers, and they keep strictly to themselves or, if they do mix at official parties, do so patronizingly."

South Americans, generally, are inclined to resent the current activities of the United States Navy in South American waters; but they make an exception of the Air Corps, which is interesting to trace.

The ostentatious visits of cruisers and destroyers to so-called "danger spots" at the height of the fifth-column scare are privately referred to by South Americans as busybody activities. Prejudice against our Navy is deeply rooted in the days when big navies were symbols of imperial expansion. It was the Navy that always represented the United States during past interference with local South American regimes and revolutions. The Navy, to these navyless countries of colonial psychology, is the visible "Colossus of the North." The bill collector. It was the Navy that always brought Marines to land. The sudden change of the Navy to a sweet and kindly sign of good will is a little too much for South Americans readily to swallow.

On the other hand, South America is largely a roadless, trackless, railless continent; in transportation it leaped from the most primitive, the oxcart, to the most modern, the airplane. Doug-

lases, Lockheeds, Sikorskys, Boeings—these are the means by which they have been stitched with one another, and with the other lands. These are the means which give this huge continent a belated importance in world affairs and trade; and which give the United States a strategic advantage in the wooing of the Southern Hemisphere. Moreover, the comparative safety of United States military planes and motors, their ruggedness and safety factors, with a consequent husbanding of young flyers' lives, has caught on with South Americans. Whereas the records of European planes have been uniformly poor. At any rate, we found the utmost friendliness, attention and interest being given to our air missions.

The Air Corps Shows the Way

South Americans explain it this way: The Air Corps has no tradition of prejudice to live down. It is represented by pleasant, manly, evidently hand-culled young men who mix very well. Most important, whereas the Navy has always been the big stick to shake over these powerless countries when they have been naughty, the Air Corps has stood in the last few years for mercy and helpfulness. General Dargue's frequent unofficial good-will flights with his command from the Panama Canal Zone to near-by Central and South American points are talked of favorably even in places to which they have not been extended. The good-will flights of Army bombers to South America not only impressed the people here with their record-making time and efficiency, but with the good nature and informality of the crews, who let everybody climb and prowl over the ships to heart's content, and were lavish with flights. Lastly, it was the Air Corps who sped to Chile and elsewhere in times of earthquake and trouble, with food, serums and medicine.

Toward President Roosevelt himself the South American man in the street maintains a vaguely uneasy, somewhat frosty air of amusement. In several countries we heard him referred to as the "North American dictator." A Lima newspaperman explained with a grin: "It's the third term. You know, we are stern traditionalists. That's because of our religious and racial backgrounds.

Besides—we've had enough down here of *presidentes* who once they got in couldn't be got out again!"

It is of Secretary Hull that most South Americans want to talk. Somehow this man has communicated his complete integrity, his decency and good heart, to all these people. Without reserve or exception he is liked and trusted, and in many instances beloved. South America's greatest recent disappointment came with Hull's failure to win the Democratic nomination for President. Based on the affection and trust for Secretary Hull, there is a current saying that will be repeated to you in all South American countries: "Yes, we'll sign any agreement for defense or trade that the United States wants us to sign with you—provided you give us the right to vote in your elections."

South Americans, excepting a minority with Axis racial ties, have never been pro-totalitarian in this war. But they are decidedly not pro-English. Britain is the greatest empire. These nations had their troubles breaking off from empires and cherish strong remembrances of being milked for distant rulers. They have the uneasiness of defenseless, colonial-framed new independencies, to whom imperialism is a bugaboo. France has always been a popular nation. There were Latin blood relationships: Parisian art and culture has influenced most South American countries and drawn their students and tourists. Thousands of the rich made Paris their other home. France's genuine intellectual and social democracy, French tolerance and informality, were liked. So, while France was in the war, the majority of literate South Americans were briskly pro-Allies; with France's downfall, they became sadly indifferent.

A university teacher in Chile said: "The United States can do a job, all right, of welding the Americas into a bloc, devoted to peace and liberty, and to common defense of trade and shores.

"You can't do it by sending your writing fellows down here to scare us. After all, our South American republics are 'melting pots' just as the United States is. Most of our German and Italian immigrants came to us for the same reason yours went to you—to better their lots. Some of them have been here for three or more generations. The great



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If you "Winterproof" your car these Five Important Ways!

1. ENGINE made ready for winter. Drained of thick, grimy summer oil. Refilled with fast-flowing, tough, "Double-Range" Mobiloil Arctic.

2. RADIATOR made safe from freezing. Cleaned with Mobil Radiator Flush, guarded with Mobil Freezone.

3. GEARS fixed for easy shifting.

Thick summer gear oil replaced with correct Mobiloil Winter Gear Oil.

4. CHASSIS lubricated with Winter Mobilgrease to retard wear.

5. WINTER MOBILGAS gives quick starts, fast warm-up—even at zero!

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC. And Affiliates:
Magnolia Petroleum Co. General Petroleum Corp. of Cal.

CHANGE NOW
TO
**Mobiloil
Arctic**



THE 500 POUND MONSTER GRABBED ME IN THE DARK!

A True Experience of Richard Krooner, Keeper of Gargantua, mighty gorilla owned by Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus



1. "ONE NIGHT I entered the compartment just outside Gargantua's cage on a routine check-up and forgot for a moment that Gargantua was always waiting to kill me. Suddenly, with crushing force, he grabbed my left shoulder.



2. "ALMOST PARALYZED with horror, I thought the end had come. Then I remembered the flashlight in my right hip pocket. I whipped it out and turned the bright beam full into Gargantua's cruel, glittering eyes.



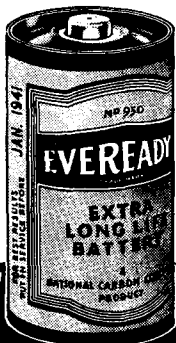
3. "FOR AN INSTANT he glared into the hated light, then relaxed his grip and lumbered to the other side of the cage. Your dependable 'Eveready' fresh DATED batteries saved me from a horrible death that night. I will never be without them.

(Signed) *Richard Krooner*

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Co., Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., 30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation



ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY
Use **D.D.D.**
Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles
35c bottle, at druggists, proves it or money back

SALESPeople
WORLD'S LARGEST "DIRECT SELLING" ADVERTISING BOOK MATCH FACTORY
offers you opportunity in profitable year 'round business. No experience required. Full or part time. All business firms prospects. Immediate cash profits. High quality, quick deliveries, new designs printed in FIVE and SIX colors help you get orders. Profitable repeats. Sales kit, full instructions, FREE.
MATCH CORPORATION OF AMERICA
3433-43 W. 48th Pl., Dept. C-119, Chicago, U.S.A.

HANDKERCHIEF TEST PROVES VITAL ZONE ALWAYS SPOTLESS



majority of them are good Brazilians, or Chileans, or Colombians, as the case might be. We are strong and alert enough to dispose of any who aren't. We resent as unwarranted insults the suggestions we can't take care of ourselves, implied in theatrical running around of your battleships.

"What would you think if we sent a crowd of Chilean journalists to investigate Bund camps in New Jersey or Wisconsin, and perhaps a Chilean destroyer to New York just to be on hand? You'd tell us to mind our own business, you'd take care of yourself. You have more people of German descent in Wisconsin than we have in all South America.

They Want to Believe in Us

"Nor can you win us by trying to impose your Anglo-Saxon culture on us. We are Latin. You are inclined to forget the contribution of Spanish culture to your country. You remember Charlestown and Plymouth, and forget St. Augustine and Sante Fé. You've had a great horde of historians, the majority either born or educated in New England and the East, who by giving more attention to the English settlements lent them overemphasis. California enjoyed the beginning of a golden pastoral age, under Friar Junipero Serra, while Salem was still hanging witches.

"A Spanish friend of mine is in the language department of one of your Far Western universities. A faculty mate once asked him: 'Why is it you Latins don't always seem to trust us? The United States wants no part of European expansion and place in the sun; we have no designs on anybody's territory.' My friend gently reminded him: 'Here in California you are living and working and your children were born in territory that once belonged to Spain!'

"We want you to convince us you really mean good will this time. We want to be sold. But you can't be like the indifferent salesperson who files his nails, or powders her nose, while the customer looks around. You've got to have sales talk. You've got to have propaganda.

"I've already told you what I and many of my friends think would be the smartest and most useful and impor-

tant thing you could do. Turn over the 'South American Account' to one of your foremost advertising agencies. But there are other things. Ease the difficulties of travel among our North and South American countries. All of us would follow your lead in ending visa troubles and restrictions. Have a visitors' permit arrangement with all South American countries, as you have with Mexico and Canada in normal times. Do away with passports for tourists. Don't have any quotas for American countries.

"Modify exchange, at least for tourists. Our monies are all depressed, except in Venezuela, and it costs us so much to buy dollars that it is cheaper for us to visit Japan than to visit your current World's Fairs.

"I hear Congress has appropriated a small amount to pay for selected groups of educators to visit the United States. About six from the most important countries; less from others. We educators are people who by profession and background are sure to know most about you. It would be nice for me to go—but I think it would do you more good to bring journalists, perhaps to work for six months on an exchange basis with your papers and magazines. Also businessmen, to tour your offices—witness your methods, see your appliances; industrialists, especially young men, to study your factories; travel men, to see your communications. Radio-station owners and engineers and program men to look around your studios. Cadets to West Point and Annapolis, and various flying schools. Every one of your colleges ought to have students from South America and you should send students to ours. Educators and military staff men are not enough.

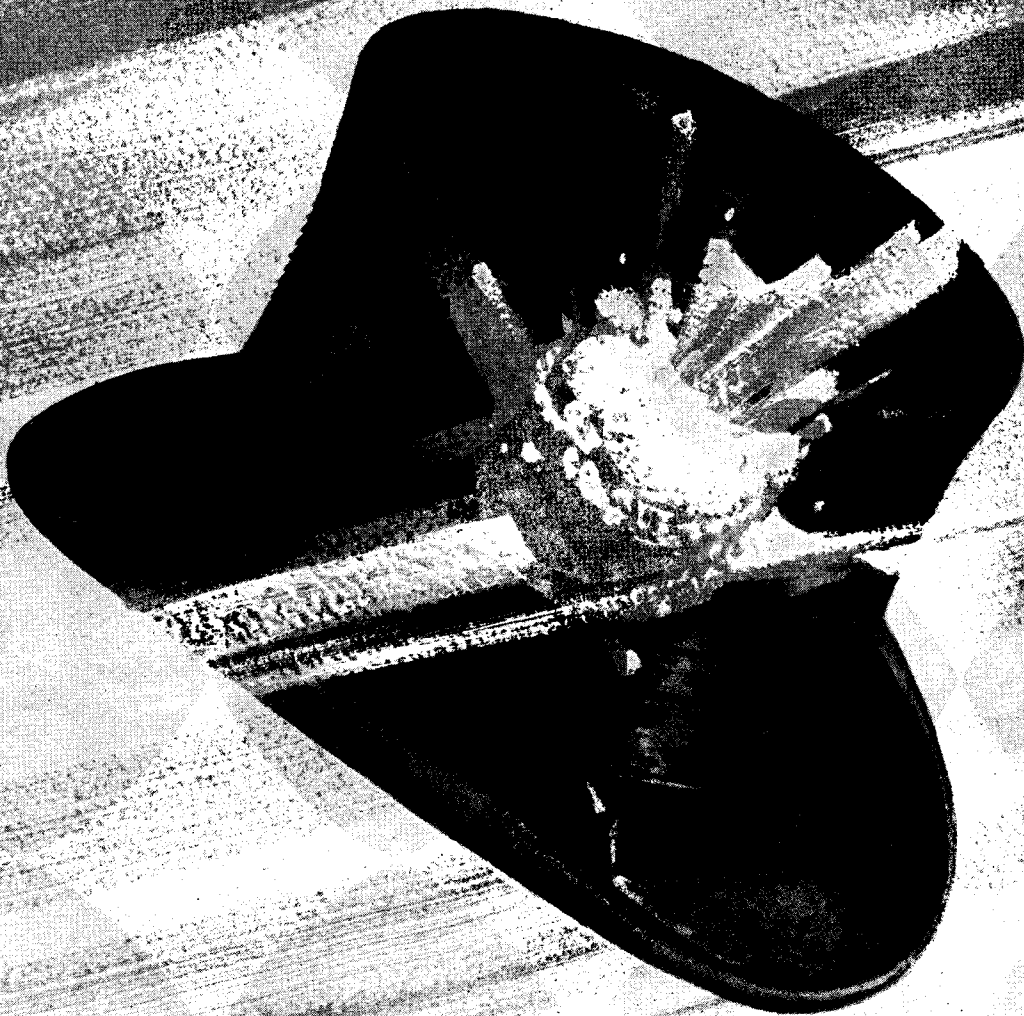
"You have been trying to win us only with the pocketbook. We appreciate the reasons for the Import-Export Bank arrangements. We are poor nations. But we are not charity objects. A victory by the purse alone would be only temporary, selfish on both sides, and would corrupt and degrade us both. You've got to win us with the mind and the heart, as well. Five hundred million for the bank is very impressive—but for a few dollars intelligently spent on propaganda and a little politeness you could put all of South America in your pocket."



"Now the blanket. I always like to put a sheet next to me first!"

ROBERT DAY

OLD PLUGS INVITE TROUBLE...



OLD, WORN-OUT, road-weary spark plugs can really cause you a lot of trouble. Carbon encrusted insulators, burned electrodes, and compression leakage rob spark plugs of their efficiency. This results in hard starting, sluggish acceleration, and reduced engine performance. Economical operation is impossible.

A new set of Champion Spark Plugs installed in your car now will give it the championship performance for which their reputation is world-wide. The extra performance advantages of Champions are more marked than ever now because of their exclusive Sillimanite insulators, special analysis electrodes and sensational Silliment seal. Silliment keeps Champions permanently free from troublesome gas or compression leakage common to ordinary spark plugs and gives your car the full benefit of high compression and modern, anti-knock fuels.

Enjoy instant starts in coldest weather—and full-flowing power and better performance for the year to come by installing new Champions now!

INSTALL NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Now!

HERE'S THE CHAMPION FOR YOUR CAR

MODEL	YEAR									
	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40			
AUBURN	7							H10		
	14 mm. Hds.									
AUSTIN										
AM. BANT.	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	H10	H10			
BUICK	15	15	15	15	J8	J8	J8			
CADILLAC	7	7	8 cyl. J8					Y4	Y4	
			Others 7							
CHEVROLET	J5	J5	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8			
CHRYSLER	All Reg. Hds. J8									
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10									
CORD	C7	C7	H10	H10	H10					
DE SOTO	All Reg. Hds. J8									
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10									

MODEL	YEAR									
	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40			
DODGE	All Reg. Hds. J8									
	Alum. Hi. Hds. H10									
DUESENBERG	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M				
FIAT						P5	P5	P5		
	Models A & B 3X									
FORD	Big V8 18mm. Hd.									
	7	7	7	7	7	7				
	1938 Big V8									
	14mm. Hd. H10									
	'32	V8 C4	'40	HP	H10	H10				All Mds. H10
FRANKLIN	C7	C7	C7	C7						
	C4	7	7	7	H10					
GRAHAM	Sup.									
	cog 7									
	Supercog & 95 Ser. H10									
	H10									
	J10 Com.									

MODEL	YEAR									
	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40			
HUDSON	6, J8							All Reg. Hds. J8		
	8, 7							All Hi. Hds. H10		
	1941 Models J9									
HUPMOBILE	C7	C7	C7		7	7	7			
LAFAYETTE	15	7	7	7	7	7				
LA SALLE	7	J8	J8	J8	J8	Y4	Y4			
LINCOLN	7	7	7	7	7	7	H10			
MERCURY							H10	H10		
NASH	To '39-6									
	L. Hd. C7									
	Ov. Hd. Val. 15									
	7	7	7	7	J8	J8	J8	J8		
OLDSMOBILE	7	7	7	7	J8	J8	J8	J8		
OVERLAND								J8		
PACKARD	J8	J8	J8	Y4	Y4	Y4	Y4			

MODEL	YEAR									
	'34	'35	'36	'37	'38	'39	'40			
PIERCE										
ARROW	13 cyl. J8							H10	H10	H10
	6 cyl. C4									
PLYMOUTH	All Reg. Hds. J8									
PONTIAC	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8	J8			
REO	C7	C7	H10							
	1935 Alum. Hd. 7									
STUDEBAKER	All Reg. Hds. 8									
	Hi. Hds. 7									
STUTZ	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M	6M			
TERRAPLANE	All Reg. Hds. J8									
	Hi. Hds. H10									
WILLYS	C7	C7	C7	C7	C7	J8	J8			
4 & 8										
WILLYS	Big 6, 66 Series, C4									
KNIGHT	Light 6 6									
ZEPHYR								H10	H10	H10





The Bulldog Breed

Drake, he's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot an' listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago!

—Sir Henry Newbolt: "Drake's Drum."

WE CAN no longer withhold a long, loud editorial cheer for the British people, and for the way they have fought this war up to this writing and show every sign of continuing to fight it.

Call such a cheer Anglophile, interventionist, or whatever; we think it is in order nevertheless. Nor are we exactly alone in this opinion. The German high command itself has more than once

paid its respects publicly to the courage and tenacity of its "last enemy"—though insisting, of course, that its last enemy's jig was up.

We'd been treated for decades to talk about how the British peerage had gone to seed; how the working and middle classes had been softened by social security and the dole and Thursday-to-Tuesday week ends; how the British as a people, come a real onslaught against them, would run like rabbits, or surrender like—shall we say French politicians?

Well, the real onslaught came, following the Battle of Flanders and the Battle of France and the Dunkirk evacuation. And the first casualty of the Battle of Britain was that legend about how the British were no longer of the breed of Drake, Howard, Nelson, Collingwood.

From Land's End to John o' Groats, as the old phrase has it, the whole island stuck up its collective chin. The 8,000,000 Londoners dared Hitler and Goering to throw their worst against the ancient city—even dawdling about evacuating some 800,000 London children who would be homesick in the country and who didn't want to miss this show anyway.

As fast as Goering's bombers laid their steel-shelled eggs, Britishers buried their dead, put out the fires, repaired the power stations, plugged the punctured water and gas mains, exploded the time bombs—and sent swarms of planes aloft to battle the Germans and bomb German cities and Channel invasion bases.

Whatever the outcome of the Battle of Britain, the British people have, a thousand times over, justified Churchill's statement that this would be their finest hour.

The supreme tragedy of the whole affair to us is that the Battle of Britain had to be fought at all—that Europe's two most vital peoples, the British and the Germans, should be at each other's throats. Is it too much to hope that they may yet convince each other that they are natural allies? On a civilized basis, we mean; not, certainly, on specifications dictated by Mr. Hitler.

That's for the future, though. The present fact that we're trying to emphasize is that the British in 1940 have written as glorious a chapter in the history of the bulldog breed as was ever written in any year.

Is the U. S. Growing Old?

WE'VE been doing our share of worrying over some of the 1940 census findings. Six states, for example, decreased in population from 1930 to 1940, whereas only one shrunk from 1920 to 1930. And our total population of 131,409,881 is only 6.9 per cent over the 1930 total, whereas between 1920 and 1930 the increase was 16.1 per cent.

What's happening to us? Economic stagnation? Too much birth control? Old age overtaking the nation as it overtakes people? Or what?

It is certain that if this trend keeps up we'll see radical changes, none of them desirable, and many of them within many of our lifetimes. Our percentage of young, venturesome, forward-looking people will fall off, while overcautious or Townsend-touched oldsters swing more and more political and sociological weight. From this single basic shift, a thousand serious consequences can flow.

There's one possible remedy—maybe only a partial one, but it ought to do some good. Right after the World War, we put up some very high immigration bars. There was nothing mysterious or biological about that particular factor in the slowing down of our population increase; we did that to ourselves, of our own free will.

Maybe it was wise at the time. And maybe it was only coincidence, but the fact remains that we prospered more soundly in the generations when we had a come-one-come-all sign on the door than we have since we took in that sign.

When the European war is over, won't it be time seriously to consider hanging out that sign again, for the reinvigoration of the national blood stream?

Meanwhile, how about at least radically loosening immigration restrictions regarding child refugees from any and every war-stricken country?



"Dad, what will cars be like when I grow up?"

NO ONE MAN, no one organization, no one industry can answer that question. The development of the car of the future is in the hands and minds of many men in many industries.

Specialists in fuels, metals, ceramics, plastics, petroleum technologists. Designers of engines and engine parts—all play their part in the constant evolution of motor cars.

To help these men combine their efforts toward common goals, the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation contributes the cooperation of its chemical and engineering research laboratories. The laboratories have their headquarters in Detroit with a special road-testing department at San Bernardino, California. Here vehicles may be tested the year round under

varying climatic conditions on an almost infinite variety of roads, over mountains, deserts, and valleys. Supercharging, super-compression and other developments involving the mutual improvement of fuels and engines are tested both in the laboratory and on the road.

For the engine and its fuel must go forward hand in hand; the two are inseparably interlocked. Knowledge gained from this research is available to technologists in every branch of the automotive, aviation and refining industries.

Informed men hesitate to predict exactly how future cars will look; whether their engines will be in front or rear; how many miles they will travel on a gallon. But there is little doubt in their minds that

the progress of the next ten years will far exceed that of the last ten; that the car your boy will drive will make even today's splendid machines seem hopelessly old-fashioned.

Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City, manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline.



FOR TODAY'S CARS

This emblem on a gasoline pump means that your oil company and Ethyl have cooperated to provide a better fuel for your car.

Thirst knows no season

Coca-Cola has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.



COPYRIGHT 1940, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Even with winter just around the corner, thirst stays on . . . reminding you that around the corner from anywhere there's a soda fountain. There you'll find the warmth of summer . . . companionship . . . and America's "year-round" answer to thirst...ice-cold Coca-Cola. Pause there and be refreshed.

5¢

Drink
Coca-Cola

Delicious and
Refreshing

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES